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THE INFLUENCE OF CHRIST IN MODERN LIFE

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Being

A STUDY OF THE NEW PROBLEMS OF THE CHURCH IN AMERICAN SOCIETY

BY

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS
PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN

HODDER & STOUGHTON
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DR. W. C. GRAY

EDITOR OF "THE INTERIOR"

WITH ADMIRATION FOR HIS WORK, AND GRATITUDE
FOR HIS STIMULATING FRIENDSHIP

PREFACE

By way of preëminence the era now closing has been an era of criticism and destruction. Nothing has escaped the crucible. Scholars have carried the method of the laboratory into the library, the gallery, the legislative hall, and even into the temples of religion. Old poems, old histories, old science, old creeds, have been pulled to pieces, and studied part by part. With some the analytic spirit has become a frenzy, and the love of dissection a morbid passion. With others analysis has represented a desire to know the exact facts. Now that the wave of criticism has passed by, changes many and great are found to have taken place. Nothing remains as it was. The old astronomy, the old medicine, the old architecture, the old ploughs and ships, and the old theology have passed away. We have a new chemistry, a new pedagogy, a new psychology. Nevertheless, the change is more apparent than real. If the new astronomy has come, men are

warmed by the same old stars and sun. Our psychology is new, but reason, memory, and judgment are what they were when Plato thought and David dreamed. The creeds may have changed, but not the obligations of conscience and duty, or man's relation to his God. If the gains of our critical era have been large, the losses also have been heavy. Criticism moves in a very limited field. Its restraints are severe. Oft from enduring Truth it hears the words, "Here stay thy proud waves; thus far and no farther." Fortunately the analytic spirit soon discovers that he who picks a flower to pieces loses it. For the botanist, the field daisy means a mass of petals torn part from part, while for Robert Burns "the wee crimson-tipped flower" means a sweet poem and hours of rapturous delight. And now that the intellect has completed its analytic work, our generation has come to realize that the heart with its hunger is, as before, unappeased. Religion is the life of God in the soul of man. The creed is the outer, verbal photograph of that inner, vital experience. Man's interest in those verbal pictures named creeds, unfortunately, seems waning, while his interest in religion is steadily waxing. As Edmund Burke once said, "Man is by constitution a religious animal."

Now that the destructive era has closed, from the view-point of the new scholarship many are beginning to feel that the critical epoch was, after all, an epoch of mediocrity and second-rate intellect. All the great eras in art and literature have been creative eras rather than critical. Just because it was not a great age, and because the interest in literature was at a very low ebb, the age of Alexander Pope analyzes, annotates, and comments upon books that another generation had written. Conscious of its slender intellectual gifts, that age dissected old dramas and poems, and wrote essays upon the departed teachers. Later came a return of the tide, in the era of Robert Burns and Wordsworth, when the tides of genius rose to the flood, and the creative spirit was manifest not in analysis, but in outbursts of spontaneous and immortal song. Swept forward upon the new current, exultant with admiration and delight, the generation was so busy in enjoying and transmuting the new ideals into terms of life and character, that it forgot the drudgery of analysis and dissection. In his preparatory work the youth enters the laboratory to study the human body, counting its bones and studying the chemical elements of nerves and muscles. Later, when the young Romeo meets Juliet, he is lifted into a new

realm by the new friendship, and never thinks of reducing the beautiful girl to a group of small jars marked "lime," "phosphate," and "carbon." And there are the best of reasons for believing that in religion the critical epoch has gone and the creative era has come. Plainly there is a new spirit in letters, in art, in philosophy, and in religion. If once the pendulum moved far toward doubt, now it is swinging back toward faith. There is a growing interest in the great simplicities of Christianity, and these chapters, some of which have been used as addresses before various colleges and universities, represent an attempt to distinguish between the transient and permanent elements of religion. They are not written from the view point of the scholar or the philosopher, for treatises addressed to these classes are numberless; they are written for the educated young men of the country, who are troubled by the scepticism of the times, and for the multitudes who are busied with the ten thousand duties of the counting-room, the market-place, and the factory, but yet find time to ask what is left of the evangel of Christ, now that the critical era has passed away. It should also be said that every one of these studies has grown out of a busy pastor's friendship with some person in travail of spirit,

and seeking light midst the mist and uncertainty of questioning and doubt. Each chapter, therefore, represents an intellectual battle in some youth for whom the pastor has cherished a great affection, — a fact that explains the methods used and the arguments that are marshalled. If, twenty years ago, the tides of faith seemed to be ebbing away, to-day there is a return, and the stream that at first rose to the ankles is now deepening into a rising flood. The most striking fact in modern life is the growing reverence for the teachings and character of Jesus Christ. As once his brothers' sheaves bowed down before Joseph's sheaf, so to-day art, literature, law, trade, reform, manifest more and more reverence for that divine teacher whose sublime figure already fills the whole horizon, and whose teachings are founded as surely as the mountains and stars.

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH,
BROOKLYN,
October 25, 1900.

CONTENTS

I. The New Problems of the Pulpit and its Place in American Life and Thought 1

II. Social Progress and the Influence of Jesus Christ in Civilization 39

III. "Jesus Christ the Supreme Example of Genius in the Realm of Intellect" 61

IV. The Supremacy of Christ in the Realm of Ideal Character 87

V. The Simplicity and Breadth of Christ as a Religious Teacher 111

VI. God's Silence and His Voices Also: a Study of Nature's Concealments and Disclosures . . 137

VII. The Higher Nature of Man as a Revelation of God 157

VIII. The Old and the New Conceptions of God . 179

IX. Evolution and Christianity: Every Theory of Development asks for an Infinite God to make the Theory Workable 201

X. Evolution and the New View of the Bible . . 227

XI. The Swing of the Pendulum from Scepticism to Faith: an Outlook for those who are seeking to solve their Doubts and reconstruct a Working Faith 255

XII. Christ's Relation to the Poet, the Philosopher, the Scientist, and the Seer 279

XIII. Fear, Law, and Love as Motives of Life . . . 311

XIV. The Automatic Judgment Seat in Man: an Outlook upon the Problem whether Theistic Evolution throws Any Light upon Christ's View of Future Punishment 337

XV. The Church: its Problems and Claims upon American Society 369

INDEX 397

I

The New Problems of the Pulpit and its Place in American Life and Thought

"If our religious tenets should ever want a further elucidation, we shall not call on atheism to explain them. We shall not light up our temple from that unhallowed fire."

"We know, and it is our pride to know, that man is, by his constitution, a religious animal." — BURKE.

"Man is incurably religious." — SABATIER.

"The ministers of Christianity, departing from Asia Minor, traversing Asia, Africa, and Europe, to Iceland, Greenland and the poles of the earth, suffering all things, enduring all things, raising men everywhere from the ignorance of idol worship to the knowledge of the true God, and everywhere bringing life and immortality to light through the Gospel, have only been acting in obedience to the divine instruction; they were commanded to go forth, and they have gone forth, and they still go forth. They have sought, and they still seek, to be able to preach the Gospel to every creature under the whole heaven. And where was Christianity ever received, where were its truths ever poured into the human heart, where did its waters, springing up into everlasting life, ever burst forth, except in the track of a Christian ministry? Did we ever hear of an instance, does history record an instance, of any part of the globe Christianized by lay preachers, or 'lay teachers'? And descending from kingdoms and empires to cities and countries, to parishes and villages, do we not all know, that wherever Christianity has been carried, and wherever it has been taught, by human agency, that agency was the agency of ministers of the Gospel?"

— DANIEL WEBSTER'S tribute to the Christian ministry.

I

THE NEW PROBLEMS OF THE PULPIT AND ITS PLACE IN AMERICAN LIFE AND THOUGHT

The scope and philosophy of preaching. Christ's choice of the pulpit as the instrument of social progress. The influence of moral teachers upon social institutions. Great preachers and pulpits as springs of literature. Daniel Webster's testimony to the influence of moral teachers. The so-called decay of the pulpit, based upon misconception. No ground for thinking that books, magazines, and papers are to dispossess the pulpit. Printed truth fragmentary and imperfect. Preaching is the truth in personality and involves weight of character. Great reforms less through great books than through the great men who wrote them. Individual worth and culture the true method of enriching the state. Preaching difficult because the great poets, artists, and novelists have now become prophets and preachers. The very achievements of the church of yesterday dictate new victories and more difficult ones for to-morrow. The materialistic tendency and the alienation of the very rich and the very poor. The new intellectual and physical demands made upon the ministry. The work of moral instruction the freest and happiest of the professions, and one involving daily rewards.

PREACHING is man-making, man-saving, and character-building. On the one hand it is a science, dealing with reason, affection,

aspiration, and conscience. It concerns the faculties of the soul, their number and nature, and those divine laws by which the soul passes from littleness to largeness, and from immaturity to ripeness and perfection. On the other side preaching is an art, and has to do with the problems of right living. It teaches the art of so carrying reason, ambition, and purpose as to secure happiness and growth for one's self with peace and prosperity for others. The basis upon which preaching rests is the fundamental fact that man begins not full-orbed, but the mere seed of manhood, at a point named nothing. For no other living creature is born so far away from that point named maturity. God has ordained that just in proportion as living things rise in the scale of creation the period of time involved in their development is extended. At the bottom of creation lies the insect world. The ephemera are born to-day, to-morrow are full grown, and on the third day they die. Also for the lark, with its sweet song, maturity dwells close beside the nest in which the young birdling lies beneath its mother's wing. Because the flocks and herds are higher, the ox and sheep ask full three years for their maturity, while in Siam the burden-bearing elephant asks

for ten summers and winters for perfect growth and maturity. But man is the lord of creation. He begins a little lump of flesh, a handful of intellectual germs, a bundle of moral roots. Man begins so far away from home that four score years are required for his growth and development. How wondrous are these germinal faculties named intellect, memory, imagination, judgment, moral sentiment — faculties more than two score in number! And for their unfolding homes are established, schools are founded, the college, the library, the gallery, are made rich. In God's providence all the duties of friendship, with life's temptations, its defeats and victories are educive and are instruments of development. Slowly, therefore, man passes from ignorance to wisdom; just as a seed becomes a golden sheaf; just as an acorn becomes an acorn-covering oak, so when God's truth is brought to bear upon conduct, the child goes toward the stature of the sage or seer, the reformer or martyr.

It is sometimes said that man is born without original righteousness; and man is also born without original arithmetic, original geography, original history, or original industry. Beginning in ignorance, slowly the pupil climbs to the level of his wise teacher. Beginning inexpert in mix-

ing colors, slowly the young artist climbs to the level of his great master. By long study and patient drill, the aspirant for wealth or fame or power enters into the full possession of his intellectual and moral gifts. And we are not surprised that man's growth in morals requires drill, study, and practice. If the intellect asks for its college, the spiritual faculty must also have its school of instruction. In reality, therefore, the church is a university of morals for right living. It is a school where the Bible is the divine handbook and guide in life. It is a lecture hall where the old Hebrew prophets, poets, and kings stand forth to ply men sometimes with words of hope and encouragement, and sometimes with words of fear and alarm, and where at last Christ appears, our Master and Model, but also our Saviour and King. And what the library and lecture hall do for the development of reason; what the art gallery and the great master do for taste and imagination, that the church and the preacher are to do for conscience and the moral sentiments. And by so much as character outweighs mere intellect, by that much does the work of man-building surpass system-building. There is no art like the art of right living. There is no science like

the science of character-building, winning, and loving.

Having lingered long in foreign climes and countries, Plutarch returned home to affirm that he had found cities without walls, without literature, without coin or kings; people who know not the forum, the theatre, or gymnasium; "but," added the traveller, "there never was, nor shall there ever be, a city without temple, church, or chapel." Since Plutarch's time many centuries have come and gone, yet for thoughtful men the passing years have only strengthened the conviction that not until cities are hung in the air, instead of founded upon rock, can the ideal commonwealth be established or maintained without foundations of morals and religion. Were it possible for the ancient traveller to come forth from his tomb, and, moving slowly down the aisles of time, to step foot into the scene and city midst which we now do dwell, he would find that, in the influence of religious teachers upon liberty, literature, art, and industry, that would fully justify the reassertion of the conviction expressed so many centuries ago. Indeed, many students of the rise and reign of the common people make the history of social progress to be very largely the history of those

teachers who have lifted up before men Christian ideals and principles, as beacon lights for the human race. The influence of the pulpit seems to justify Christ's selection of moral instruction as his instrument of social reform.

Standing before the cathedral of Wittenberg, Jean Paul uncovered his head and said, "The story of the German language and literature is the story of Martin Luther's pulpit." Webster through stately oration, Rufus Choate through impassioned address, James Anthony Froude through polished essay, have alike affirmed that the town meeting and our representative government go back to that little pulpit in the Swiss city of Geneva. In the realm of literature, also, it is highly significant that Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson received their literary instrument as a free gift from those monks named Cadmon and Bede, and those pastors who gave us the King James version of the Bible. Modern sermons may have become "dry as dust," yet the time was when the English pulpit united the functions of lecture hall and library, newspaper and book. For the beginning of our Saxon speech, Müller and Whitney take us back to the cloisters and chapels of old England. But Addison affirmed that the sermons of two preach-

ers, Tillotson and Barrow, were the standards of perfection in English writing, and projected a dictionary that had for its authority the words and phrases used in the writings of these two preachers, whom the essayist thought had shaped English speech and literature. Lord Chatham once referred the dignity and eloquence of his style to the fact that he had committed to memory the sermons of the same Barrow.

In our own land, speaking of the pleas for patriotism and liberty that were heard in the pulpits of New England just before the Revolution, Emerson said the Puritan pulpits were "the springs of American liberty"; while in the realm of education, Horace Mann notes the fact that one pastor in New Hampshire trained one hundred men for the learned professions, and another country pastor one hundred and twenty students, including Ezekiel and Daniel Webster.

Great indeed has been the influence of war, politics, commerce, law, science, government; yet we must also confess that the pulpit has been one of the great forces in social progress. Be the reasons what they may, the prophets of yesterday are still the social leaders of to-day. To-morrow Moses will reënter his pulpit, and pronounce judgment, and control verdicts in

every court of the city. To-morrow, as Germans, we will utter the speech that Luther fashioned for us, or as Saxons use the idioms that Wycliffe and Bunyan taught our fathers. To-morrow the groom and bride will set up their altars, and, kindling the sacred fires of affection, they will found their home upon Paul's principle, "The greatest of these is love." To-morrow the citizen will exercise his privilege of free thought and speech, and remember that democracy crossed over into Europe in the little boat that brought the apostle Paul. To-morrow educators will reread the Sermon on the Mount and seek to make rich the schools for the little ones who bear God's image. To-morrow we shall find that the great arts that enrich us were themselves made rich by teachers of the Christian religion. For great thoughts make great thinkers.

It was the golden rule that shotted the cannons of freedom against the citadel of slavery and servitude. "The economic and political struggle of modern society," says the great English economist, "are, in the last analysis, religious struggles — their sole solution, the life and teachings of Jesus Christ set forth through the human voice." In his celebrated argument in

the Girard College case, Daniel Webster reviewed the upward progress of society, and asked this question, "Where have the life-giving waters of civilization ever sprung up, save in the track of the Christian ministry?" Having expressed the hope that American scholars had done something for the honor of literature abroad; that our courts of justice had, to a little degree, exalted the law; that the orations in Congress had tended to extend and secure the charter of human rights, the great statesman added these words, "But I contend that no literary efforts, no adjudications, no constitutional discussions, nothing that has ever been done or said in favor of the great interests of universal man, has done this country more credit at home and abroad than our body of clergymen." Weightier or more unqualified testimony was never pronounced. Whatever the future may hold for the pulpit, the past, at least, is secure!

Having affirmed the influence of the pulpit in early and ignorant eras, some writers now declare the pulpit has entered upon a decline, and predict its final decay. In this age of books and papers, men question the need of moral instruction through the voice. Let us confess that never before have the instruments

for happiness been so numerous or so accessible. The modern devices for increasing knowledge are now so artful and insistent, the very atmosphere of life is so charged with information, as almost to compel wisdom in the intelligent, and forbid illiteracy in the stupid. For the training of reason, the printing-presses toil day and night. For the training of the practical sense, science has increased books and stuffed the shelves with knowledge.

For the training of taste and imagination the artist printer and photographer have united for multiplying pictures, until without expense or travel the youth can behold the faces of earth's greatest men, visit distant cities and historic civilization. Never before have educators done so much for child life and culture. As soon as the babe can walk, the kindergarten stands forth to allure the little feet into the temple of knowledge. For youth also the public schools have become so powerful and so rich that private schools find it difficult to live under their eaves. New forms of education also are developing. There are schools that train the hand to use the tool, train the arm toward self-support, fit the boy for business in the office or store, lend skill in laying the foundations of the

bridge, or springing the truss over some building. Technical schools have arisen, teaching the use and control of the electric forces, the extraction of iron from crude ores, the changing of poisons into balms and remedies, the extraction of oils and medicines from the refuse of coal and wood. Commerce and trade, too, have become so complex that their mastery involves a liberal education.

The youth who has sharp eyes and a hungry mind can now have culture without college. He who handles cotton goods or silk or wool, and traces the rich texture back to the looms that wove them, ponders the mechanical devices that embroidered faces and flowers upon the silk, studies the dyes by which the white wool has become crimson or black, will find that each step lends knowledge. In all ages, life has been a university, and events have been teachers, but never before to the same degree as to-day. Indeed, the youth who in the morning goes forth to his task and walking along watches the method by which the streets are paved, the devices for lighting and draining them, the means by which the taxes are raised and streets paid for; who enters the street-car to journey backward in thought and note how

the rude ox-cart has become the palace-car; who enters the market-place and the forum, to buy and sell and master the devices of production and distribution, will find that knowledge comes streaming in from every side. And to all these indirect instruments of culture must be added the new inventions called "culture clubs." Recently a traveller in Scotland, standing upon a mountain cliff overlooking the sea, found himself in great danger. It seems that the gardener desired to beautify even the steep cliffs and precipices. Loading his double-barrelled shotgun with seeds of flowers and vines, he fired the seeds up into the crevices of the rocks. Not otherwise, for men and women who have a few moments for rest between the hours, has life become dangerous. To-day, one can scarcely turn round the street corner without running into the president of some new society, who straightway empties into the victim two volleys of talk about some wisdom, old or new. The old shotgun is less dangerous than the new weapon.

Nor must it be forgotten that practical life itself is a university. The use of fire and wind and water; the avoidance of stones and animals and poisons; the mastery of the body, so

as to maintain perfect health and high-pressure brain action without nerve injury; the development of skill in carrying one's faculties through the home, the store, and the street, the gaining of one's livelihood—all these are instruments divinely ordained for the culture of the mind, and for the increase of knowledge and wisdom. And in this age, when ignorance is a luxury that only idiots can afford, and knowledge is universal, many have come to feel that the pulpit is a waning force. It is said that the teaching function has been superseded by the press, by books and magazines; that the ethical ideas of Christ are now so fully developed as to be organized into institutions, becoming automatic, and therefore no longer needing a special voice for their enunciation. Of heaven it is said, "There shall be no temple there," nor shall any teacher need to say, "Know the Lord," for all shall know him. And many have risen up to-day who assert that the pulpit of yesterday has made unnecessary the pulpit of to-morrow; that Christianity has now been organized into our social, domestic, economic, and political institutions, thereby becoming self-publishing. Those kind-hearted persons who once wept lest the loom and the engine should destroy the work-

ing people are now engaged in daily shedding a few tears over the pulpit, soon to be sadly injured by the press, the magazines, and books.

Thoughtful men are not troubled lest some agency arise to dispossess the pulpit. In the last analysis, preaching is simply an extension of that universal function called conversation. It represents an attempt so to bring the truth to bear upon conduct and character as to cleanse the reason, sweeten the affections, and lend inspiration to imagination; so as to strengthen conscience and refine the moral sentiment. The foundation of all moral instruction is in the family, where children are influenced, not by attractions, but by the truth manifest in the voice of the father and the mother, who create an atmosphere about the child. Socrates came speaking, as did Plato and Paul, as did the world's Saviour; and so long as man remains man, preaching will remain, not as a luxury, but as the necessity of man's existence. So far from books doing away with the influence of the voice, they seem rather to increase it. In ages when there were no books, men sat silent in the cell or were dumb by the hearthstone. Now that a new book is published, like "The Memoirs of Tennyson," or "The Letters of the

Brownings," or "The Life of Gladstone," or "The Life of Cromwell," these books, instead of ending conversation upon the themes in question, seem rather to open anew the flood-gates of speech, so that a thousand readers break forth into discussion who before were dumb and silent. Great is the power of books! Wonderful the influence of the press! But the printing-press is only a patent drill that goes forth to sow the land with the great seed of civilization. But while the drill may scatter the wheat upon the cold ground, it may not pour warmth about the frozen clouds or shed forth the refreshing dew or rain. When the living man called Luther or Whitfield or Wesley or Beecher or Brooks shines forth, then the mind lends warmth to frigid natures, calls down dew and rain upon the newly sown seed, lends light and inspiration to dull and sodden natures.

Should some Plato appear to-morrow in some hall, he need not fear lest the books have dispossessed him of his mission. A book is simply the mummy of a soul. A library is a graveyard where intellects lie buried. A printed page catches and holds the passing thought and mood. Strawberries in June quickly pass, and housewives preserve them until winter. Thus books are

preserved souls. Through his works Schopenhauer has pickled himself in salt brine, just as "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is Holmes preserved in the sweetness of sugar. The photographer makes a copy of Juliet; but pictures will never lead Romeo to resign the sweet girl. Not until books on the bringing up of children make mothers unnecessary, then the press will begin to interfere with the moral teachers. It is indeed given to the printed page to teach the truth regarding axioms or the nature of solids and fluids, but even then the laboratory strengthens the book. But, so far as moral truth is concerned, the truth is never the full truth until it is organized into personality, and flashes in the eye, or thrills in the voice, or glows in the reason, or guides through sound judgment. And so long as life is full of strife and conflict, so long as men are the children of misfortune, adversity, and defeat; so long as troubles roll over the earth like sheeted storms; so long as dark minds need light and inspiration, and the pilgrim band, floundering through the wilderness, needs a leader, with a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, that long will the pulpit remain the guide, the hope, the friend and support of the people.

The genius of preaching is truth in personality. Mighty is the written word of God, but the word never conquered until it was "made flesh." Truth in the book is crippled. Truth in the intellectual system is a skeleton. Truth in personality is life and power. Always the printed philosophy is less than the speaking philosopher. Wallace and Bruce had their power over the clansmen, not by written orders, but by riding at the head of the host. By the torch of burning speech Peter and Bernard kindled the ardor of crusaders. When to Luther's thought was added Luther's personality, Germany was freed. Savonarola's arguments were brought together in a solid chain of logic, but it has been said that his flaming heart made the chain of logic to be chain lightning. The printed truth cuts with a sharp edge, the spoken truth burns as well as cuts. Men have indeed been redeemed by the truth in black ink on white paper, but the truth quadruples its force when it is bound up in nerves, muscles, and sinews. The soul may be taught by travel, books, friends, occupation. Yet these truths stand in the outer court of the soul. It is not given to them to enter into the secret holy of holies, where the hidden life doth dwell. Preaching is plying men with the eternal princi-

ples of duty and destiny, so as to give warmth to the frigid, wings to the dull and low-flying, clarity to reason, accuracy to moral judgment, force to aspiration, and freedom to faith. Truth is the arrow, but speech is the bow that sends it home.

The nature and functions of preaching grow out of the divine method of education and growth for men. God governs rocks by gravity, bees by instinct, trees by those grooves called natural laws. Man governs his locomotive by two rails and the flanges upon the side of the wheel. But man, made in God's image, is the child of liberty, and God governs him through moral teachers, into whose minds great truths have been dropped from heaven, and these teachers are sent on before the advancing multitude, to lead them away from the slough, and the wilderness, and open up some spring in the desert. It is possible to enrich dead things from the outside. Soft wood may be veneered with mahogany, nickel may be coated with silver, and silver plated with gold, but living things must be developed from the inside. Would the husbandman have a rich flush upon the rose? Let him feed the roots. Would the mother have the bloom of beauty upon the cheek of the child?

Let her feed the babe with good food, and the pure blood on the inside will lend the rosy tint to the cheek on the outside. Men cannot be made wise or strong or moral by exterior laws or agencies. There are two ways to help a thriftless man. One is to build him a house and place him therein. The other is to inspire in him the sense of industry, economy, and ambition, and then he will build his own house. All tools, books, pictures, laws, on the outside, begin with ideas on the inside. Inspire the reason, and man will fill the library with books. Wake up the taste and imagination in young men, and they will fill the galleries with pictures. Stir the springs of justice, and men will go forth to cleanse iniquities and right wrongs. Quicken the inventive faculty, and men will create tools, and machines. It is as useless to seek to make men good or wise by law as to adorn leafless trees by tying wax flowers to bare branches. The time was when men talked about being clothed with righteousness and character, as if God was a wholesale dry goods merchant, and kept great bales of integrity and cut off a new character suit for each poor sinner. But righteousness and character are not made for man on the outside. Love, joy, justice represent

something done with man on the inside. Our politicians talk about over-production. In reality our industrial troubles are based upon under-hunger. If we could open up a hundred mouths in each living man the cry of over-production would cease. The slave had only three mouths. He wanted a loaf, a cotton garment, a little tobacco. Therefore he bought little, manufacturing languished, and the slave states became poor.

But as the free laborer became educated, he wanted variety in foods, variety in clothes, wanted books, pictures, comforts, conveniences, and he bought widely, and all the Northern factories were busy day and night to supply his hundred-fold hunger. Could we by sudden fiat of education open up a score of new wants and hungers through the quickening of the world within, the new spiritual awakening would appear in a thousand forms of industry and occupation. The great spiritual principles of Jesus Christ are the most powerful stimulants to material civilization that the world has ever seen. It is said that Shakespeare's poems bring thousands of visitors to Stratford every year. His poems indirectly have created more wealth for the people of Stratford than any of the factories or looms in that thriving city. It is still an open question whether

Wycliffe with his translation of the Scriptures did not do more for the commerce of England than Watt when he invented the tools that Wycliffe had first made necessary. Lord Shaftesbury once said that Charles Spurgeon, without discussing problems of government, had done more for social reform and progress than any statesman of his era.

One of the difficulties of modern preaching is the fact that all our great authors, novelists and poets have become preachers and prophets. If we call the roll of our teachers we shall mention Carlyle, Ruskin, Lowell, Browning, and Emerson. Of these we may say what Wordsworth said of himself, "God hath laid his hand upon me, and taken vows for me." Not one of these authors entered the Christian pulpit, yet all consecrated their lives to the task of preaching. Here is Carlyle, who seems like one of the old Hebrew prophets returned to earth with scourge in hand. He hates hypocrisy, lies, and sham with exceedingly bitter hatred. Over against the "Nay, nay," of the sceptics he sets the eternal "Yea" of the great God. Beholding the Epicurean, who loves selfishness, and makes soft his silken nest, who eats stalled ox and drinks spiced wine, Carlyle sets the warning to Belshazzar in

his feast: "Thou art weighed and found wanting. Behold the axe is laid to the root of the tree, and whatsoever tree bringeth not forth good fruit is hewed down and cast into the fire." Emerson has been called a Greek head screwed on Yankee shoulders. He begins his message by saying: "Know, O men, that God exists. Remember that God never breaks his word to His children. It is easier to escape from the all-embracing atmosphere than from the unseen One in whose presence we dwell." Without morality he declares "laughter holds bitterness, honey burns the mouth, and riches bring sadness." And here is Lowell, who is often called the poet of Christian service and sympathy. In a recent edition of his works published in London, the editor traces much of social reform to the influence of James Russell Lowell, but Lowell's greatest poems, like "The Vision of Sir Launfal," are written from the view point of the teacher of Christ's Gospel. Ruskin, also, ends his volume by saying, "Whatsoever Christ saith unto you, do it; this is the sum of all my writing." In emphasizing the importance of character, he writes: "Would you paint a great picture, be a good man. Would you carve a perfect statue, be a pure man. Would you enact a wise law, be a just man."

And what shall we say more of the Brownings and of Tennyson and of the great novelists, save that they, too, have become prophets and preachers? Without entering the ministry, these men have dedicated their gifts to an interpretation of the evangel of Christ. Each represents a high order of genius. Each has received from God a harp with many strings. And having read the gospel according to Ruskin, Carlyle, or Browning, men come to the church with a new ideal for the sermon and impose the severest literary tests upon the preacher. Unconsciously these great authors have made difficult the work of modern preaching and laid heavy burdens upon the public teacher.

We must also confess that the very success of the preaching of yesterday increases the difficulty of the task that belongs to to-day. In the vision of the new Jerusalem, John saw the city of God as having no temple therein. To that ideal world came all music and wisdom. All cool streams and all fruitful trees were there. There, too, were the sons of genius and eloquence and service and martyrdom. Yet in this new city of God there was no temple for instruction. And why no church there? Because Christianity has been successful, and has now become automatic in

thought and life. The Sermon on the Mount has been turned into a "living gospel." Each heart is a temple of worship. Because Christ's mission has been absolutely successful, the necessity of the temple has been done away with. And on earth also the very victories of Christianity involve new difficulties. Indeed, Christianity is already largely automatic in society. Men outside of churches unconsciously obey the great principles of right and wrong. Some of the best men in every community are outside of the churches. Upon the bare spot of ground the sun lifts up a tree or shade and fruits. But once the tree is strong in bough and fruit, then it is a barrier against the sun, and forbids its warm beams to fall upon the naked ground. There is a sense, therefore, in which the Christianity of yesterday becomes an obstacle for to-day. In the realm of medicine, not one person is ill to-day, where ten suffered a century ago. Should the victory of physicians or surgeons continue another generation, these physicians will starve to death. Their very successes are imperilling their livelihood. To the degree, also, to which the jurist succeeds in teaching business men the laws of commerce and the penalties of wrong-doing, to that degree does he destroy his own business. The preacher, also, is

a man who is engaged in making himself unnecessary. And Christianity has been organized into the school and home and street. Many are so busy living Christianity on the practical side that they begrudge any time for studying it in theory. Through books and sermons they obtain for themselves nutrition and guidance, yet their withdrawal from the church involves grievous loss. When a single match is lighted, because it is alone, it goes out. Pile many sticks together, and the heat of the one log lends itself to others, until the whole mass is aglow and blazing. And to the end of time it will be important for the multitudes to come together, and through song and prayer and elevated thoughts, the sacred fires that glow in one nature may be communicated from heart to heart, until the whole community feels the divine impulse toward moral earnestness. President Hopkins once told the students of Williams College that when a man ceases to bend his knees in prayer, he soon ceases to bow his mind and heart. In reviewing his long career, Robert Collyer also affirmed that he had noticed that "those men who find their temple in the fields, and ask nature to be their priest, have ended by losing all sense of worship until they worship less truly than do the very beasts of the field." Nevertheless, we must con-

fess that society is being slowly permeated by the principle of Christian living, and that noble men live the higher spiritual life without the assistance of the church. God's sun is so powerful that when it has ripened the golden sheaf within the field, it lends loveliness to the violet and the sweet brier that springs up without the lane.

In former ages and generations doubtless men have needed to come in from the field and factory, store and street, and, coming together in one spot, have sought to cleanse the grime from their garments, to sharpen the spiritual faculties, to cast out selfishness, to test the deeds of life by Christ's principles, just as an artist, when his eye is jaded, tests the blue tint by the sapphire or the red by the ruby. But in these days many believe that church-going is no longer obligatory; that sermons have lost their juice and freshness, and, having gone to church once in a month, they feel that they have placed the Almighty under everlasting obligations. Gone now a certain sanctity of the Sabbath. Gone a certain reverence for the church, a certain refinement of conscience, a certain clarity and purity of moral judgment. Gone also the old era when the beggar was unknown in the little Christian community, when children and youth grew up without ever having beheld a

drunkard, a thief, or a murderer, and when the door of the house or the granary had no lock or bar. Now one-half of the community never crosses the threshold of a church, either Catholic or Protestant. Multitudes, also, decline the moral obligations, and there has come a time when the poor-house overflows, when the jails are full, when judges must work day and night to overtake the criminals.

To-day thoughtful men believe that our republic needs tools and culture less than it needs a revival of the moral imperative. Our nation needs two Sundays a week, for a time, for toning up the jaded moral sense. A great multitude of our people have laid the Ten Commandments on the table by a two-thirds majority. Indeed, they seem to have written and revised the old commandments so that they now read in accordance with Ruskin's sarcastic version: Thou shalt have gods of self and ease and pleasure before me. Thou shalt worship thine own imaginations as to houses and goods and business, and bow down and serve them. Thou shalt remember the Sabbath day, to see to it that all its hours are given to sloth and lounging and stuffing the body with rich foods, leaving the children of sorrow and ignorance to perish in their sodden

misfortune. Thou shalt kill and slay men by doing as little as possible thyself, and squeezing as much as possible out of others. Thou shalt look upon loveliness in womanhood to soil it with impurity. Thou shalt steal daily the employer from the servant, and the servant from his employer, and the devil take the hindmost. Thou shalt get thy livelihood by weaving a great web of falsehoods and sheathing thyself in lies. Thou shalt covet thy neighbor's house to possess it for thyself; thou shalt covet his office and his farm, his goods and his fame, and everything that is his. And to crown all these laws, the devil has added a new commandment —Thou shalt hate thy brother as thou dost hate thyself. Into this piteous lot have multitudes come. And there is restlessness in the heart, unhappiness in the home, hate in the task, anarchy in the street, whose end is chaos, destruction, and death.

Plato has a pre-Christian statement as to the function of preaching and its relation to social happiness and progress. "The things that destroy us are injustice, insolence, and foolish thoughts; and the things that save us are justice, self-command, and true thought, which things dwell in the living powers of God.

Wherefore our battle is immortal. The angels and God fight with us as teachers, and we are their possessions."

In his Yale address ex-President White lamented that young men were turning from the learned professions to enter trade and commerce. Materialism, he thought, was an evil spirit that had given its cup of sorcery to youth, and beguiled them from the paths of noble scholarship and the intellectual life. Gone the poets Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, Whittier. Gone the historians Bancroft, Motley, Prescott. Gone the great orators and statesmen. Gone also the era when young men, like Channing and Starr King, Swing and Beecher and Brooks, entered the ministry. And, remembering that in New England the clergymen have founded the academies and colleges, and that in scores of families like the Emersons there had been seven generations of clergymen who had wrought in the pulpit, the lecture hall, or taken up the pen of author or editor, the great educator predicted disaster would befall our eager American society. But not the emoluments of commerce alone explain the drift of young men away from the ministry. The ministry is not an easy life. No profession makes demands so numerous or so

stern upon nerve and brain, upon mind and heart. In former times, when books were scarce, religious newspapers unknown, and knowledge was not universal, preaching was not a difficult task, and it was easily possible for a clergyman to preach a sermon three hours long in the morning and repeat it at night without the congregation recognizing it. Now all the hearers have books and libraries, and the pew of to-day is wiser than the pulpit of yesterday. The time has come when the preacher must be a universal scholar. He must make himself an expert in social reform; master the facts as to illiteracy, vice, and crime; study the tenement-house question; all social movements in connection with settlements and methods of Christian work. He must carry his studies into physiology and hygiene to note how low and abnormal physical conditions affect the conscience and the spiritual state.

Giving up the theological reading with which the clergymen of a former generation have made the people acquainted, he must study history, politics, the rise of law, and free institutions, the movements of art, the history of philosophy, and, above all else, no facts in connection with science must be permitted to escape his notice

For his illustrations he must draw from the sciences of stars and stones and animals and plants. To keep step with his work he must read each month several reviews that deal with the general public, with reviews upon finance, reform, labor, and education, not forgetting the foreign quarterlies and magazines. In addition to all this, there will be at least a hundred volumes each year that he must go through thoroughly, if possible, or hurriedly, if crowded. There are also public duties and demands. To-day he enters a home in which some woman, with little children clinging to her dress and crying bitterly, stands beside a young father, now dying. He returns home to find some youth, the child of poverty and orphanage, but of genius also, who needs help and assistance. When evening falls, there comes the intellectual stress and task, with a thousand duties for which preparation must be made.

Immeasurable the demands upon nerve and brain. Now and then one arises who is called to the ministry by his distant ancestors, whose father loved moral themes, and had vision and an outlook upon the realm invisible, whose mother had enthusiasm, imagination, and moral sentiment, —gateways, these, through which God's

angels come trooping, — and father and mother, through heredity, call the child to the ministry. For such a one, teaching is automatic and preaching is instinctive, and the work itself is medicinal and recuperative. But even upon these men, like Robertson and Channing and Bushnell, the mere strain of delivery is such as to send them home from the pulpit in the state of nervous collapse from which they do not recover until Tuesday or Wednesday. With many the recoil dismounts the cannon. In these days no man would be equal to the difficulties of the ministry were it not for the happiest of the professions bringing its own rewards, carrying medicine to cure its exhaustions.

No other occupation or profession offers such liberty and personal freedom. The politician is a thread caught in the texture of his party, and has little freedom. The merchant must buy and sell what the people want, and must serve them. The lawyer must move in the groove digged by the mistake or sin of his client, while the clergyman is freely permitted to teach the great eternal principles of God, and he steers by the stars. Great is the power of the press. But the press writer has no personal contact with the reader; must report things evil often as well as good.

Great is the power of the law. But law is litigious, and the jurist must struggle oftentimes for weeks or months to settle some quarrel or correct some injustice, dealing, as Webster said, with negatives oftentimes. Great is the power of the physician. But, unfortunately, in influencing his patient, his personality must first of all work upon an abnormal condition, and when the patient is restored to health and ready to receive the physician's personality, his task is done. But this advantage adheres in the ministry. It emphasizes the great positive moralities, it handles the most powerful stimulants the world has ever known — eternal truths. It plies men with divine inspirations. It deals with the greatest themes life holds — God, Christ, conscience, reason, sin, salvation, culture, character, duty, immortal destiny. When all other arts have been secured, it teaches the art of right living. When all other sciences have been mastered, it teaches the science of conduct at the home, the market, and the forum. It puts its stamp, not into wood that will rot, not into iron that will rust, not into colors that will fade, but into the minds and hearts that are immortal. Multiply the honors and emoluments of the other occupations one hundred fold, and they

need them all to compensate for the happiness and opportunity of the Christian ministry, seeking to make the church a college for the ignorant, a hospital for hurt hearts, an armory from which men may receive weapons, that opens up springs in life's desert, plants a palm in life's burning sands.

Well did John Ruskin say that the issues of life and death for modern society are in the pulpit: "Precious indeed those thirty minutes by which the teacher tries to get at the separate hearts of a thousand men, to convince them of all their weaknesses, to shame them for all their sin, to warn them of all their dangers, to try by this way and that to stir the hard fastenings of the doors where the Master Himself has stood and knocked, yet none opened, and to call at the openings of those dark streets where Wisdom herself hath stretched forth her hands and no man regarded. Thirty minutes to raise the dead in." And he who hath known the joy of encouraging some noble youth who is discouraged, the rapture that comes when at least one who hath become long snared and held in the cruel trap hath been freed, the joy of feeling that blind eyes have come to see things unseen and deaf ears to hear notes that once

were unheard, or hath swung wide some dungeon door to lead forth some prisoner of conscience, will know that there is no profession that conceals such hidden springs, receives such hidden messages, is fed with such buoyancy and happiness as the ministry — the Christian teacher who brings divine truth to men for God's sake and for man's sake.

II

Social Progress and the Influence of Jesus Christ in Civilization

"In discussing the proposition suggested by this text, that Christianity is a civilization, it will be necessary to think of civilization in two lights — the one as the condition of the individual, the other as a power to influence others standing apart from its condition. What mankind needs is not simply a picture of an elevated human life, but also an agency that will rapidly cast men into the likeness of this ideal picture. Individuals have always been visible here and there who have, in their minds and hearts, reflected the features of almost the ideal manhood, but their virtues have been unable to multiply themselves infinitely in the outer world; and living, they never perceived virtue to have gone out from their garments at a world's touch; and dying, they have taken their moral excellence into their tombs, as Beatrice took away her beauty with her, and as the dying songstress recently took with her, forever, her warm melody. History is dotted over with names of such piety as marked Aurelius, and Cato, and Xenophon; but as between the stars of heaven, there are awful solitudes across which light itself flies invisible, and which no sound of even thunder or softest music has ever blessed, so between these isolated characters of the past, there have lived and died countless millions of the human family, without excellence and without hope — awful solitudes of the soul. In seeking, therefore, for a desirable civilization it is necessary for us to find a culture that will overflow."

SWING, "Christianity as a Civilization."

II

SOCIAL PROGRESS AND THE INFLUENCE OF JESUS CHRIST IN CIVILIZATION

In all ages God maintains leaders and heroes for the guidance of society. Each new era ushered in by a great man who has capitalized the new form of progress. Christ as the world's Leader and Master as well as Saviour and Lord. His waxing influence over the greatest intellects. The poets and philosophers, and the common people alike unite in lifting Him to the World's throne. The influence of Christ upon the Old World vices. The influence of Christ upon individual life and culture. The influence of Christ upon schools and colleges, through the emphasis of childhood. The influence of Christ upon the fine arts. The painters, architects, and sculptors have devoted their gifts to the interpretation of Christ. The absence of great men among the non-Christian races. The influence of Christ in developing the greatness latent in individuals. Christianity is the sole religion of to-day that has the propagating spirit. Jesus Christ and man's upward progress.

THE soul, like the body, thrives through nourishment. Mind and heart hunger for food, and find it in the best qualities of the best men who have

gone before. History stores up the bravest deeds and noblest thoughts of the heroes of yesterday as soul food for the youth of to-day. The Greek general bade parents bring their children up—not upon milk, but upon the memories of soldierly ancestors. Always it has been the necessity of life that children and youth should look upward toward illustrious masters and models. Each Pitt and Burke stimulates himself by tales of eloquence and oratory. Each young Correggio lingers long before his master's easel. Each Keats or Shelley turns eager feet toward the great bard's home. History is no mausoleum where dead men lie buried; it is a granary storing up for future generations the choicest spirits of past ages. That is the greatest nation that has the most heroes and illustrious deeds to celebrate.

When a nation has no heroes to nourish greatness in its youth, God raises up some poet to create them. Thus the blind bard hung Achilles in the sky above the race of Grecian savages. Straightway thousands felt the drawing of that great heart; just as the ocean, without knowing the cause, is lifted forward, following the planets. Soon the ideal Achilles repeated himself in the real orators and artists, statesmen and philosophers, of Athens. Plutarch thought the iron and granite in the hills

of Sparta repeated themselves in the Spartan warriors. We know that the single root brought from Africa by the Spanish traveller repeated its unexampled size and color in all the vineyards of Spain. Thus one great man like Pericles or Cato, like John Huss or William Tell, like Vane or Hampden, like Brown or Lincoln, repeats himself in the new and larger manhood of his nation. When God wants to create a revolution or secure a sudden forward movement in society, He sets some great man in the midst of the people, and, looking upward, the generations are lifted to his level. The measure of civilization for a nation is found in the number and quality of its heroes and leaders.

Social progress through lifting up a master and model has always been the divine method. Here nature lends us a thousand interpretations. Ours is a world in which rain and snow, falling to the ground, must be lifted up and passed through bough and branch before water reddens in the wine-purple flood, or drips in the golden juices of the orange. In the forests the carbon and iron of the soil must be lifted up to be hardened into masts for ships or timbers for temples. In the fields the wheat stalk lifts up the phosphates and condenses them into the rich, brown berry. By ropes and pulleys, Phidias lifted the most perfect

statue of his time, the "Pallas Athene," to its place upon the Acropolis, where its crown of gold and ivory, reflecting the sun's rays, first welcomed the Athenian mariner home again. Lifted from the ground, wood and iron become cottage or palace. Lifted from the quarries, stone and marble become temples and cathedrals. Lifted up by the author, meaningless words become poems and dramas. Standing upon the horizon, the sun lifts from the sea its whitest mists, lifts from the land golden harvest,lifts from space heavy planets.

Naturally, therefore, we expect social progress to be achieved through the lifting up of good men and strong. In accordance with this method the martyred Cranmer was made heroic, and, thrusting his arm into the fire, he lifted up an example that made the multitudes strong for achieving religious liberty. This multitude of brave women, going into the Crimea with the Red Cross movement and mercy: these nurses kindling their fires upon the edge of battle-fields; these who make their homes among the poor of tenement-house districts, remind us that long ago God caused Mary Ware, serving in the fever-stricken homes of Durham, and Florence Nightingale, nursing the English soldiers in the hospitals of the East, to be lifted up in the presence of the world's women. And,

having by this method achieved great results for liberty and culture, and human happiness, God caused to be lifted up before mind and heart the soul's Saviour and Master. And it need not surprise us that straightway everything deepest in man's faculties and finest in his feelings responded to the inspiring influences and the stimulating example. When the sun stands upon the horizon all the birds waken, and rise to sweet song and lofty flight: all the seeds bestir themselves, and push upward toward the light; all the buds unroll their crimson secrets; then the very sands blossom; and all rifts in the mountains respond with blooms beautiful and brilliant. Passing backward o'er the pathway of the ages, Christ's mighty, majestic heart, glowing and all glorious, stands forth, sowing the world with light and joy, even as o'er the planets the sun scatters warmth and atmosphere.

The waxing fame of Christ is the most striking fact of our era. His star is causing all others to pale. Indeed the time seems rapidly approaching when society will have but one Hero and King, at whose feet humanity will empty all its songs and flowers, its prayers and tears. In the triumphal procession of the Roman conqueror, kings and princes walked as captives in the emperor's train.

Thus all the greatest men of the past generation seem to have joined Christ's triumphal procession. Let us call the roll of the great. Among Carlyle's last words were these: "The tidings of the most important event ever transacted in this world is the life and death of the Divine Man in Judea, at once the symptom and cause of innumerable changes to all people in the world." By acclamation, John Ruskin will be voted the first place among the English prose writers of the last two centuries. But Ruskin says his life has been dedicated — not to "the study of the beautiful in face and flower, in landscape and gallery, but to an interpretation of the truth and beauty of Jesus Christ." Another modern humanist is Matthew Arnold. But, dying, Matthew Arnold said: "Christ came to reveal what righteousness really is. For nothing will do except righteousness; and no other conception of righteousness will do, except Christ's conception of it — His method and secret." All will confess that James Martineau was the first defender of theism of the century in point of influence. But Martineau asserts that Christ must be called "the regenerator of the human race. The world has changed," he says, "and that change is historically traceable to Christ." We all know that Shakespeare, per-

haps the greatest intellect ever known in its wide and many-sided splendor, paid the lowliest reverence to Christ in passage after passage. But all the great poets of our age, Lowell and Longfellow Browning and Tennyson, unite in saying, —

> "Thou seemest human and divine;
> The highest, holiest manhood Thou;
> Our wills are ours, we know not why;
> Our wills are ours to make them Thine."

Recently, in announcing his purpose to write a story of Christ's life, a distinguished English author said that he had spent all his life accumulating material for this proposed book, and that he had no higher ambition than to be associated in some humble way with the name and the fame of Jesus Christ. By common consent, in his old age, Mr. Gladstone was a figure sublime indeed upon our earth. How pathetic the statesman's eager desire to dedicate his closing years to the study of the teachings of Christ. The revered leader and orator seemed to feel that his laurel leaves won in the forum, would soon fade, and with wistful pathos he desired to "weave a wreath for Him whose name is secure" and shines like a star.

And these facts are typical of the spirit of the age. To-day all political economy is being re-

written in the length of the Sermon on the Mount, says the greatest of economic writers. Christ is increasingly the inspiration of our charities and philanthropies. All the great social movements of our era are centring about Him. Already His teachings are the watchwords of coming revolutions. Reform, duty, art, music, statesmanship, philosophy—all have joined Christ's triumphal procession.

In nature, as the summer waxes the winter wanes, and the lengthening of the days means the shortening of the nights. This fact encourages within us the belief that as Christ's principles advance, man's vices will decline. In our world, causes are invariably followed by their appropriate results, and this law asks us to expect that so prodigious a cause as the life and teaching of Jesus Christ will be followed of necessity by strange effects upon man's happiness and character. In times of storm, rivers often overflow their banks, and, spreading over the rich valleys, sweep away the houses, drown the cattle, and when the waves have retreated, leave behind pastures buried in mud, and fields all covered with wrecks and desolation. Thus the pages of Juvenal and Pliny and Lucian tell us of days when the floods of vice poured their dark

and turbulent streams through the streets of all the ancient cities. History tells us that the clouds of ashes falling from Vesuvius buried Pompeii and Herculaneum under thirty feet of ashes. This burial seems to have embalmed for our age that ancient civilization. The excavations in the streets where Pliny used to walk exhibit to us ancient art and ancient vice; rich homes and defiled inmates; beauteous statues and vicious sculptors; the cultivated intellect, but the darkened conscience.

Journeying up the Nile to Thebes and Memphis, our travellers are amazed to find that hideous vices were once worshipped as gods in those cities, where splendor and sin were united like gold and mud in the same image. We remember also that Cicero, who argues so eloquently for the rights of the poet Archias, also used his eloquence to defend a gladiatorial fight in which a thousand slaves were slain to satisfy the bloodthirsty instincts of eighty thousand of the leading ladies and gentlemen of that so-called "golden age." Lecky speaks of ten vices in Cicero's day, only two of which remain — intemperance and the social evil. It seems hard to realize that a few hundred years ago the sale of an estate in England carried with it the people on the land, and

that a little earlier the Saxon hero used his enemy's skull for a drinking cup. When Charlemagne marched through France, he found multitudes whose religion it was to eat dirt and roll their persons daily in the black mud. But now at Carlisle the visitors behold young Indians who stand often upon the platform and tell of their ambitions for the homes and schools and churches of their people in words of eloquence so simple and majestic that audiences are held spellbound. Yet from the days when Ponce de Leon first landed in Florida, to these modern times when the frontier line of civilization has advanced into the Dakotas, each newly discovered tribe of Indians has appeared offering innocent children as sacrifices and by strange incantations trying to appease the world devil. The Greek poet tells us that when Ulysses was pursuing the monster to slay it, the warrior traced the serpent by a black mark left upon the grass and flowers. Thus these monsters, called vices, have crawled like serpents down the aisles of time. Upon all the ages and nations, vices have made many deep black marks. But some hand has slain nearly all of these defiling monsters. With Guizot, let us gladly confess that the advance of Christ's teachings has been so closely followed by the

decline of vice as to compel the logical mind to associate them in the relation of cause and effect.

Doubtless Christ's emphasis of individual worth has done much to usher in the new era for humanity. When Queen Victoria celebrated her golden anniversary, the gifts sent her were such as were thought to become a queen and empress. Each book was bound in gold, each texture held shining threads, and the very boxes were inlaid with pearls and jewels; and to Christ belonged such majesty of mingled beauty and strength and gentleness that society felt that the human soul could scarcely be painted in colors too rich for which such a one as Christ had lived and died. His enthusiasm for humanity immediately began to make itself felt. A glorious sense of human brotherhood moved outward over the earth like an advancing summer. If the emperors and the kings did not at once descend from their thrones, the slave and the serfs did begin to rise to the level of those who held the sceptre. It was not so much a crumbling of thrones or a falling of crowned heads as it was an upbuilding of the common people. In analyzing Burns's song, "A Man's a Man for A' that," the scholars trace it back to Christ's parable of

Lazarus and the rich man. Before Christ's searching vision, the purple and the fine linen fell away from Dives, and his rags fell away from the beggared Lazarus. Christ placed His finger upon the soul, capitalized manhood, and made the name of man a title superior to that of ruler and lord. Soon, because men were equals and brothers, the church adopted the same ritual for high and low, bond and free. Emperor Constantine and his rude soldiers knelt together before the same minister and in baptism received alike the cleansing flood. The marriage ceremony that bound with golden chains prince and princess, was used also for servant and maid. In the solemn hour of death the words, "I am the resurrection and the life," were read over the bier of kings and paupers alike. Thus Christianity assaulted the vanity of the heart through its outer trappings, even as the sun assaults an armor of ice. The old proverb was, "Call a man a thief, and he will rob you." The new proverb becomes, "Trust a man, and he will not disappoint you." Christ unfurled the flag of equality above palace and slave market. He waved the golden rule above each law and statute book. He caused the state to set guardian angels beside each sleeping babe. Above each

doorway for vice and crime He wrote the words, "Blessed are the pure in heart." Soon society began to forsake the paths of vice and crime and turned glad feet into the way that led unto happiness and virtue.

Those who were of royal birth felt they must not live like slaves. The Germans have a poem of the transformation of a cottage. While the peasant slept in his chair, he dreamed; and, lo! the thatched roof was lifted up and became the roof of a temple. The little cracked windows became large, arched, and filled with colored glass. The low walls gave place to glorious paintings. The fireplace became a golden altar, over which bowed the angel forms of his children departed and dead. Oh, beautiful story! picturing for us that strange transformation that passed over society after Christ taught the doctrine of individual worth and divine sonship.

Christianity, while chiefly busying itself with teaching the art of right living and of character building here, as a preparation for the life hereafter, has accomplished many incidental results for man's happiness and welfare. Orchards are planted primarily for one purpose—to secure food and fruit against the long winter. But having met the requirements of hunger, the orchards

go on to delight the eye with blossoms, to fill the air with perfume, to provide grateful shade for man and beast, and homes for countless birds. Thus, Christianity is a tree that bears indeed the fruit of immortal life; but it bears also a thousand other fruits for the life that now is. By reason of the great themes with which it is concerned, — themes called God, law, mind, conscience, truth, beauty, — Christianity early developed an affiliation for education and learning. To advance its principles, and defend them, to secure wise advocates for its truths, it founded colleges, schools, and literatures. Having educated teachers for the sanctuary, it began to expand its plans, and came to include the training of poets and jurists, of physicians and scientists. From the day, when the boy Christ remained in the Temple to converse with the wise men, Christianity has been the friend of the mind and an advocate of the increase of knowledge. Nourished in its stimulating atmosphere, such minds as those of Bacon and Milton and Angelo, and thousands of illustrious compeers, have come with genius enriched by the stimulating atmosphere in which they have lived. Where other religions have produced here and there a single mediocre mind, Christianity has

produced during like periods a thousand giants in the realm of philosophy or art or learning.

Single minds do exist in the history of China or India or Africa, but they exist just as occasional palm trees and springs are found, at intervals of hundreds of miles, in the Sahara Desert. But entering moral deserts like England in the year 590, and Germany in 700, Christianity has changed the climate for nations, and made genius and greatness indigenous. To this enriching influence upon learning must be added Christianity's natural affiliation with the fine arts. To describe that eternal summer land beyond the grave, John has swept together all gold for the streets, all gems for its walls, all cool fountains and streams, all sweet song, all noble speech. So beautiful is that realm, said Paul, that eye had not seen or ear heard, nor could mind conceive its splendors. The task, therefore, of portraying that ideal land placed every artist upon his mettle. Architects taxed themselves to build cathedrals worthy of Him whom the heaven of heavens could not contain. Painters vied with each other in creating seraphs and angels beautiful enough to adorn the walls of Christ's sanctuary. Sculptors went everywhither searching out marble white enough for Christ's forehead.

Each Handel taxed himself for music sweet enough for His hymns of praise. Soon the greatness of Christianity's themes lent greatness to the minds studying them. For great thought makes the thinker great also, while petty thoughts make insignificant thinkers. It was the woe, the grief of three million slaves that lent eloquence to Wendell Phillips. It was the sorrows of the poor of England that lent eloquence to John Bright. It was the Madonna that made each Titian, and the Paradise that made each Milton. Take the seed idea and the mother principles of Christianity out of the last one thousand years of time, and society's storehouses, called galleries and libraries, would be emptied. An English jurist tells of falling asleep and dreaming that every Christian idea had been stricken out of his law books. Opening the familiar books, he found one-third of each page blank, and all pages meaningless. Thus, if by divine fiat every Christian idea should be blotted out of the library, the museum, the statute books, all would become meaningless. The very structure of civilization would crumble into a heap of ruins. Eloquence, song, laws, reforms, civic virtues, would all fall with the fall of the great ideas that produced them.

This uplifted name is also exerting a profound

influence upon the world's hope of progress. Frederick Schlegel was deeply impressed by the thought that all other religious systems are living upon the prestige of the past. Looking backward, they borrow their light from "a golden age" forever gone. "The gods hate the prosperous," was the ancient proverb. And so with profound melancholy the Greeks and Romans looked longingly backward toward a greatness that was rapidly receding, for they felt that the future held for them only awful and inevitable catastrophe. Each disciple of Buddha or Confucius also speaks wistfully of a departed glory. For Christ alone "the golden age" is in the to-morrow. With buoyant and aspiring spirit, with confident and unyielding expectancy of a general and certain progress of society toward liberty and light, Christianity moves steadily forward into the future. And as a plan turns a pile of bricks into a house, turns a mob into an army, turns scattered sounds into a symphony, turns warring sections into a nation, so this unfolding plan and purpose of God unifies events, constrains opposing nations, gives each century its stint, gives a definite goal to history. That conviction of Christianity's ultimate triumph never failed the fathers or martyrs. It lent the soldier his uncon-

querable courage; it lent the hero and reformer his adamantine will; it lent the scholar his stainless life. Beginning a mere dot on the map, Christianity has now subdued and bannered whole continents. It began at Olivet with the twelve disciples. In forty days there were three thousand. When John died in Ephesus there were half a million; to-day these have become four hundred million. Napoleon said, "He who does not attack and plunge his standard into the thick of the enemy's ranks must soon pull down his flag." Whatever system, therefore, is sending the thousands of scholars, professors, physicians, editors, into other nations, holds the keynote of progress, and will sooner or later mount to the world's throne. To-day our young lawyers study Sir Henry Maine's "Ancient Society," "Ancient Law," "Early Institutions."

But these are lectures written by a jurist in the law school of Calcutta, founded by Christian teachers only a hundred years ago. There are three million other young men and women in India in Christian colleges, academies, and schools. Soon this will mean a free press, libraries in every village of that tropic land, railways, manual training schools, free institutions — and after that "the flood" of knowledge. And so

of Africa and China; the columns of light are marching straight for the heart of each continent. Christianity is a young giant that in three centuries leaped to the throne of the Cæsars. The rate of progress that has prevailed since Shakespeare's day will in three centuries more seat Christianity upon every great throne of our earth. But can it conquer the civilized barbarians at home? Has it power to stay lawlessness in the city? to check the ravages of poverty and intemperance? There is a proverb that "What has been done can be done." Did Christianity find the finest scholars and noblest ladies of Rome attending gladiatorial shows, and does it now guard the very horses from cruelty? Did it find in the finest temple of Corinth vices worshipped and deified that now it is shameful to mention? The past, at least, is secure. And because it has ideals for the city, the forum, and the market, Christianity's future is certain. It is urged that to-day in Europe there are nations armed to the teeth, and soldiers awaiting orders to march.

But what if, at one time, there were five Christian rulers upon the thrones of London, Berlin, Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburg? Would not the barracks and citadels be emptied, the soldiers drop their bayonets to turn toward the

fields with the pruning knives and sickles? What if all our institutions and peoples should seek to incarnate Christ's example? No more war; no more clanking of chains in prisons; no more lazy, thriftless poverty; no crushing monopoly; no cruelty; no harsh judgments; each bearing another's weakness. A beautiful dream! But ideals rule the world. And Christ's ideal is the prophecy of what shall be when men and events have hastened on toward "that one far-off event toward which the whole creation moves." True, the ideal may be realized slowly. Nature changes no climate rapidly. Physically, man does not sleep midst snowdrifts to waken midst roses. The difference between the icicle and a ripe cherry represents for the planet a journey of many millions of miles. And in morals, with God a thousand years are as one day. God has time enough and to spare. Wise men, therefore, will take no counsel of crouching fear. The century-plant takes a hundred years for root and trunk, but blossoms in a night. And nations, also, shall in a day be born into culture and character. Soon every knee shall bow to the name that is above every name, and He whom God has lifted to the world's throne shall in turn lift the world to a place beside Him.

III

"Jesus Christ the Supreme Example of Genius in the Realm of Intellect"

"Truth is always holy, holiness always wise. I will that we keep terms with sin and a sinful literature and society no longer, but live a life of discovery and performance. Accept the intellect, and it will accept us. Be the lowly ministers of that pure omniscience, and deny it not before men. It will burn up all profane literature, all base current opinions, all the false powers of the world, as in a moment of time. It is the office, I doubt not, of this age to annul that adulterous divorce which the superstition of many ages has effected between the intellect and holiness. The lovers of goodness have been one class, the students of wisdom another; as if either could exist in any purity without the other."

—EMERSON, "The Method of Nature," p. 210.

"There is a man whose tomb is guarded by love, whose sepulchre is not only glorious, as a prophet declared, but whose sepulchre is loved. There is a man whose ashes, after eighteen centuries, have not grown cold, who daily lives again in the thoughts of an innumerable multitude of men; who is visited in His cradle by shepherds and frankincense and myrrh. There is a man whose steps are unweariedly retrodden by a large portion of mankind, and who, although no longer present, is followed by that throng in all the scenes of His bygone pilgrimage, upon the knees of His mother, by the borders of the lakes, to the tops of the mountains, in the byways of the valleys, under the shade of the olive trees, in the still solitude of the deserts. . . . The greatest monuments of art shelter His sacred images; the most magnificent ceremonies assemble the people under the influence of His name; poetry, music, painting, sculpture, exhaust their resources to proclaim His glory, and to offer Him incense worthy of the adoration which ages have consecrated to Him. And yet upon what throne do they adore Him? Upon a Cross!"

—PÈRE LACORDAIRE, "Conférences," pp. 82–83, 86–87.

III

"JESUS CHRIST THE SUPREME EXAMPLE OF GENIUS IN THE REALM OF INTELLECT"

All classes confess the fascination of the story of Christ. His career a tragedy despite His evangel of love. Christ's supremacy not explained by His moral splendor. His influence not explained by emphasizing his qualities as a hero and leader. To all these considerations must be added His supremacy in the realm of intellect. The weight of mentality involved in the thoughts and themes with which He deals. For centuries the creative minds have borrowed their mother principles from His teachings. The tributes of the orators and dramatists. What is style? The literary style of the parables, and the Sermon on the Mount. The enormous intellectual reserves involved in the optimism of Christ. His intellectual supremacy indicated by His recognition of the poor and His anticipation of the reign of the common people. His views of God suggest His infinite superiority to other religious thinkers. The vagueness of Plato's and of Socrates' views of death, in contrast with Christ's outlook upon immortality.

FULL nineteen centuries have come and gone since Jesus Christ entered upon His immortal and pathetic career. Now that long time has passed, poets and philosophers alike confess that His story is the most fascinating in litera-

ture, while if His teachings still inspire the greatest intellects, His sufferings still melt the hardest heart. Few and evil were the days of His pilgrimage. In an era when soldiers were brigands, and rulers agents of misery and crime, this young carpenter dedicated His unrivalled genius to deeds of mercy and became the knight-errant of the poor and weak. Having poured forth His sympathies in unstinted tides; having filled all His days with glorious friendships, radiant wisdom, and gentle deeds; having supported the fainting multitudes by His golden dreams of an age of better laws, better learning, better liberty, and a better life,—He who had done no man a wrong, nor thought it, became the central figure of the most piteous tragedy in history. Always the almoner of bounty and benevolence, at a moment when His every hour effulged with tenderness and mercy, He suddenly found Himself standing in the very vortex of hatred, while envious rulers and malignant priests drew their weapons and closed in upon Him. In that bitter hour friends also became enemies, until it must have seemed to Him as if the heavens rained slanders, while the earth opened to pour forth falsehoods like lurid lava.

Piteous, indeed, were the sufferings associated

with His execution, but more pathetic still His mental anguish. Greatness is sensitiveness. It is the fortune of the creative intellect that it works only in an atmosphere of sympathy. For if hatred is poison and distrust paralysis, by so much, therefore, as Jesus Christ surpassed other men in His mental gifts, by that much did He crave the sympathy and love of His brother man. Cherishing the eager hope that when at last life's end did come He should be esteemed as one who had loved the poor and weak and made their burdens His, this most sensitive heart was doomed to die at the hands of a mob, and ended His career upon a cross, — a stigma so odious as to lend a sting sharper than death itself. But now, looking backward, behold what transformations His spirit wrought! No princess so beautiful but that she seeks to enhance her loveliness by the cross that Christ redeemed from ugliness to beauty. With His name orators inspire heroism in the people. Poets linger about His story as bees about a clover field. His teachings have lent sweetness to Handel's music, majesty to Canova's marble, and massiveness to Von Rile's church. Vast indeed is our earth, yet it can never overtake the sun that journeys forward, dragging our little planet after it. Many, too, and great, the heroes of

history; but though future ages hold many surprises and new heroes arise, Christ's name and fame, still speeding on before, are distant, and never to be surpassed. To the end of time, great men looking forward, shall behold Christ's radiant figure standing in the golden haze where earth and sky do meet.

Confessing that Christ's name is above other names, some philosophers try to account for it on grounds other than intellectual. They explain His supremacy by emphasizing His moral superiority, — an argument based upon His stainless character and His spotless life. Enemies have searched His career with lighted candles, but no hand has been found so profane or vulgar as to tarnish His blameless name. Even those who have reviled the church have, with Renan, made haste to proclaim Christ's preëminence, saying, "His worship will grow young without ceasing, His story will call forth tears without end, while coming ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there is none born greater than Jesus." If Christianity has journeyed over the continent like a beautiful civilization, Christ's teachings have gone forth attended by His spotless character, and reënforced by His stainless life. Let us affirm that His moral purity has

enabled Christ to lend a roseate hue to our once darkened earth.

Another group of thinkers explain His influence by the heroic qualities that have evoked the enthusiasm of the multitudes. Of necessity the human heart hungers for heroes. We know that artists' pupils will go everywhere searching for some noble master. The young soldiers, too, long for some heroic leader and general. And once the great man stands forth fully revealed, his followers will for him die a thousand deaths. Witness the enthusiasm of students for Socrates, Arnold, and Abelard! Witness the devotion of Scottish clansmen to that hero, Robert Bruce! Witness Garibaldi saying: "Soldiers, I offer you hunger, thirst, cold, heat, no pay, no barracks, no rations, frequent alarms, forced marches, charges at the point of the bayonet. Whoever loves honor and fatherland, follow me!" Soon responding peasants followed him to the promised death. But Christ's heroism in never betraying the cause of the people was beyond that of any leader whatsoever. His courage in fronting opposition and tyranny excelled that of any soldier or general. He bore Himself toward His disciple band after the pattern of a friendship more glorious than that of any Socrates toward his disciples, or any

Coleridge toward his noble group. Indeed, His planetary mind and His full-orbed heart sweep together all possible excellences that evoke man's admiration and call forth transcendent delight. And at last the generations have come to feel that they can pour forth before Him all that is finest in thought and purest in feeling, while aspirations deep and pure, without fear and restraint, may go soaring and singing toward the summit of His lofty spirit. Of old the Grecian people celebrated the feast of the harvest. Assembling before their temple, each harvester brought his ripe sheaf, his purple cluster, and his spray of flowers, and with solemn hymns they cast all down in a golden perfumed heap before the marble god. But to-day the unnumbered millions feel that Christ's heart is mercy and not marble, and assembling before Him they pour forth their secret ideals, their hidden heartaches, their aspirations and prayers and hopes and fears, as if an invisible harvest had shed its richest blooms and fruits before the god of summer.

But for those who love all the facts in any case it is not enough to emphasize the fascination of Christ's dramatic story, His lofty morals, and His heroic life. Let us hasten to confess that Christ is also the supreme example of genius in

the realm of intellect. Solitary in His sinlessness, He is also supreme in His genius. In the last analysis it is mind that conquers. Innocency has little value in an infant. Innocency and character go toward value as they go toward maturity and great strength. A saint or seer like Francis of Assisi represents a mind working righteously. Great leaders and deliverers like Luther and Paul represent mind working heroically. Great friends like Socrates and John represent mind working in a glow of love. In olden times, when some noble youth entered into his rights as prince or king, to him came the people bringing costly gifts. One offered his chariot, another his steeds, some brought gold and gems. Children strewed flowers in the way, while young men and maidens marched before, singing triumphal songs. To-day, to the youth entering the earthly scene comes the intellect offering him fire, a tool, a book, a song, a prayer. Without knowledge man grovels like a beast, but wisdom lends wings to the mind that the soul may soar and sing. Society has climbed upward upon a ladder whose bottom is in the mud, whose top rests against the skies. Now intellect has wrought every round in this ladder up which ambitious men go climbing. When some traveller finds a tribe with no clothing, no alphabet, no

money, no marriage, no laws, he calls it barbarous. But when a nation has fire, iron, engine, bridge, home, liberty, religion, it is called civilized. Yet all these symbols of progress represent achievements of intellect. The naked savage who lies in the sun listlessly gloating over his glass beads is a creature that sits in the silent dungeon slowly starving to death, to whom wisdom has never come as a redeemer and saviour. Some cultured Burke or Wordsworth represents a man whose soul has been clothed with arts and sciences as rich, radiant garments. Civilization itself is simply a granary into which society has swept all the rich harvests of the mind. Now ten-talent men are few. Thus far philosophers have found five men whose genius is of the first order, and whose work has been epic-making and revolutionary. But the dizzy space that separates these men from the rudest savage is not so great as the space that separates earth's five greatest intellects from this divine carpenter, whose achievements for home and friendship, for law and liberty, for learning and religion, make His forehead to strike against the stars.

Christ's intellectual supremacy appears from the greatness of the thoughts and themes with which He enriched earth's loftiest spirits. Schol-

ars count the renaissance as one of the greatest moments in the history of art and letters. If we call the roll of the elect ones then seeking to enrich men's lives, we mention the names of Dante, Raphael, Angelo, with others like Milton and his coworkers. Yet all these sons of genius have had some great thought that they have borrowed from Jesus Christ as the central thought of their glorious career. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that those thoughts of Christ called "God" and "heaven" covered all Italy with works of art and filled all ears with sounds of music. To the architect came Christ with His thought of a "Father in heaven," indeed, but who was still not "far from any one of His children." Brooding over that thought Angelo caused his spire to point upward, and standing beneath the great dome of St. Peter's, the multitude bowed down and wept in the presence of Him whom the heaven of heavens could not contain. To the artists also seeking to make beautiful the walls of the chapels Christ lent a Madonna for the panels and angels and seraphs for the ceilings. To the orator climbing the pulpit stairs He lent the eloquence of those great themes called the laws of home and happiness and heaven. When some publican, con-

sumed with remorsè, smote upon his breast, and some Magdalen wept bitterly for her sins, He lent the musician a "Miserere"; or, when the worshippers rose in exultant mood, a "Joyous Gloria." Remembering also that Christ had said, "Take heed that ye despise not My little ones," parents and teachers founded schools and colleges, and so attained their fame as educators. Brooding over Christ's thoughts of the wideness of God's mercy, Luther conceived his reform in religion. From Christ's thoughts of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, Hampden and Cromwell borrowed their movement for liberty. The golden rule of Christ also lent Garrison and Phillips and their coworkers their love for black and white alike. Christ's words, "Go ye into all the world," sent Livingstone into Africa and Duff to found his colleges in India. Christ's identification of Himself with the poor and the weak also sent John Ruskin and Arnold Toynbee and General Booth into the submerged districts. Indeed, His thoughts upon friendship, home, childhood, woman, love, self-sacrifice, philanthropy, religion, have ushered in an era when Christ would seem to have retained the novelists to write pleas for the poor and weak, the poets with the "In Memoriams," to encour-

age His pilgrims, the jurists to enact laws against injustice, the reformers to overthrow those who oppress the poor, the rich to pour out their wealth in a golden river for the enrichment of the common people. Though nearly three centuries have passed, Shakespeare as yet has conquered but few great students of four nationalities that have given us really great commentaries upon his immortal dramas. No young scholar has ever felt so interested in the bard of Stratford that he has gone forth to some province of Africa, and, in order to give his beloved poet to the people, formulated their rude speech into written language. Yet during this century alone the intellectual stimulus of Christ's story has been such that more than two hundred dictionaries and grammars in as many dialects and languages have been compiled for the furtherance of Christ's thoughts and the enrichment of man's life. In view of His influence upon law, literature, letters, and life, it seems hard not to believe in Christ's supremacy in the realm of intellect.

For some reason, no author has ever spoken of Christ as earth's supreme literary artist. Men have discussed His ideas of childhood and home and friendship and heaven, but they have held themselves well away from all words as to the

marvellous skill with which He formulated ideas so melodious that, though they have been translated twice, they still breathe the sound of an ethereal music. The mystery of style has never been discovered. It is wrapt in clouds and mystery. The poet Watson thought style was high breeding. "What is it," he asked, "that we admire in a splendid horse as it arches its neck and lifts its magnificent limbs? It is style. It is the lofty bearing inherited from a select ancestry. And in literature style is a mark of purest mental aristocracy, the most untainted intellectual blood." The perfect horse has style. Carlyle goes limping with "a style," and Browning has "a style," and Gibbon "a grand style." But the "Sermon on the Mount" has not "a style." It has style; therefore, it is immortal. For, in the last analysis, style is simply a great soul rushing forth in words of absolutely unsurpassable simplicity. Christ's thoughts, injured by translators and marred by copyists, seem like those precious marbles from the hands of Phidias: the very fragments are so beautiful as to evoke the admiration of all the beholders. Nevertheless, His words as quoted by His four biographers represent in form and thought the highest products of genius that the literary art has ever produced. Charles Dick-

ens was the great master of the pathetic style. When the novelist was asked what is the most touching story in literature, he answered, "The story of the Prodigal Son." Coleridge took all knowledge to his province, and his conversation sparkled with jewels of thought, yet, when asked for the richest passage in literature, he answered, "The Beatitudes." Edmund Kean was a great actor and artist, but there was one passage so full of tears that he thought no man could properly render it — the one beginning, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." From the view point of the statesman, Burke said the most impressive political document on the rights of man was the "Sermon on the Mount." It is a striking fact, too, that in all literature the sentence best loved by children is Christ's "Suffer the children to come unto me"; the sentence best loved by the aged, "Let not your heart be troubled"; the sentence best loved by men, the one beginning, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." In hours of health and success men may love the majestic pages of Plato, or the rhythmic beauty of Ruskin, but in the last hour scholars and statesmen alike proclaim, "Read me the words of Jesus Christ; they alone breathe the language of eternity."

Consider Christ's enormous intellectual resources. Optimism is consciousness of hidden reserves. Pessimism is poverty of resource. Victory is with him who holds the last fact in the case. The poets of despair, like Arnold and Thomson, feel themselves unequal to the problems of life, and the egotist exclaims, "If I go, who remains?" In the last analysis pessimism is ignorance working toward fear. Ignorant, the savage fears the storm cloud, and grown wise he welcomes the rain for the field. In hours when vice comes in like a flood, when crime and passion are rampant, when sufferings seem to sweep over the earth like sheeted storms, men grow discouraged and fall into depression. But Christ stands forth, the sublimest optimist in history. Conscious of His vast intellectual reserves, He felt Himself equal to any emergency. The moment when He entered this earthly scene was the darkest moment in history. It was an hour when tyranny and crime had gone upon a carnival. It seemed as if despots had determined to leave earth not one of the gifted children of song or eloquence or philosophy or morals. Julius Cæsar, the writer and ruler, had been murdered. Cicero, the orator, had been assassinated. Herod, who ruled over Christ's city, murdered his two brothers, his wife,

Mariamne, slew the children of Bethlehem, and, dying, ordered his nobles to be executed, that mourning for the king might be widespread. Yet in such an era, when He saw a thousand wrongs to be achieved, Christ maintained His serenity, and reigned victorious over life's troubles, believing that with God "a thousand years are as one day." He taught His disciples that God was abroad everywhere, leavening society like yeast; that growth was the genius of the universe; that God can make vices virtues, pains to be medicine and tears to be joys; that ignorance and sin and lying and uncleanliness shall become extinct like ancient sea monsters. He was the poet leading men to see "the best that glimmers in the worst, to taste the fruit before the blossom falls, to hear the lark within the songless egg"; to discern the wisdom of the sage in the prattle of the child. Looking forward He saw the vices waning, saw the earth growing roseate with benevolence and love, beheld an era when happiness should be universal and righteousness native unto young and old alike. Because of the breadth of His outlook upon the movement of man and events, He was the sublimest optimist in history. There was, indeed, a moment on Calvary when all the woes and wrongs of the weary multitudes going strug-

gling, floundering, falling through the wilderness, seemed to pass over Him, and earth's sorrows surged through His heart with all the might of a pitiless storm, and in that hour He cried out, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But the tumultuous hours of Gethsemane and Calvary were like these sudden summer thunder-storms, when the night is big with terror, when each moment is full of darkness and conflict and turmoil, when fierce winds tugging at the trees beat them to the ground,—storms whose darkness passes into cloudless mornings, when the air is steeped with sunshine, when leaves stand dripping and motionless and every perfumed bush is full of song and each tranquil hour is full of radiant victory. Thus Christ passed swiftly from the midnight of Gethsemane to the serene victory of His ascension morn.

Consider Christ's intellectual supremacy as manifest in His statement that the only sure basis of social advancement is the progress of the common people. Until His time all philosophers had argued that the only way to elevate the multitude was to strengthen the patrician classes, exalting as leaders the sons of strength or the sons of genius or great generals. But Christ announced a revolutionary principle. He came forward, say-

ing that the true leader is only a step in advance of the pilgrim band; that the great statesman and deliverer must find in the atmosphere of the people their nourishment and stimulus; that since the people follow best the hero who best understands them, the true leader comes from among the common people, and is lifted up upon their shoulders. And this principle meant more to society than Newton's principle of gravity meant in the movement of the stars and suns. From the very moment that Christ proclaimed the rise and reign of the people, the generations passed under the influence of His great impulse. Thrones began to come down and the people to go up. Social vices began to wane and the virtues to wax. The sons and daughters of strength, like Ambrose and Bernard and Dickens and Stowe, dedicated their talents to the cause of slaves and orphans and the neglected poor. As time went on, it was found that events fully justified Christ's emphasis of the poor as the real architects of progress. From the poor have come the great leaders, from Moses to Lincoln. From the poor have come the great poets, from David with his shepherd's crook, to Burns with his plough. From the poor have come the great inventors, like Watt and Stevenson. In peasants'

cottages, too, have been reared great artists, like Correggio, Corot, and Millet; scientists, too, like Newton and Ferguson, who have been trained in the school of adversity. When Christ set a guardian angel beside each sleeping babe, waved the golden rule above slave market and palace alike, all society felt a new impulse, and a race that hitherto had crept slowly forward climbed into the golden chariot with Christ and swept swiftly on toward those heights where wisdom and happiness do dwell.

Consider the supremacy of Christ's view of God. No problem is so fascinating as the religious problem. Grown gray and seventy, all men, atheists, agnostics, and Christians alike, develop a passion for theology. As men enter into the shadows of life's evening, gold, bonds, books, honors, lose all charm. Looking forward, they desire to die good friends with God. Pathetic, indeed, the theories men then develop about the unseen being. Some, impressed by Nature's laws, make God to be an infinite Watt guiding his world engine. Some, impressed by the order and unity of Nature, think of Him as an infinite Newton or Cuvier. Some, marvelling at the steadiness of the stars and the richness of the sheaves, think of Him as an infinite householder, who feeds star lamps by night and

ripens the harvests by day. Interesting, too, the ways in which men discover this divine being. Recently a great scientist has told us how he passed from extreme agnosticism to simple faith in God. With his microscope he found a minute form of amœba in a jar of water, and dipping a tiny wire in sugar he thrust it close to the animalcule. At the end of a week the little creature followed the food. Then the scientist began to deceive the amœba with a wire that had no sugar. Once, twice, ten times it was disappointed, but after that it heeded not the deceit. This tiny bit of protoplasm had perception, contrast, memory, and will, and the scientist developed the theory that behind the physical body stands a spiritual body that builds it. In his laboratory this scientist hung tuning forks with electrical tests for measuring musical notes that the ear could not catch. But one day finding his instruments measuring the musical scale when he could detect no sound, he went into the country and then found that everything in Nature was vibrating the musical scale, and leaped to the conclusion that all the planets and suns are vibrating the thought of a world mind, who is the author of a world beauty, a world music, and a world truth.

Many and rude are man's conceptions of God.

A theological museum reminds us of an anthropological museum — full of stone implements, axes, arrow-heads, rude war clubs, strange canoes, the drums of the medicine man, the charms of astrologers. But over against these conceptions, rude and harsh and embryonic, stands Christ's thought of God, clothed with matchless simplicity and beauty. He affirmed that God was man's Father, who had made His earthly child in His own image; that man is a miniature of the Divine Being; that what reason and judgment and memory and love in the small are in man, that they are in the large, in the great God. In that statement He grounded the possibility of communion with God as the soul's Father. If music in the hearer answers to music in the singer, melody is possible. If the telephone in one house corresponds to the instrument in another, conversation is possible. And because man's mind is keyed to God's mind, the great truths of conscience and beauty, the new heart, the heavenly mansions, the immortal life, the largest truths in the universe slip smoothly and easily into the mind of the waif, the Hottentot, the slave. Moving on in His thought, Christ revealed God as the world's burden bearer, full of an exquisite kindness and sympathy; that what He was through three and thirty years, God was

through all the ages; that what he was to publican and sinner in Bethlehem, God was for all maimed and wrecked hearts in all worlds; that no human tear falls but God feels it, that no blow smites the suffering heart but that God shrinks and suffers, that with wistful longing He follows the publican and the prodigal, waiting for the hour when He may recover the youth to his integrity or lead the man grown gray in sin back to his Father's house.

But chiefly is Christ's intellectual supremacy indicated by His view of immortality. In the last hour, looking upward, man gazes not toward an empty throne. He flings his imploring arm not into vacancy, nor does he sob out his confessions into a heaven that is deaf and dumb. Silent indeed seem the heavens, but that silence is eloquent with testimony. History has preserved for us an incident of the friendship of Heine and Hegel. One evening after dinner the poet and the philosopher paced to and fro in the garden, "under the majestical roof fretted with golden fire." Musing upon the good and great who had gone before, the poet pointed to a sparkling planet as a possible point for the assembling of earth's master spirits. When Heine answered with a contemptuous sneer, Hegel said: "Has Socrates

then never had his wrong righted? Has justice never been done for Judas and Jesus?" With dim eyes Hegel turned to the poet and exclaimed, "So you want a reward because you have supported your sick mother and have not poisoned your brother?" The biting reply of the great German reminds us how for a purpose God withholds the visions of immortal happiness from the children of virtue and love, even as He withholds the vision of pain and disaster from the children of vice and crime. Here and now, character is the all-important thing. God will not bribe man into virtue by using the vision of heaven as a perpetual sweetmeat. He will not frighten man out of vice by the vision of the rod of a painful schoolmaster.

But this silence in the interests of the preservation of character, taken in connection with a thousand dim hints and suggestions, is eloquent with testimony regarding the immortal life. Immortality does not depend upon the immediate possession of it now, but it does rest upon the hope of it being begotten in the soul beforehand. By a thousand whisperings Nature intimates immortality for man. Here no universal appetite is without its satisfaction. For the eye there is light, for the ear there is melody, for the mind

there is boundless truth, for the heart there are rich friendships. In a world where the fin of fish finds its complement in the water, where the wing of bird finds its answer in the soft air, man with hunger and thirst for an infinite beauty and truth looks longingly toward immortal shores. What possibilities for the immortal life all untouched! What treasure in the soul all uncovered! Professor Max Müller conversed in fifteen languages. Addison Alexander was a critical scholar in twenty-five different tongues. La Place could carry before his mind problems in the higher mathematics filling whole chapters of a book. Beethoven saw sounds moving toward him in columns, and carried whole symphonies in his memory. Schooled here through the necessity of the body, only here and there is an individual who can give himself to the culture of the mind. But that which is unique in the greatest of earth's children seems to be latent in all mankind. Here what inequalities! Often good men eat crusts; bad men wear purple and live in kings' palaces. Here the reformer and patriot starve in a garret; the traitor and demagogue ascend to the throne. If in this life only we have hope, justice is threatened and the whole structure of civilization trembles. Is na-

ture dumb? Will not God break the silence? Then nature speaks and God gives voice.

Condemned to death for conscience' sake, Socrates speaks: "Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death! Know of a certainty that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after. He and his are not neglected by the gods, nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that to die and be released was far better for me. Therefore the oracle gave no sign. The hour of departure is at hand, and we go our ways, I to die, and you to live. Which is better God only knows." This noblest death scene in history, save one, tells us God has broken the silence. But if Socrates died like a philosopher, whispering hope to our own hearts, Jesus Christ, dying, spake in full, round tones, bringing life and immortality to light. "It is the glory of God to conceal a matter," said Job: it is also His glory to reveal the mystery. Like a great bell of hope, mellow, ceaseless, glorious in its music, the words of the soul's Saviour ring across the world: "Because I live, ye shall live also." "In my father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you."

IV

The Supremacy of Christ in the Realm of Ideal Character

"But Thee, but Thee, O sovereign Seer of time,
But Thee, O poets' Poet, Wisdom's Tongue,
But Thee, O man's best Man, O love's best Love,
O perfect life in perfect labor writ,
O all men's Comrade, Servant, King, or Priest, —
What *if* or *yet*, what mole, what flaw, what lapse,
What least defect or shadow of defect,
What rumor, tattled by an enemy,
Of inference loose, what lack of grace
Even in torture's grasp, or sleep's, or death's, —
Oh, what amiss may I forgive in Thee,
Jesus, good Paragon, thou Crystal Christ ?"

— SIDNEY LANIER'S "The Crystal."

IV

THE SUPREMACY OF CHRIST IN THE REALM OF IDEAL CHARACTER

Names are epitomes of life. Names as monuments of cities and civilizations. A unique candidate for universal fame. Christ the supreme master of the science of right living. Obedience native to Him. An exception to the law of environment. Nazareth a strange home for the development of purity. Christ contradicts the laws of culture, property, and position. Unique as to the shortness of His earthly career. Leaves no developed system or written philosophy. His force purely personal. The living Christ. Unique as an ideal for man and woman. The sexes represent contradictory qualities. The appeal of Christ's character and career to men of all classes and conditions. The Son of Man. Christ a revelation of all the soul's boundless capacities and supreme destiny.

IN calling the roll of the great ones of earth, and in attempting to forecast the place of Christ among the immortals, Paul asserts his belief that Christ will sit upon the world's throne, and "His name be above every name." Matthew also emphasizes "the name" of Christ, asserting that that name was based upon the fact that He was to save His people from their

sins and from sinning. The old prophet, too, capitalized Christ's "name" as Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Be the reasons what they may, the sages and seers have been strangely fascinated with the study of Christ's "name," and their interest is not without its philosophy and explanation.

Names stand for physical traits and moral qualities. They are epitomes of life. They condense character and career. Granaries store up material harvests, and names garner soul treasures. With wisps of straw husbandmen bind wheat into bundles, with strings gardeners tie flowers into nosegays; and a name is a thought band binding together heart qualities. Without names civilization and cities would be impossible. Individuals would be lost in the multitude as drops in the river. For by names men make contracts, form partnerships, assume commercial obligations, take office, enter into marriage. By names penalties are visited upon the guilty and honors bestowed upon the worthy. Unnamed, the multitudes would be indistinguishable.

The ambition to make a name is praiseworthy, because it involves storing the name with enduring integrities. Cromwell, Hampden, and Pym

filled their names full with heroic thoughts and deeds, and the generations go to these "name" granaries for soul food and nourishment. Some names endure through centuries, as sacks filled with wheat stand upright. Others perish out of recollection, for empty sacks collapse. When death pricks an empty name, it vanishes like a bubble.

The ideal plan asks the home to defer naming the babe until the growing boy reveals the real genius of his life. But now and then the baptismal name prophesies character and career. Witness Lincoln, called at the font Abraham, that means the liberator. Witness Whittier, named John Greenleaf, apostle of love and the olive branch. Witness Florence Nightingale, for untold multitudes in prisons and hospitals, like the sweet bird that sings songs in the night. With exquisite precision Bunyan fitted the name to the character — Mr. Obstinate, Mr. Pliable, Mr. Worldly Wiseman, old Mr. Honesty, and Mr. Greatheart. The seer tells us in life's new morning God will give each "a new name" that expresses not what men think we are nor what we judge ourselves to be, but what God knows is the very essence of our innermost life. Happy, then, those whose "new name" shall

glow and sparkle like a diamond upon the brow.

When the man dies, all life's scaffolding falls away. Then only the name epitomizing the life remains. For it stirs our wonder that names alone survive the shock of time. Cities become heaps and empires ruins, bronze tablets and marble monuments are ploughed down in dust, the seven wonders of the world perish, but not the names of their creators. The marble of the Acropolis wastes, but Phidias' name abides. God has ordained the names of great men as the enduring monuments of civilization. And thinking of the great ones of earth, Paul asserts that such is to be the eminence of Christ's name that all those qualities that are distributed among many and confer renown upon each shall be swept in and compacted together into this one illustrious name that is to be above all others, as the tree is above the grass it shelters, as the mountain is above the low-browed hills resting on its sides, as the star is above the clouds it illumines. O, name of names, fulfilling this prophecy! Most wondrous, too, that the prophetic eye, searching out the candidate for universal fame, should turn to a captive nation, to a degraded province, to a village into which had run all the slime of

creation, to an obscure peasant's cottage, and therefrom select an unschooled youth, born into poverty, bound to coarsest labor, doomed to thirty years of obscurity, scorned by rulers, despised by priests, mobbed by common people, by all counted traitorous to his country and religion, in death stigmatized by a method of execution reserved for slaves and convicts.

Our wonder grows apace when we remember that he wrote no book, no poem, no drama, no philosophy; invented no tool or instrument; fashioned no law or institution; discovered no medicine or remedy; outlined no philosophy of mind or body; contributed nothing to geology or astronomy, but stood at the end of his brief career, doomed and deserted, solitary and silent, utterly helpless, fronting a shameless trial and a pitiless execution. In that hour none so poor as to do him reverence. And yet could some magician have touched men's eyes, they would have seen that no power in heaven and no force on earth for majesty and productiveness could equal or match this crowned sufferer whose name was to be "Wonderful." The ages have come and gone; let us hasten to confess that the carpenter's son hath lifted the gates of empires off their hinges and turned the stream of the

centuries out of their channels. His spirit hath leavened all literature; He has made laws just, governments humane, manners gentle, even cold marble warm; He refined art by new and divine themes, shaped those cathedrals called "frozen prayers," led scientists to dedicate their books and discoveries to Him, and so glorified an instrument of torture as that the very queen among beautiful women seeks to enhance her loveliness by hanging His cross about her neck, while new inventions and institutions seem but letters in His storied speech. To-day His birthday alone is celebrated by all the nations. All peoples and tribes claim Him. He seems supremely great. None hath arisen to dispute His throne. Plato divides honors with Aristotle, Bacon walks arm in arm with Newton, Napoleon does not monopolize the admiration of soldiers. In poetry, music, art, and practical life, universal supremacy is unknown. But Jesus Christ is so opulent in His gifts, so transcendent in His words and works, so unique in His life and death, that He receives universal honors. His name eclipses other names as the noonday sun obliterates by very excess of light.

The influence of Christ's name in securing the upward movement of society hath sufficient

reasons. Persons, not abstractions, civilize and exalt. Not his reflections upon truth and beauty, but Socrates himself, embodying these, transformed his Athenian disciples. Not his theses on the church door of Wittenberg, but Luther's flaming heart redeemed Germany. Not Puritanism as a theory, but Puritanism incarnated in Cromwell and Hampden transformed England. Not a written declaration, but that declaration organized into Washington, Adams, and Jefferson wrought out our independence. Indeed, the measure of Christianity's power is the prophets and heroes it has had, whose divine qualities have been stored up for those who shall come after! And for the inspiration of mankind, the name of Jesus Christ globes within itself every idea and ideal of man; all gentleness and justice; all wisdom and all mercy; all sympathy and tenderness; all courage and self-sacrifice and purity; above all love, tropical, immeasurable, inimitable. As the flashing orb in the sky has lifted the tides in forward flow, so the wonderful name lifts society upward in character and culture and will yet lift man back to his Father's side.

Consider the supremacy of this name in the matter of right living! The most difficult of all

the arts is that of living justly and charitably with one's fellows in all the relations of life. No other task lays such burdens upon men. Men understand and control acids, alkalies, fire, wind, and water. Man tames wild beasts and makes them burden bearers. He carries himself easily through Africa's jungles and Alaska's icefields. He changes poisons into magic balms and medicines. Indeed, the time seems rapidly approaching when he will hold the secret of every force in land and sea and sky. But having made himself master in every other realm, man breaks down utterly when it comes to living justly and smoothly with his fellow-men. The birds at one bound master their career and attain happiness. The beasts browsing in the clover fields have but to eat, stoop at the cool spring, lie down in shade, and the end of their creation is reached. But the animals carry slender equipments, and instincts guide them. It is not difficult to master an alphabet of three letters nor even one of twenty-six. But man's alphabetic faculties are two score and more, making all conceivable combinations possible. Man carries all seasons in his brain — spring and summer, autumn and winter. How many men are in one man: to-day reason, to-morrow passion; to-day sympathy, to-morrow repugnance; to-day charity, to-morrow

vengeance; in a single day the mind runs through many and oppugnant moods. And then what rivalries; what ambitions and struggles for precedence; what collisions of interests; what flexibility in the tongue, at once a club for anger, a poison for envy, a knife for hatred. No whip hissing and writhing about the flank of horse carrying such stinging pain as the tongue of man! Henry Ward Beecher once said, "If our life might be as the life of a craft on a sequestered lake, which rude winds never disturb, right living would be easy; but to carry our slender bark amid currents and violent winds and constant whirls and rocks and bars, and amid fleets sailing in every direction, that is not easy." It is just here that the supremacy of Jesus Christ is manifest. To do right was as natural for Him as to breathe. Obedience to law was native to Him. He approached the laws of life as one "to the manner born." Midst hordes of men, midst all the distemperatures of life, He maintained His peerless perfection.

The supremacy of His name further appears when we consider the law of life is, that man's early surroundings stand to his riper character in the relation of cause to effect. Everywhere life exhibits this principle. Hothouse plants have no power of resistance. For beams and ship timber

we go to the wind-stormed oaks on unsheltered hills. Man finds no fruits midst arctic icebergs, yet in the tropics he beholds a wilderness of fruits and flowers. But this law of climate and surroundings holds also in the world of morals and intellect. The poor savage in Africa, denied the knowledge of the history of mankind and the arts, useful and beautiful, sits in his soul dungeon and starves to death. But some Ruskin or Webster, planted and nourished in the rich soil and gentle climate of universal knowledge, grows large and strong. Oliver Twist's brief sojourn in Fagin's den left permanent impressions of evil. Jean Valjean could never cast off the influence of his career as a convict. Napoleon to the last hour of his life upon the rocks of St. Helena bore himself as emperor. But this law of environment hath supreme contradiction in Jesus Christ. He entered life in a most tumultuous age, when all society groaned with profligacy. This condition of general corruption seemed specially aggravated in Palestine. Galilee was particularly renowned for dissoluteness. Nazareth, the headquarters of the Roman legions, maelstrom-like sucked into itself parasites and abandoned persons until it became a proverb, "No good thing can come out of Nazareth." All the best Jewish element fled from the

town as from a pestilence. Yet midst these surroundings He passed His childhood and youth. There He grew, the fairest flower that ever bloomed, seeming like the lily in the slough to draw delicate whiteness out of the very filth. Some may urge that this young carpenter represents a reaction against the desperate wickedness of His age and time. But no Gladstone ever lived to manhood midst the foul environment of Whitechapel, and then in protest against vileness, ignorance, and coarseness reacted into sudden refinement and sensitiveness of soul. When pure white snow springs from July's dusty street as a protest against fierce heat; when sparkling water gushes up in solid column from a filthy pool as a protest against sewers, then, and not until then, will reason permit us to believe a man can put off the influences of childhood as he puts off his coat or outer garment.

Consider how Jesus Christ contradicts all the laws of culture, wealth, and family. His was an untrained youth. No teacher or schools fed the flame of His illustrious genius. He was denied access to the riches of Grecian literature and the Roman law. Yet, Himself untaught, He discovered childhood, emphasized the importance of early training, set forth the true principles of

education, and left behind a germinal teaching that developed into the schools and colleges of our day. Nor is there Bonn or Heidelberg, Oxford or Cambridge, Harvard or Yale that was not founded by His followers, for His disciples have always held it to be their peculiar mission to foster higher education. Equally strange His relation to industry and wealth. He was always poor. For thirty years He pushed the plane for daily bread. He knew nothing of money and its increase through handling large treasures. Yet He so grasped the principles of wealth and property, so related them to industry, thrift, integrity, and universal civilization, that in proportion as nations have accepted His principles of life are they rich and prosperous, ranking first among the states. He who is perhaps the leading political economist of our age has just said: "All political economy is being rewritten under the influence of Jesus Christ." Unique also His relation to the family. He had no home; the sacred relations of husband and father He never sustained. Yet He blessed children, and from His arms they returned with double worth to their mother's bosom. Homeless Himself, He founded the Christian home; enthroned love as law, distributed duties, and toward His ideal home all the human family is journeying.

The shortness of His earthly career, too, gives us surprise. But few men have died in youth and left behind great distinction, and these excelled only in those natures asking for enthusiasm, physical energy, hope and ambition. Time soon reveals the faults of rashness, unripe judgment, and over-confidence. The philosophers, scientists, and epoch-making minds have alike asked for time and old age in which to revise and remodel their systems; but this divine carpenter, whose teachings still guide the wisest thinkers, died at three and thirty.

Consider that He is the one universal man. If He was an ideal Jew, He was also our one true cosmopolitan. In Him all the peculiar Jewish characteristics had fullest expression and ideal embodiment. Therefore, the people tried to take Him by force and make Him king. The Jew is a unique type, and is everywhere recognized. Yet when Christ's character was held up before the polished Grecian people, they forgot their hatred of the Jew in their admiration of Him who seemed the ideal Greek. Similarly the warlike Roman and the liberty-loving Teuton each saw in Christ their own national type, their ideal citizen. The sun above cannot be parcelled out. Nobody's star, but everybody's; nobody's air, but

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everybody's; nobody's sky, but everybody's, and one greater possession was universal — the man Christ who globed in Himself all the qualities of all the races. Stranger still His reconciliation of the ideal qualities of manhood and womanhood. We need not analyze these qualities. Enough that sex is dyed in the wool; that God's colors do not wash out. With manhood we associate strength, endurance, courage, and moral energy; while to woman we ascribe purity, beauty, delicacy of thought, fidelity, and self-sacrifice. The difficulty of combining these qualities in one character is seen in the reproachful phrase, "a womanish man," or "a mannish woman." Yet in Him the two hemispheres are fully orbed. He is the ideal for every man of oak and rock. He is also the ideal for every woman representing vine and flower.

To these unique elements of character let us add His emphasis of the personal element. Other men, as Plato or Bacon, have rested all upon their ideas. They have committed their fame to their philosophical system. But Jesus Christ wrote no line, no book, no chapter. He spake and His words perished with the vibrations of the air. He left the records and teachings not to scholars, but to ignorant fishermen. His

method was personal. His test was allegiance to Himself; His plan the interweaving of men's lives with His. Think of Socrates assembling the people of Athens and saying, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Imagine Plato, when in some favored day he had lifted his disciples by the enthusiasm of his discourse, saying, "I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness." But expressions like these epitomize Christ's words and methods. Surely in mission and character this man's name is indeed wonderful.

The supremacy of this name is not by chance. From nothing, nothing comes. Homage is always a conquest. Christ's name is supreme, but whence are the hidings of His power? One teaching alone was enough to make His name "above every name." He made the infinite God understandable. Man learns only by object lessons. As the house reveals the architect, as the poem reveals the poet, as the tool reveals the inventor's mind, as the argument reveals the orator, so the universe is "an enormous mind and will rushing into shape." The world is a great picture gallery for getting the genius of the great God before man's mind. Each divine attribute is incarnated. God's power is exhibited in wind and wave and

earthquake; His goodness in fruits and berries and grains; His beauty is in flower and landscape and face of little child; His wisdom is seen in the brain, that can at the same moment taste the delicious orange, be conscious of the warmth of the fire, regret the ringing of the doorbell, recall the forgotten engagement, follow the sorrows of Hamlet. God's providence is seen in the strategic events of history. The material world exhibits the infinite mind, but what of God's heart? Is He a great "bundle of thunderstorms"? Is He only the engineer of this vast complicated mechanism? Is His throne ice, His heart marble, His arm iron? Are His laws mantraps? Does His justice send penalties like hurtling cannon balls along the trackway of sinful men? Is He that cold, vague, far-off one, who keeps those belts called "laws" around the sun-wheels, and cares only that the wheels turn and the mill grinds? Does He love the world house, and tend its floor, and oil its lamp, and fill its root cellar, but neglect His children "crying in the night, crying for the light, with no language but a cry"?

To all those questions there is an answer. If the material world incarnates God's mind, Jesus Christ incarnates God's heart. With the hand

we feel the orange over. The eye is a longer hand, feeling over the distant mountain. Jesus Christ compresses God so that reason can feel over His infinitude. He folds Himself together until He lies within the diameter and scope of man's mind. Philosophers have taught and theologians still teach that God does not and cannot suffer; that He sits on the world throne and coolly beholds the thrall of mankind, its wasting march through weakness and temptations and trouble; all sorrows sweeping through the world like equinoctial storms; the mistakes, tears, and weltering misery that attend man as he wades knee-deep through sorrows on his way up from animalism to God's throne. But the three and thirty years of Christ's life exhibit the heart of God as full and deep as the ocean pulsing on every shore through all time "every inflection of feeling which springs from purity and rectitude and love." His is indeed the "mighty, majestic heart," effulging sympathy for all weakness and ignorance and sinfulness. His is a parent's emotion in behalf of those He loves. Would you know what is the heart of God? Behold its inflections in Him whose name is Wonderful. Those who groan and travail in poverty may see how God would have them bear themselves and con-

quer in that He rose above the besetments of poverty, and fed the flame of His genius, and in the face of adversity fulfilled His career. Men toiling in an unrequited way should consider His patience in obscurity and limitations, while fully conscious of His luminous power and superiority and His destiny to be the light of the world. Behold His encouragement for those thralled with weakness. Behold His exquisite sympathy. What Jesus Christ was toward needy and sinful men for thirty and three years — the great God is through all time. Behold His gentleness! All sordid men, defiled within and without, crowded about Him, and the nobility and sweetness of His nature cleansed and transformed them. Then first perhaps in all ages truth and purity were so represented that by "an irresistible enthusiasm the corruptest and wickedest rushed toward Him, and depravity bowed itself down and wept in the presence of divinity."

The supremacy of His name is also manifest in His unique view of the worth of each life. Stripping off the outer husks of manhood Christ looked at the naked soul. Brooding over the divine something in each He was stirred with intensest enthusiasm. As the mother hangs over the cradle with pulsing love, He lingered by prodigal and out-

cast, by publican and brigand. His hot tears fell over Jerusalem. The boy in South Africa shied a diamond at a stranger, but the traveller picked up the gem with beating heart. So Christ valued what other teachers had despised. Man was rough without, but there were flashing crystals within. So He kindled and fed in each the undying certainty that we are allied to God in such a way as that we do not die when we die. To each youth come great epochs, luminous hours. Then the soul seems to be on the verge of something. A rift opens in the sky. Voices fall and keep falling. Man and God ensphere. The human and the divine glide into each other, as the day glides into the dawn. This makes man as great a mystery as God, only smaller. It was as if He had said to each man: "Thou art a bundle of latent germs. Save thyself by an outlook upon the coming harvest. Your life is hinted but hidden. It flashes now only in sparks. Some day it will be full-orbed. Cherish this faith as the mariner in a dark and stormy night cherishes the distant light and harbor." Soon all society felt this divine impulse. Because man had this priceless worth he must be redeemed back to his divineness. Therefore teachers, missionaries, reformers, set forth to scale mountains, brave seas, penetrate forests,

conquer the arctics, endure the tropics, and having freed slaves from bodily chains, passed on to include freedom from mind and heart. Surely, this name is above every name in that He gave us undying enthusiasm for humanity.

To the question, Can the wrong-doer ever be happy again and at rest with God and conscience? Jesus Christ makes unique reply. What a drama is human life. The cradle rocks innocence. Childhood means games and freedom from care. Boyhood brings rivalries and conflicts in schoolroom and playground. Daily temptations and sins go up in battle array against the boy's integrity. Soon the youth enters store or office. Now the fight thickens. He sees the strong take the sidewalk while the weak go to the wall. He finds more good than evil, but the little evil vexes his life. He finds cotton in silk, water in his milk, chicory in his coffee, adulteration in his food, slag in his coal, water in his railway stock, nothing in his silver mine. Becoming wiser, the youth searches out causes. He beholds iniquities organized into laws, strength oppressing weakness, and an array of parasites living on the industries. Becoming sordid, his motto now is, "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." Where once he prayed the Lord's

Prayer, now he ends up each day with, "The fittest survive." The years hurrying on bring honor and prosperity.

At length a crisis appears. Adversity wastes his treasure. Death enters his home. Enemies blacken his good name. Material things seem as apart from character as the upright pole around which farmers stack their wheat is apart from the golden sheaves. Often in the night he looks wistfully back to the old childhood days. Then in a gentle glow he lay listening to the rain pattering on the low roof. Old memories bring a half sob to the strong man's throat. A luminous hour comes. Then he realizes that conscience, God's ambassador, through all the years never by day or night has taken eyes off him. Then Plato's words come back: "Can God forgive? Is it right for Him to do so?" Man looks out wistfully upon the abiding things as a man caught in the current of some mighty river and swept helplessly on, sees lights on the shores, and sends out a cry for help. Will culture help this heart-hunger? Not until painting a pump without avails for sweetening the bitter water within. Will embellishments bring peace? Not until a discordant organ is tuned by decorating the pipes. Then the man cries out, "Where shall help be

found?" And the answer is, "Like as a father pitieth his children." But father and mother carry the child's sorrows, bear his sins, heal his hurts, receive his stripes. "And what are parents," saith Jesus Christ, "but interpreters of God, ever seeking after His prodigal children?" God is hurt by Peter's sin. Saul has broken his father's heart, and we are Sauls whom Christ would transform to Pauls. This is the divine solution for Peter and Paul and Jean Valjean and Donatello. It is the key to the drama of man's soul. It is the essence of the uniqueness of Christ.

V

The Simplicity and Breadth of Christ as a Religious Teacher

"He, who from the Father forth was sent,
Came the true Light, light to our hearts to bring;
The Word of God, — the telling of His thought;
The Light of God, — the making visible;
The far-transcending glory brought
In human form with man to dwell;
The dazzling gone — the power not less
To show, irradiate, and bless;
The gathering of the primal rays divine,
Informing Chaos to a pure sunshine!"

— GEORGE MACDONALD.

V

THE SIMPLICITY AND BREADTH OF CHRIST AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER

History a story of imperfect tools, customs, and institutions. An injured world. Long time stands between the forked stick and the steam plough. Religious institutions ask time for development. The complexity of the philosophers and the simplicity of Christ as a religious teacher. Simplicity as the test of strength. Simplicity as the test of beauty and the arts. Complexity a sign of weakness. The simplicity of Christ's idea of God. Unveils God not as fear, or fate, or force, but as law, guiding providence, and love. The simplest explanation in religion the truest. Christ's view of man. Made in God's image. Therefore the full power of the Creator pledged to assist his growth and destiny. Man's growth dependent not upon what he is, but upon what God is. What man shall be when time and the divine resources have wrought their full power upon him. Simplicity of Christ's view of ethics. Grounds man's responsibility in his moral constitution. Separates duty from creeds and churches. Right and wrong organized into the laws of nature and the constitution of man. Simplicity of Christ's view of the Church. Its basis personal allegiance to himself and the universal principles for which Christ stood. Disciples not bound together from without by creeds, but drawn together from within by love. The simplicity of Christ's use of symbols. Religion divine, but its ceremonies human. Christ's emphasis of liberty, toleration, and charity. The coming church.

THE excavators who have uncovered for us the streets and houses of Pompeii have assembled in a museum all the bronzes, marbles, ivories, mosaics they have discovered. Unfortunately, not one single object has escaped some form of injury. The winged Mercury stands forth with broken arms and legs. The white forehead of Venus holds a black stain. All the precious tablets are cracked, while the rolls found in Pliny's father's tomb hold writings faded and dim. The universal damage that has befallen the products of man's arts and industries leads the mind to expect that man's customs and institutions will suffer some grievous accidents. And experience wrings from us the confession, that imperfection does attend all that man achieves. Through some error, man's train leaves the track, his ship strikes the rock, his bridge breaks, his wealth takes wings, his health gives way. Even the wisest book holds some ignorance, the greatest oration includes some error, the sweetest music holds some discord; nor is there any nation whose constitution needs no amendment. These errors that have accompanied man as builder and writer, as scientist and inventor, prepare us for the errors that have accompanied him as a teacher of morals. If the baron and lawyer of the fifteenth century

toast over the hot fire the feet of the witness in order to elicit testimony, we may expect that the priests and people of that dark day will rush together in crowds to behold the burning of the witch or the heretic. If, in the fourteenth century, the king and the prince misused their wealth and became drunkards, profligates, and criminals, we must expect that in the reaction from these excesses good men will exalt poverty, live in caves, wear rags, and eat crusts of mouldy bread.

If the education of that far-off time must needs wait long for the schoolhouse, if the field must wait long for the steam plough and the reaper, if love and marriage must wait for beautiful homes, it seems natural to expect that religion must wait for the waning of ignorance and superstition, and the waxing of wisdom and character. Fascinating, indeed, is the museum filled with stone hammers, the war clubs, the spears and crude implements of man's early industry and life. But what a museum would be that stored with the symbols of man's religious progress — the astrologer's chart, the diviner's rod, the map with the flight of birds, the hazel rod for detecting hidden veins of water, the charms for warding off danger, the secrets of medicine men, going on at last to the Te Deum, holy aspirations, the songs, with all

noble arguments toward worship. The sweet simplicity of the religion of love to-day makes yesterday's religion, with its cumbrous forms and grievous burdens, well-nigh intolerable.

Travellers in India tell us that when pagan mothers are led into the light of education and Christianity, they often weep bitterly, remembering the sweet babes they cast into the Ganges in obedience to the dictates of superstition. Thus, in the light of to-day's toleration and charity, the sufferings of Huss and Cranmer, of Savonarola and Luther, speak eloquently of the bigotry and intolerance of the former days. The dawn, with its sunshine, lends a deeper darkness to the midnight with its owls and bats, its deep black gloom.

How refreshing, therefore, the contrast between the complexity and cumbersomeness of the philosophers and the simplicity of Christ as a religious teacher. He rises like a white shaft, simple, yet sublime. In every realm simplicity is the proof of greatness. Any increase in the number of wheels for engine, press, or loom lessens its utility. Each inventor counts a gain in simplicity as a gain in power. All the immortals, Moses, Paul, and Socrates, are men plain to the verge of harshness. History knows no preten-

tious hero. All who are "to the manner born" carry with them a certain air of quiet repose, and their simplicity is the finest ornament of their greatness. Nature achieves all her strength and beauty by the avoidance of complexity. The strength of the bee's cell is in the use of the fewest lines and the least wax. How simple the lily's whiteness, shaped by a single curve! The giant of the forest has its strength through the trunk springing a hundred feet into the air without a branch, crowned with a slight tuft of green. All the great artists understand that the line of beauty is the line of economy. Michael Angelo once defined perfection as "the purgation of superfluities." How chaste the lines of the Venus de Milo. In the golden age of art each Parthenon was a very simple temple. But when the fine arts entered upon their decline, the Venetians began to ornament their statues. Each Apollo wore a gilt crown; the marble cheek of Aphrodite was stained red; the legs of the Dying Gladiator flamed with a bright flesh color; soon all beauty fled away before this complexity.

In their garb also the Greek women understood that simplicity was beauty. Outdoor life and perfect health lent each maiden an arm and brow of marble and a cheek of purest rose. With

instinctive grace the girl draped herself in one color, white, in a robe falling to the ground in one straight line, a line with one flower at the throat — a red rose. But when art had declined in the fifteenth century the ladies of the French court forsook simplicity and asked Jacquard to weave in each robe of silk a full hundred roses. If in Pericles' day the simple gown was an incident for setting forth the beauty of the Greek maiden, in the age of Voltaire all had changed, and the young girl became only an incident for exhibiting a mass of tulle and silk. In literature also all the great poems, dramas, and orations are simple. The song, "Home, Sweet Home," is influential because it has as few notes as the song of the nightingale. Gray's "Elegy" influences the multitude profoundly because it is the biography of a single emotion. The mind wanders in a complex philosophy like a child in a dense wood. The very simplicity of Newton's principle becomes an argument for its truth. An English professor in Oxford University was quoted as saying that Longfellow had a hundred readers in England where Browning had one. The distinguished lecturer explained this fact by saying that the American poet seems like a single pasture-grown oak, while the Eng-

lishman was a tangled forest, where the very richness of the vines hid all the trees.

In the world, therefore, in which complexity injures the drama and the picture, where man admires the single star more than the diffused light of the Milky Way, admires Hamlet or Lear more than Hegel's philosophy in a score of volumes; in a world where complexity injures the oration and the song, and simplicity increases the value of the tool and the mechanism, we naturally expect that the world's greatest religious teacher will present a very simple system of thought. It must not be like the maze in Hampton Court, where one searches long and in vain for some way out of the bewildering growth, but rather a plain way, along which each little child may run heavenward with happy feet. For, be it instantly confessed that if the mariner needs a pilot to guide him in his wanderings o'er the sea; that if each Stanley needs some native to conduct him through the trackless forest; if each caravan journeying across the Arabian sands needs some leader skilful in journeying across the pathless desert, so the soul, moving upward toward the heavenly heights, needs to journey forward under the guidance of some one who has dwelt long midst the solemn beauty of the heavenly mountains, and therefore

knows where is the path to each cool spring, and what way will avoid the most of danger and secure the most of safety, happiness, and peace.

In words that a child could understand Christ portrayed the simple majesty and beauty of God. No definition was given, no philosophy was fashioned, no articulated dogma wrought out. He simply unveiled before man's admiring vision the Infinite One, Whose solicitude for man was such that none was too great or too small to be loved; Who was so deeply interested in the progress of His earthly child that He could not bear to overlook a single hour in the upward career. History tells us of a traveller who, visiting Athens for a single day, went at once to Phidias to ask him for the secret of his art. To whom the artist replied, that while one day was too short to unfold sculpture as a system, it was long enough for looking upon a single statue that embodied the beautiful. So he unveiled his Minerva before the eye of the enraptured Spartan, who went away to deduce from that lustrous face all the abstract principles of beauty. Thus Christ seems to say that, while man's three score years and ten are too brief for a study of the philosophy of religion, they are long enough for the exhibition of that matchless

One, who sits upon the world's throne and counts man His beloved child. It has been said that all the beloved ones of history stand forth in some alluring atmosphere of heroism, truth, and beauty, and without any defilement of meanness or sin. Thus, in simple speech, Christ caused the great God to stand forth clothed with all these alluring qualities that fascinate the intellect, that enrapture and satisfy the heart; portrayed God as one whose garments trailed in the sunset, who whispered upon "the colossal harp of nature," whose frame was made of worlds, whose strings were rays of shining light; a God for whom the universe itself was one vast temple, where storms and winds and cataracts, with songs of birds and men, combined in one vast hymn of adoration and delight.

And this simple story of God's eternal fatherhood and His unfailing love, falls upon the old views that portrayed God as fear, vengeance; as a black shadow; as an iron fate. Christ smote them as the sun smites the snowdrifts into running brooks for the pastures, as the sun smites the April fields and makes them bloom. In ancient times the Greek general offered his god in exchange for victory as many goats as there were enemies dead upon the battle-field.

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And Solomon, also, in dedicating his temple, killed one hundred and twenty thousand sheep, never dreaming in his ignorance that herds and flocks were God's already, and that He would be better pleased with the flocks alive and feeding upon the happy hillsides than with their dead carcasses lying in the slaughter pen. In ages when such views of God prevailed the only way to establish an idea was to cut off the heads of all who held to any other system. In such an era the world seems much like a sinking ship, to which God draws near with a small lifeboat to save now and then a drowning wretch. Thus a thousand errors and fallacies entered into and defiled the simple truths of Christ. In the Middle Ages the Crusaders returned from their holy wars laden with spoil. The knight fastened a great piece of carved furniture to the back of his horse, or collected in a huge sack strange objects to satisfy the curiosity of wife and child. Soon the army became impotent for battle as soldiers, and appeared under the aspect of travelling pedlers.

Thus the scholastics of the Middle Ages moved across the years like these ancient soldiers, and swept together all the curiosities of superstition and ignorance until the theologians of that time

seem like philosophical beggars and pedlers, laden with all the rubbish of mental ragpickers. The simplicity of Christ was lost. His teachings became sadly belittered. The scholastics took away Christ's beautiful garments and replaced them with rags. Loyola exhibited Him as one who handled flames in which to burn heretics. Torquemada portrayed Him as a smith who forged fetters, instead of one who came to set the prisoners free. Michael Angelo, in his "Last Judgment," exhibited Christ as a sinewy athlete who matched His gianthood against feeble sinners and swept them into the fiery furnace, mid the plaudits of admiring saints. Forgetting that each thirsty pilgrim may take of the water of life freely, a few Augustinians degraded Christ to the level of one who condemned many to hell for His mere good pleasure. In Luther's day scholasticism had so corrupted men's minds from the simplicity of Christ that the great German thought many had mistaken the devil for the great God.

It is a truism with scientists that the simplest explanation is the truest. Doubtless, clouds and darkness will always be about God's throne, nor will the mind ever solve all mysteries. Nevertheless, in contrast with other religious systems Christ's teachings seem simple as a sunbeam.

When a philosopher declares that each seed and leaf, each babe and sage, fall back into the clouds or rise into the clouds to return to the "all in all" God — we have pantheism. When a writer declares that atoms falling through a little space could hardly come together into those forms of beauty called an apple or a lark or a sage, but if these atoms fall through much space they could take on the forms of beauty found in this great world — we have atheistic materialism.

When the excavator in Ephesus uncovers a tomb and finds the bust of an emperor he reasons from the statue to the sculptor who carved it. But when a philosopher beholds the movement of the seed toward the tree, the grain toward the harvest, the adaptation of the eye toward the light, yet denies that these thoughts imply a world thinker and affirms that if such a thinker exists, he cannot be known — then we have agnosticism. When a writer declares that man's destiny is fully determined by his heredity and environment, that the blind force of nature or the iron will of God dooms man to eternal happiness or everlasting woe, then we have fatalism. But when God is unveiled as a Father whose thought is the gulf stream of history, whose wisdom is equal to each emergency in life, who

counts man as His child, who makes darkness not less than light, suffering as well as prosperity, defeat as well as triumph, lead on to ultimate victory — then we have the simplicity of Christ. In that faith Tennyson whispered to his lifelong friend: "There is One who guides our steps and our individuality survives the grave. In this let us live and die." In that simple faith also of Christ lived Pascal and Bunyan. In that simple faith lived Channing and Lincoln and Livingstone. That simple faith has made slaves free, has lent a new sweetness to music, has given a new beauty to art, has furnished a new motive to all culture. In that simple faith the falling statesman, the dying mother, the sweet child, have all fallen asleep in perfect peace.

Having portrayed as an Infinite Father that God who holds the earth in His hand and rolls the sun like a golden ball along the pavement of the morning, Christ made God's Fatherhood to cause man to step into the scene, the child of a noble and thrilling destiny. Had nature, with its forces of the summers and the winters, stood behind man and been his sponsor, a speedy catastrophe might have been expected, and man's future would have been full of blackness and fear. But because the infinite mind that stands

back of the vast earthly scene is made man's sponsor, the full power of this creator stands pledged to share in all the glorious achievements of His Father. As the sculptor who holds in his mind a dream of ideal beauty can take a square block of marble and shape it into the lines of the lustrous ideal held in his mind, so there is rich hope for man — not because of what he is, but because of what God is in His wealth of mind and heart, that are prophecies of what man shall be when time and the divine resources have accomplished their purpose upon the human soul. Plato tells us the ancient Greeks were deeply impressed with the beauty of forests and fountains and deep seas. Indeed, the earthly scene was so rich as to make it seem incredible that the thrilling of the harvests and forests would have been prepared for man alone. The rich banquet spread by the summers and the winters seemed to ask for heavenly guests to sit down to drink at the table spread with these viands fit for the gods.

So men explained this palace beautiful named earth, by peopling the leafy woods and the cool streams with fauns and nymphs and graces. And in similar vein Christ saw a thrilling beauty and power streaming forth from God's throne and surrounding man with a rich and stimulat-

ing atmosphere. With words of matchless eloquence He called about Him the multitudes, the children of poverty and ignorance, the children of sickness and suffering, the publican and the prodigal, and lifted above all alike a banner inscribed, not with those words called wisdom or riches or birth, but with the words, "Made in the image of God." He reminded man that ambassadors who represented a royal court should wear a garb befitting the greatness of the monarch whose power they represented; that those in whose veins ran kingly blood should aspire to kingly garb, refuse to wear rags or eat crusts of bread. With the thrilling pathos of His own life and death, Christ exhibited man as the child of supreme genius, because He is the child of God and carries eternity and immortality in His heart.

It is also a part of the simplicity of Christ as a religious teacher that He grounded duty and responsibility in man's moral constitution and separated them entirely from creeds and churches. The only duties He taught are the duties found in man's nature and constitution. It is the misfortune of our age that to-day men are urged toward right because they have taken unto themselves the vows of the church. But Christ called

men unto a life of whiteness and beauty because all bore the image of God. The divine stamp man carried put him under a solemn pledge to avoid the stamp of demonhood. The motive of duty was not fidelity to a church, but fidelity to what man is fundamentally and constitutionally, through his original endowment of mind and heart. The time has come when men may think to escape the obligations of a Christian life by refusing to pledge themselves to a church. But Christ affirmed that man was pledged to a life of integrity by virtue of what he was in birth gifts. No man can escape responsibility by staying outside of a church. No man can increase his responsibilities by entering into a church. Duty antedates the church, and right precedes the Bible.

The laws of right and wrong were organized into man's mind and body. Finding them there, Moses wrote them down for society's help. The Ten Commandments did not begin with the Bible; they began with our father man. The mind existed long before the mental philosophy. The stars existed long before Newton wrote his "Principia." This great continent lay behind the setting sun long before Columbus first thought of a western passage to India. And every principle of the

Christian life existed prior to the church and its statements. Duty is binding upon a man, therefore, not at all because he is a church member. He who has never set foot inside of a church and never recognized a single principle of the Bible, is bound to the same law of Christian living as is the man who, each Sunday, renews his fidelity. Nor does any Paul or John add one iota to his duty by recognizing his debt to God and to the community. The laws of brain and nerve and blood are fundamental and constitutional, and whether man denies the laws or whether he accepts them, they work invariably and remorselessly. Christian living, therefore, is binding upon man because of the nature of things and the facts in the case. Fire burns, cold chills, rocks bruise — not because man says they may, but because that is their nature. And the Sermon on the Mount is binding on men, not because they stand up in church and accept it, but because prior to the cradle God organized right into the nature of man and things.

To His sublimely simple statement regarding God and Man, Christ added a conception of the church that is beautiful. Without dividing the multitude into church and non-church members, He called the men about Him, and reminding them that they were the children of the same

cradle and moving toward a common grave, He bade them all alike swear fidelity to conscience. Passing by all creedal tests of belief, He asked for only one test — personal allegiance to Himself and the universal principles for which He stood. Soon the little group of disciples included all temperaments, all shades of belief, — those who represented much virtue and those who represented little; those who had much faith and those who had little. But His love united them, just as the roof of some splendid mansion unites a hundred rooms of different size and shape; just as the one blue sky overarches and unites mountains and pastures and vineyards. In those days there was only one church, and all the disciples were one, just as the many boughs are one in the same tree; just as the planets are one in the same starry system. The germ, indeed, of every possible denomination was there — John, the seer and mystic; Peter, the man of feeling and impulse; Paul, the philosopher and the theologian; James, who believed in a religion of deeds, and thought a dollar's worth of flour would do more for a hungry orphan than a day of praying. In their oneness of life the disciples were not so much driven together by a creedal necessity from without, as drawn together by a love of their Master from within. Now there

are 140 denominations in our country. The churches threaten to destroy the church.

Our judicial courts recognize but one or two or three grounds for divorce between husband and wife; but the church has found 140 grounds for divorcing its disciples one from another. If every one of these 140 differences were rooted out, every important principle would still remain — love to God and man, and love to Him who is the soul's Master and Saviour. To-day some of the most distinguished teachers of our evangelical churches have expressed the belief that the time is drawing near when there is to be a return to the simplicity of Christ's church, when again all shall be one. These scholars give it as their judgment that Christ never intended that there should be a church roll of church membership, or a denomination. Christ's thought does not seem to have been that men should stand up and by a simple verbal statement imagine that they had fulfilled all righteousness. Christ's idea of the church was that men should band themselves together, not as church members but as men and women made in the image of God, and bend their associated energies to the promotion of virtue and knowledge and the defeat of ignorance, of vice, of superstition and sin.

Out of His beautiful ideas of the church

grew Christ's beautiful use of symbols. Looking toward the constitution, the state asks the citizen through the ballot to swear fidelity to the laws of the land. Looking toward property, the state uses the symbol of the deed or the promissory note for emphasizing the sanctity of property. Looking toward the court room, society uses that symbol called taking the oath for the purpose of emphasizing the solemnity of the truth. Looking toward the home and marriage, the state uses that symbol called the wedding ring for emphasizing the sanctity of love. And in the realm of conscience, also, Christ made a beautiful use of symbols for emphasizing the importance of a white life, and setting forth man's dependence upon God. How beautiful His use of the water that, bubbling from some cool spring like a little poem out of the earth, falls upon man with a cleansing power for setting forth the cleansing grace of God. If some scientist had searched through all nature for some beautiful symbol of what Christ and God are to the soul, what symbol could he have found comparable to the bread that represents all harvests, all fruits and grains upon which man feeds, or the wine that represents the purple flood of grapes, the dripping juices of the apple and orange, with all rich tropic growths.

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Why so comm the real significance of the wine? for fear of a Theory?

But having taught men how to move through these symbols of nature up to nature's God, Christ led men toward a generous toleration and charity. Having left man free to choose what flowers he would plant in his garden, free to choose what grains he would sow upon his fields, free to choose his own profession and his own occupation, Christ also left man free to choose his church government and to make his own creeds. God makes harvests, but not a bill of fare. And God makes truth, but not church polity, not church government. God makes forests, but the furniture is made by man. God makes the symbols, but their use and government is made by men. Therefore, Christ expresses no preference as to whether men should be baptized with much water or little. He leaves each teacher to decide for himself whether he shall wear a long white robe in the pulpit or a short black one. He gives no teaching in regard to millinery. If a man is benefited by fasting Friday and feasting Saturday; if a man is helped by the tinkling of bells and the burning of incense, and finds that the perfumed clouds passing through the open windows and rising heavenward have become chariots that lift his aspirations heavenward, then such an one is free to burn his incense and tinkle his bells. If the wants of one

individual are best served by a bishop and another by the presbytery and another by a conference, let each choose with the same freedom with which he chooses to live under a republic or chooses a limited monarchy. The one principle is, toleration and charity for all. Only let not the Pope wipe his golden-bowed spectacles and say, "The truth is with me." And let not the Baptist say, "I have been to the very bottom of the Jordan, therefore the truth is with me." Neither let the Presbyterian say, "Sprinkling is like the rain; it comes down from the heaven, the truth is with me." But for all let there be sympathy, love, and fellowship. God is ever working toward variety and difference, and man is forever trying to rub out the differences. Nature does not turn all flowers into roses, but works toward a thousand varieties of bloom and blossom, a thousand varieties of fruit and grains in field and forest. There is room for all.

To many the new teachings seem revolutionary, destructive, and provocative, indeed, of grave anxiety. For, strangely enough, many Christian teachers have accepted the atheistic motto, "It is safer to trust our fears than our hopes." But God is abroad in the world, and is causing new glowing and glorious truths to break forth out

of His word. And these new truths are working great changes in the realm of philosophy and theology. For some these changes mean only terror and alarm. The conditions of these frightened ones is not unlike that of the people of the arctic region. It is said that the ice in certain interior rivers of the extreme north sometimes does not move out for an entire generation. And because the ice bridge binds the two shores together, the savages are accustomed to fish upon these ice-locked streams. One year the summer came early and stayed long. Slowly the sun bored holes in the ice above, slowly the warm currents gnawed the ice beneath. One July day the huge mass began to move, and its movement threw the people into an agony of terror.

They did not know that the open river with a boat would do a thousand times more for them than ice-locked streams, or that summer with its fruit was worth a thousand times more than the wintry ice with its fish. Thus, unto this winter-clad earth, God is drawing near. Many a great system has been caught like an iceberg by the rich tropic currents. Each new influence is a wind made warm and summery by God's heart. Soon the "systematic" icebergs will dissolve, and lend themselves to

the universal ocean that blesses every continent with its dew and rain. God is working. The light is growing. Many, alarmed, are clubbing together to resist it. But the sword and the spear cannot drive back the south winds and the summer. The scholars are too many and too wise. Soon all bats and owls with their scared cries must return to the caves of fear. Already the song of birds is in the air. Once more God's presence makes all the earth radiant. The day for which the fathers prayed and hoped, the promised land which was denied them, has come at length unto their children. Men are opening their eyes to the blue rifts in the sky, they are opening their ears to the voices that call. Once more above us is the multitude of angels, singing, "Peace on earth, good will to man." Already the night is far spent. The day is at hand. Christ is abroad upon His mission of recovery.

VI

God's Silence and His Voices Also: A Study of Nature's Concealments and Disclosures

"In the great unfolding which is going on, God expands Himself and develops Himself. History is the great revelation of Him. While God acts with greatest force and most fruit upon minds that are enlarged and unfolded, so that there is a major inspiration arising from the character of the persons inspired, there is also a minor inspiration, or the mind of God acting upon everything that lives, having reason and moral sensibility. That inspiration of God is the leaven of the ages. It is the secret feeling that has been working in men, and through them working out into experiment and endeavor, on some sides with disaster, and on some sides with success, and that through the sole medium of experiment through myriads of ages has attained to relative perfectness of social usage, of wise legislation, of successful civil government, or organized and progressive industries throughout the world. All these elements are divine. They are from God. They are working along that great line, by which men are to be brought back to God. . . . Whatever thoughts of God, coming into the souls of men, are unfolded in conduct and echoed and re-echoed until they become general truths, and whatever works toward plenitude of truth and purity and peace and joy — all this is according to the will of God."

— BEECHER'S "Evolution and Religion."

VI

GOD'S SILENCE AND HIS VOICES ALSO: A STUDY OF NATURE'S CONCEALMENTS AND DISCLOSURES

Nature reticent. Clouds and darkness round about God's throne. Nature tells man nothing that he can find out for himself. Mr. Huxley's wish to build an altar "to the unknown God." Overemphasis of agnosticism. What man loses when he loses the sense of God's loving providence. Mill's indictment of nature for cruelty. The joylessness of agnostics, from Comte to Martineau and Clough. The soul keyed to knowledge and certainty. The silence more apparent than real. Some concealments are revelations. There is a silence that is eloquent. The voices of God in the animal world. Instincts are revelators. For him who hath ears to hear the days utter speech and the nights show knowledge. Nature has not concealed the folly of iniquity. Nature publishes the wisdom of right living. The voice of history. The sorrows of wrong-doers. The voice of conscience. Its warnings. Its incitements. God's voice in Christ. The disclosures of nature more wonderful than her silence. The full revelation in Christ.

NATURE'S concealments are numberless and wonderful. Reticent, she keeps her own counsel. Unlike man she never wears her heart upon her sleeve. The clouds that wrap the mountains about with mystery interpret nature's

tendency to veil her face and hold off all intruders. By force and ingenuity alone does man part the veil or pull back the heavy curtains. The weight of honor heaped upon him who reads her secret writings on the rocks, or turns some poison into balm and medicine, or makes a copper thread to be a bridge for speech, proclaims how difficult it is to solve one of nature's simpler secrets. For ages man shivered with cold, but nature concealed the anthracite under thick layers of soil. For ages man burned with fever, but nature hid the balm under the bark of the tree. For ages man bore his heavy burdens, but nature veiled the forces in the stream and concealed the fact that both wind and river were going man's way and might bear his burdens. Ages have passed, but nature is so reticent that man is still uncertain whether a diet of grain or a diet of flesh makes the ruddier countenance. Also it is still doubtful whether a log cabin and an ox or a college and a gymnasium can do the more for each young Lincoln; whether poverty or wealth does the more to foster the poetic spirit in Burns or the philosophic temper in Bacon. In that beautiful temple of Jerusalem there was an outer wall, an inner court, a holy place, and far within a most holy

place. Thus nature conceals herself behind high walls and bulwarks, and God also has made thick the clouds that surround the divine throne.

In view of the number of nature's concealments, Mr. Huxley once remarked that but for that unknown Athenian who had anticipated his thought, he should have erected somewhere in London an altar with this inscription, "To the Unknown God." In all ages the savage bowing before the fierce storm that seems the breath of God must needs whisper his prayer to the invisible one. In all ages the fire-worshipper who counts the ascending pillar of flames to be a chariot upon which his soul rides forth to meet him who dwells in the blazing sun, has poured out his penitence before an unseen being. But in modern times it is the scientist, with his microscope and scalpel, laying bare the nerve, only to find that the life has fled on before, who looks out toward the unknown source of life. Our age has so unduly emphasized nature's silence and mystery as to threaten faith in God as man's guide and personal friend. The present generation has suffered losses many and grievous. Fleets have been shipwrecked, cities have been burned, hurricanes have destroyed harvests, the flight of the locust has desolated

whole districts, fortunes have vanished like visions that dissolve and leave not a wrack behind. But these have not been man's greatest misfortunes. Society has suffered no loss comparable to the loss of faith in a personal God of infinite and imperishable love. If that loss has robbed the poor of their buoyancy and spring, not less has it robbed the children of greatness and genius of their power and victory.

Famous now John Stuart Mill's indictment of nature for her cruelty. Where he had looked for voice and interpretation the philosopher found silence and mystery. Burke himself, charging cruelty upon Warren Hastings, was gentleness itself compared to Mill in his fierce philippic against nature for her refusal to explain her mysteries. Having affirmed that nature murders each individual sooner or later, the philosopher affirmed that she seeks out methods of killing that involve the torture of her victims. "Nature impales men, breaks them on the wheel, burns them with fire or crushes them with stones, starves them with hunger or freezes them with cold; perpetrates a death so hideous as to exceed the cruelty of Nero or Domitian; the exhalations of her swamps surpass the poison cups of the Borgias; her epidemics are de-

structive as human artillery; her hurricanes overmatch the horrors of the guillotine and the reign of terror during the French Revolution." Repudiating the name of atheist, holding that he is the most irrational of thinkers who with lips and heart says there is no God, Mill also affirms that this nameless and concealed being is not one whose face is "humanized to the lineaments of love." Saddened by nature's silence, looking wistfully toward the cold, vague depths of space, scholars have waited for the silence to become voice, and when the curtains have not parted the agnostics have become sadly bitter. "The world's winter is going, I hope, but my everlasting winter has set in." Thus sadly wrote George Eliot. Harriet Martineau was earnestly depressed by nature's concealments. "You will feel at once how earnestly I must be longing for death, I who never hoped for life, and who would any day of my life have rather departed than stayed. Well, it can hardly go on very much longer now. But I do wish it was permitted us to judge for ourselves a little how long we ought to carry on the task which we never desired and could not refuse."

Plainly, here the authoress wishes that suicide were permitted. Speaking of his father James

Mill, his son writes, "He thought human life a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and the unsatisfied curiosity had gone by." Arthur Clough, the poet, also was so depressed by nature's silence that his glad, trustful moods departed, and he walked through a world that seemed sombre, joyless, and unpeopled. In the Middle Ages the baron or king secluded himself in some vast castle. Beyond the castle was the moat; beyond that a high wall. Brave, indeed, the knight who could surmount the wall, swim the water, break down the inner gate. For many the clouds about God's throne have become so thick as to seem like unto heavy granite and impenetrable walls. Nature's silence has made life an enigma and a puzzle.

The concealments of nature stir wonder, by reason of the fact that the soul is keyed to knowledge and certainty. As a harp is made for music, and not to discord, so man is made for confidence and not doubt. Looking toward the sick room, the store, the market-place, it is uncertainty and anxiety that kills. Once the issue is known, there is no shock man cannot survive. Even as to unknown things like harvests, nature furnishes a rational basis for confidence. Harvests are so uniform as to have the regularity of natural law;

otherwise man would not plough or sow. In times of war man will not open a furrow if the enemy's troops are to trample down the grain; nor build storehouse and barn if the troops are to fire the rafters and rooftree. Thus nature accustoms man to knowledge and certainty. She has not left man in doubt as to how her agents will act. Fire always burns; water always drowns; acids always eat; spring always follows winter. Having trained him to confidence and security, nature has also accustomed man, not to mystery, but to masters; not to silence, but to the voice of teachers. From time to time she raises up great men who are masters in art, masters in literature, masters in law and philosophy. When these great ones speak we sit at their feet and do them homage. As the expert mountaineer climbs to the summit of the Jungfrau, where the avalanches hang trembling upon the edge of the precipice, and without fear crosses crevasse and gorge, so we behold the sons of greatness accomplishing with consummate ease that which baffles our utmost toil. Gladly we acknowledge their leadership. Built for certainty and accustomed to culture through masters and teachers, nature's silence has seemed to baffle men. Nevertheless, we may be permitted to urge the inquiry, whether

or not the concealments of nature have not been magnified, whether things are not known which are called hidden, and things plainly revealed which are called secret. There is a silence that is eloquence; there is a mystery that is big with disclosure; there is a concealment that is revelation.

Looking toward the animal world, it is not the silence, but the voices of God, that stir our astonishment. Each inventor accompanies his sewing-machine or reaper with a handbook of explanations. The illustrated chart explains the wheel; the picture explains this bolt, this pulley, that escapement. But a philosopher has described the instinct of an animal as the handbook that accompanies the animal and explains its mechanism. It is not a matter of doubt or uncertainty as to what the bird or beast is to do. By instinct the young eagle flies; by instinct the young lark sings; by instinct the beaver builds; by instinct the squirrel gathers its store. Instinct teaches the spider how to fashion its trap-door; instinct teaches the bee how to make its cell six-sided, in the interests of the greatest possible economy of strength and space. The vegetable world also has its voice and proclamation. Rending away the acorn's shell, the plantlet proclaims its oakhood.

Concealed under many coverings, the rosebud bursts its wrappings and publishes its scarlet secret. Man plants an unknown root, but purple clusters soon proclaim the vine. He plants an unknown seed, but the sharp sting hastens to advertise the thistle. Much is said about secret germs that turn drops of water into war-ships, and lurk in ambush for men. But, properly analyzed, every case of typhoid means that the tiny germ supposed to be secret has climbed, as it were, upon the housetop, and proclaimed its warning to an entire city. From Newton the sun has no secrets; from Wordsworth the rainbow has no hidden colors; to Geike geology yields up her hidden story; to Proctor stars proclaim their far-off elements. Upon that new eye or ear called a spectroscope, or a microscope, or a phonograph, all forces and facts whisper their rich secrets. Indeed, nature is becoming one vast whispering gallery. The earth one vast room, where natural laws serve men; the lightning has become a messenger; the sunbeam paints his pictures; the very wastes give up their treasures of healing and fragrance, until the time seems rapidly approaching when every secret shall be known, and man shall be lord over every force and fact in nature. There is not one stone or

shrub or seed or bird or beast or star but breaks into voice for man's instruction. Day unto day hath uttered speech; night unto night hath shown knowledge.

Nature has not concealed the folly of iniquity, nor has she been silent as to the wisdom of right living. Having made wide the chasm between the snowdrift and the red rose, nature has also made wide the difference between the murderer and the philanthropist. To each wrong-doer she speaks in a voice that is sharp and clear, leaving the incautious youth without excuse. Very early in his career does man find that nature's voice is a still, small voice, and that her whisperings drown man's thunders. Through frost that nips his fingers and feet, nature drives the boy back from the deep drifts. With gentle severity nature makes the sharp pain punish the child for his gluttony. Through an aching head and throbbing brow she warns the youth against excesses of riotous living. From her throne nature sends these pains forth to warn the youth back from the precipice and the slough. He who sets a snare for a bird so conceals the trap that not until it is too late does the bird perceive the net. But, so far from using art to lead the youth into the soft, silken delights of some Sodom, every downward step youth takes

is accompanied by sharp warnings from nature. If hunger is an alarm bell warning man against overtaxing his body, if thirst is nature's automatic signal directing that the tissues need water to guard against inflammation, all pains that accompany man's sins are automatic bells that peal out warning and alarm. Nor is there one form of ill-doing that is not accompanied with voices of warning. If the youth harbor an evil thought within, nature straightway sets the brand of evil upon the face without, that, beholding his face in his mirror, he may draw back from defilement. If the youth rakes 'midst the garbage of literature that he may discover the novel or story that ministers to his morbid sense, nature organizes a corresponding coarsening into the countenance, and causes the mind's mud to show in the bottom of the eye. In the region of Pompeii the orangery is close to the abyss of fire in Vesuvius. If man stands in the grape arbor, nature warns him by the steam arising from the boiling spring. If the traveller stoops to enjoy the fragrance of the orange blossom, nature startles him by the smell of sulphur rising from the heated lava. When men have loved pleasure more than duty and have put God far from their thoughts, then nature, Vesuvius-like, drops some fiery mass close to

their feet, lest they finish their career as the moth in the candle.

Long ago Cleopatra, the daughter of supreme beauty, received sin into her arms, counting it to be an angel of light; but, alas! sin broke her heart, and soon she welcomed the viper to her bosom. It was sin that wrecked the palace of David. It was sin that ruined the genius of Solomon. It was sin that stole the purple from Alcibiades and gave him instead the robe of a slave. It was sin that, serpentlike, crawled over the threshold of the palaces in Rome and left its slime within court and banqueting hall. Sin was the flame which blackened the Doge's palace in Venice. Sin was the earthquake that toppled down the treasure-houses of Florence. For Bacon sin was a worm in the bud of his heart. For Byron sin was moth and rust that consumed the mind. For Shelley sin was a Vandal that grew by the rapine and murder of the poet's soul. The ancients tell us of a princess who, desiring a gift of the crafty court astrologer, was told to kiss day by day for one hundred days a beautiful picture, after which she was to receive her heart's desire. It was a cruel trick, for the picture contained a subtle poison. Little by little the golden tresses of the beautiful woman turned white, her beauty faded, her eyes

became dim, her lips black, until, long before the appointed time was completed, the queenly beauty lay dead. But nature, so far from leading man by false pretences into evil courses, makes every step of his downward way to be accompanied by warnings and voices. God has never been silent as to sin.

Kant, standing under "the polished dome, in which the lamps of God did burn," thought nature broke the silence in the voice of conscience. For the philosopher the sense of duty was God's whisper in the soul. The letter "O" in the word "ought" enlarged into a circle that included the whole universe. In his childhood, stepping upon a worm, the little voice within whispered, "It is wrong." In his mature manhood also that divine whisper never failed to rebuke him for sinning against his better convictions, never failed to praise him for living up to his highest ideals. Even in children of vice and crime the whisper is never subdued into utter silence. Park speaks of the mariners sailing over the sunken islands of the Caribbean Sea, and imagining that they hear the ringing of bells in submerged villages. Thus man's deepest convictions often seem submerged beneath sordidness and sin. Yet ever and anon obscure and mysterious voices arise from the

soul's hidden depths. It was conscience that made King David turn pale and tremble when a prophet said, "Thou art the man." It is conscience that makes each guilty youth to have a cheek of marble when he reads the words, "Mene, mene, tekel." It was of conscience that Lucretius spake when he said, "Though the dungeon, the scourge, and the executioner be absent, the guilty mind can apply the goad and scorch with blows." It was of conscience that Juvenal said, "The sight of a glittering sword hanging by hair over the flushed neck of the youth is less terrible than the individual conscience of the guilty." It was of conscience also that Martineau was thinking when he said: "He who follows the sense of duty as God's messenger for to-day will find on to-morrow that two angels have come to guide him on his way. For every duty done leaves the eye more clear and enables gentler whispers to reach the ear; every brave sacrifice incurred lightens the weight of the clinging self which holds us back; every storm of passion swept away leaves the air of the mind transparent for more distant visions." Thus the light that began as a taper waxes into the glory of a beacon, and the voice that was a whisper becomes full and round, guiding man upon his earthly way.

But if the stone hath its story; if the acorn and rosebud unroll their secrets, as does each blazing star; if brain and nerve rebuke self-indulgence; if that stream of tendency that makes for righteousness in history finds voice in the whisper of conscience, will not the God of mystery and silence send forth His voice? Well may man exclaim, "Let all the earth be silent, if only God will speak." Baffled by the clouds and darkness around God's throne, man exclaims: "Is He indeed the far-off and unspeaking One? Is His throne crystalline? Is He as vague and cold as the distant ether? Unheeding man, does He behold the generations in their dumb dulness marching to the execution?" "He hath spoken," said the philosopher. "Planets and suns represent His infinite genius rushing into sight." Through his engine the mind of Watt passes before man's mind. Through his canvas we discern the mind of Millet; through his cathedral, the mind of Von Rile.

It may be said that no poet, no philosopher, no student, through his books, hath ever so fully spoken his mind and heart as hath the great God. The passing seasons, with the majesty of summer and the sanctity of winter, represent the canvas upon which He portrays His passing

thoughts. The tropic flowers, so luxuriant upon the plains of Africa as to clog the baggage-wagons of Stanley, represent the richness of beauty with which God embroiders the lap of spring. The mountains, with their cloud-capped towers; the high hills, all aged with snow; the far-lying hill-sides, waving with the wheat, and spotted with the fire of waving poppies; the distant plains, filled with the hum of village and city, represent the infinite variety and the wealth of God's mind and heart rushing into sight and breaking into voice. In an Alpine valley Tyndall found a huge, triangular boulder. Tracing it back, he came to the very spot from whence the stone came. Thus man, beholding the gentleness of the mother, the self-sacrifice of the father, the heroism of the poet, the devotion of the martyr, the disinterestedness of a friend, traces all these qualities back to God, from whom man borrowed his lustrous gifts. But it is in Christ that the silence of God breaks into full voice. As no artist can make a frame large enough to include the evening sunset, so no voice can compass, no pen include, the full statement of the character of that Divine Being. We can only say that what He was toward the sweet child and its dying mother, toward the publican and prodigal, toward sinner and disciple, that God is toward

all men, in all time. What during His three and thirty years Christ said, God ever says; what Christ did, God ever does; what Christ was, God is through all space, throughout all time.

VII

The Higher Nature of Man as a Revelation of God

"Man is neither the master nor the slave of nature; he is its interpreter and living word. Man consummates the universe, and gives a voice to the mute creation. Man is the microcosmos, answering to the larger word and world of God."

— EDGAR QUINET.

VII

THE HIGHER NATURE OF MAN AS A REVELATION OF GOD

Man an epitome of nature. The child of destiny. Stands forth clothed with the impressiveness of a landscape or city. The soul the true terra incognita. His tools, arts, and industries suggest one a little lower than God. A pseudo-science cheapens man. A false theology degrades him. Man's body includes all the excellences distributed in the rest of creation. Man is the consummation of mental gifts. Man's moral supremacy. Christ's revelation of the human mind as keyed to the divine mind. This makes a revelation possible. The earthly child a miniature of the divine father. Man's divinity argued from the ease with which he receives great ideas. Bushnell's argument from the ruins. Man's creative skill. The cross as a measure of man's worth. God's love as a test of man's value.

MODERN science has made man to step into the earthly scene the child of destiny. Before the seer's admiring vision this divine one stands forth, clothed with all the impressiveness of a landscape or a city. Imagination can scarcely paint in colors too rich this being uniting in his tiny body all the excellences of the lower animal creation, and described by the poet as "only a little lower than God." For

man is a mystery second only to God Himself. The psychologist can no more find out the soul to perfection than the theologian can search out God. In the realm of geography, the last continent has been discovered, and the head waters of the last Nile explored. But the human mind remains the *terra incognita*. After centuries of exploration, scholars are still skirting around the edge of the human mind, as once John Cabot explored the creeks and bays along the edge of this new continent. Because futurity was big within him, the seer was not afraid to eulogize man. Ignorance cheapens the soul, but wisdom stands in awe thereof. An acute author has distinguished between conceit and sense of personal worth. Conceit he says is based upon some quality that makes a man to differ from his fellows; the sense of worth concerns itself with what man holds in common with his fellows. At bottom man may be an animal, but midway he is a citizen, and at the top he is consciously divine.

That was a great day for our earth when this fragmentary God stepped into the scene. Immediately man began his creative work, as did the great God before him. Hearing sounds he swept them into music. Seeing colors, he swept the

lovely hues together in pictures. Looking outward, he swept his thoughts together in poems and dramas. Standing by the cradle, in his joy, this strange being wept; standing by the grave, with streaming eyes, he looked upward and smiled. His genius shed wisdom like perfume. His heart shed sympathy like a gushing spring. Clothed with heroism, he walked the earth like a young Titan. Admiring many things, man, the wonderer, was himself the most wonderful. The Alps are not so sublime as the mountain-minded Humboldt. The sea itself is less deep than the mind of the scientist who explored its secret abyss. The heavens above are not so sublime as the moral law in man. The libraries are less impressive than the mind that crowds the shelves. The stars themselves are but sparks that flew from the anvil when God fashioned man. Pronounce those names, astronomy, oratorio, printing-press, telegraph, ship, palace, cathedral, and we seem to have been carried in some golden chariot far above the level of the brute world, into a realm where we deal with the thoughts of one made indeed only a "little lower than the great God" Himself.

To-day a pseudo-science and a pseudo-theology are doing all they can to cheapen man. The one

compares him with the bee and beaver, and affirms that man is as much better than the sheep as his facial angle is larger and his brain heavier. This makes him out a selfish and mortal animal with a brain that secretes ideas as his heart secretes blood. This false theology makes man a selfish and immortal devil, wholly opposite to all good, wholly inclined to all evil. The first makes man a little higher than the brutes; the second makes him a little higher than the demons. But this divine book, the Bible, ascends into the highest heavens, and ranks him only a "little lower than God." It stirs our wonder that one group of thinkers believes it honors man by placing him at the head of an ascending series of brutes, while the other thinks it honors God by debasing His handiwork to the level of imps. All this is like seeking to honor a sculptor by casting contempt upon his statues, in order to produce a wide space between the artist and his handiwork. These false views have wrought immeasurable mischief upon society. Nothing exalts like the sense of personal worth, and nothing degrades like a mean conception of personality. How true the proverb, "Call a man a thief, and he will prove the allegation by picking your pocket." Contrariwise, confidence is met with fidelity.

Recently, when a western city had been shamefully misgoverned by the "machine," in sheer desperation a group of men nominated for mayor the town loafer, notorious for his worthlessness. By some chance this shiftless buffoon was elected. Now, the poor creature took the honor seriously. Confidence galvanized his manhood. He straightway forsook the saloon, cleansed his person, counselled with the best citizens, found out what the liquor laws were, enforced them rigorously, drove out the gamblers, raided his old haunts night after night, watched his policemen with unsleeping vigilance, and ended his term of office an industrious and hard-working citizen.

Christ's enthusiasm for humanity, that made him attach a value to the soul beyond that of the whole world, was a part of His mastery over man. With what reverential regard did He always speak of him! He shot life through and through with sacredness. When man was revealed as "only a little lower than God," the old weariness of life departed. The old proverb, "Better it were to die quickly, best of all never to have been born," the old feeling expressed by the stoics that "the aim of philosophy is to despise life," the old teaching that made life cheap and suicide familiar, passed utterly away. In its

enriching influence Christ's new conception of the soul's worth was like the influence of the soft south winds that push back the icy storms and bring in the tropic summer. As when in the fifteenth century the Greek scholars from Constantinople brought the classic manuscripts and the masterpieces of the great painters and sculptors, and diffused the new learning over all the Italian land, so Christ's enthusiasm for the soul as something divinely rich has always brought in the renaissance of the mind and the rejuvenation of the heart.

To-day scholars are asking afresh the question, From whence came man, and whose stamp and image does he bear? Replying, science institutes comparisons and contrasts. We are told all the excellences of the lower animal creation are swept together in man's single person. But when we have confessed that through ages many, and by processes various, all excellences distributed among the animals are united in man's body, it remains for us to recognize that where the animal life stops man's begins afresh, and goes on to a thousand new and varied forms of perfection. If the birds and beasts count instincts their chiefest treasures, man deems his instincts to be his least and lowest gifts. The

distance between this little earth and the most distant star is not so great as the distance between the highest animal and the lowest man. Whether intelligence represents a slow growth or a sudden grafting, all must confess that it is an infinite remove from the brute. But man's superiority is not merely in the use of fire for food, of soft wool for clothing, or in the substitution of marble houses for straw nests. Animals are stationary. Man journeys upward by leaps and bounds. Two thousand years have passed since Plato enumerated the instincts of the bee, but after all these centuries, Longstroth says the honey-bee has added not a single new idea to its cell. In Seneca's day man made a pet and companion of the monkey. Despite all this companionship, the monkey is still unable to utter a single noble sentiment or write a single book.

When Coleridge stood before Mont Blanc he forgot hunger, exhaustion, pain itself, and with eyes dim and suffused with tears, the poet thought only of that sight sublime. But his dog was so interested in his owner's dinner that he left the mountain to the exclusive enjoyment and use of his master. Pity, too, is unknown in the animal realm. The eagle pushes its sick young out of the nest. The young tiger forsakes its

bleeding dam. The elk will turn upon the wounded, and kill the dying of its own kind.

Nor has the bird or beast any intelligence beyond its own wants. The squirrel finds its store of nuts, the spider spreads its net for prey, the salmon searches out some nook to protect its young, the ostriches club together to put the eggs of yesterday in one nest under the care of the male bird, and the eggs of to-morrow in another nest; the wild fowl trace the course of migratory flight; yet all these instincts are occupied wholly with self-care and self-protection. But when the statesman or philanthropist has cared for himself there still remains an overplus of intelligence, with which he may go on to achieve liberty for some slave, or happiness and comfort for some region devastated by disease or famine. The best the bird can do is to leave a few meaningless tracks upon the slab of stone, while man is to be tracked by those names, Hamlet, the Messiah, York Minster, the Principia, the Republic of Plato, the laws of Moses.

But the least part of man's supremacy is that love of beauty and truth by which he builds temples, composes symphonies, fashions laws, achieves liberty. Conscience and faith, love and self-sacrifice, make up his crowning excellences.

Unlike the lion, when man strikes he can feel remorse. The lion's every deed is finished up to date. When death comes nothing is overdue. But man is responsible. Memory is continuous. Conscience freshens old recollections, as a chemical bath brings out faded ink. As the years speed on for Eugene Aram, his murderous deed assumes larger proportions and takes on blacker hues. Conscience is God's whisper in man's soul. Across man's brow in letters of living white is the divine handwriting. But when we have exhausted all language, we still fall far short of portraying the vast chasm that separates man from animals.

Now the vastness of nature into which man is ushered, the vast truths opening out before his mind, the vastness of the career lying beyond the grave, all these unite in asking man to enter the scene clothed with a certain vastness of nature. Only a divine mind will be equal to the divine opportunity. Man is doomed unless he begins large. What is behind a creature in the way of origin will determine what is before it in the way of destiny. Largeness must be in the seed before largeness can be in the tree. No additions of soil and sunshine can bring the tiny mustard seed into the gianthood of the

redwood tree in California. The proverb that no man becomes a poet after he is twenty years of age means that the greatness of Tennyson or Browning is a unique birth gift. Many scientists — few Newtons; many preachers — Beecher once in a hundred years. Greatness is an initial gift, and so is smallness. Once a dog, always a dog; once a thistle, always a thistle; once born color-blind, always color-blind.

Culture can make bitter oranges sweet, but culture cannot make a thorn bring forth figs, nor teach an elephant to write poems. Born upon the flat, things must remain upon the flat. The only hope a creature has is in a large beginning. If a man is to achieve a sublime destiny he must begin with a summit mind. The secret of man's vast achievements lies in the fact that he began a little lower than God. Starting with that, every ideal and vision becomes a golden possibility. The dignity and majesty of life is the conscious possession of an infinite capacity of learning and of germs and potencies of an infinite good. Nothing is impossible for a being whose genius is God-breathed — whose spirit is filial and divine.

It is this being but little lower than God that renders it so easy for man to receive a divine

revelation. Persons who understand each other have tastes in common. Just as the electrical instrument in one house is delicately and precisely adjusted to the telephone in the other house, in order that the words of the speaker may slip easily into the ears of the hearer, so man's mind and heart are delicately patterned after God's, in order that His thoughts and purposes may easily pass into the mental recognition of man. All man's knowledge comes through similar preparatory adjustments. His eye is adjusted to the sunbeam; his ear to wave sounds; his reason is adjusted to axioms, his taste is adjusted to principles of beauty, and all his faculties are made to answer to the larger faculties in the Divine Being. Now, once adjust the eye to a single sunbeam and it can go on to an easy understanding of the vast sun itself.

Once adjust the thirst to a single cup of water, and the mind will move naturally to the understanding of the ocean itself. But communion ceases when there ceases to be a faculty held in common. If crimson or gold to the artist means black to the beholder, there can be no gallery. And unless duty, penitence, hope, and love in men stand for these rich qualities in God, there can be no relationship. While Tennyson walked

in his arbor and mused aloud over his "In Memoriam," he saw a caterpillar crawling up his desk. But the little creature understood not one whit of all the pathos of grief and weight of love that the poet was pouring aloud in his sweet song. There was no mental chord in the worm that answered to the chord in the man. Could Tennyson have endowed the worm with reason it would have understood his thought; with taste and affection it would have sympathized with his grief; with conscience it would have understood his inspiring prayer.

Thus communion between two persons means something held in common. Man understands God by being lower, but not unlike Him. To the degree in which the child understands his father, he duplicates that father. In the higher realm, to the degree in which man understands God, he duplicates God. Grown gray and old, reading the story of the prodigal son, Coleridge sobbed out: "It finds me; it finds me. This divine book is a mould that fits my heart." In that hour Coleridge felt that man was a miniature edition of God. Cicero argued that the only way to save the hope of a divine revelation was to elevate man to God's dignity, or else bemean God to man's level. Herschel had the same idea when he said, "The

astronomer thinks out God's thoughts after Him." Agassiz had it when he exclaimed, "The geologist moves along paths worn deeply by the divine footprints." Jesus Christ summarized all when He said God is a father and man is a son. His reason, memory, affection, and conscience are small and imperfect, to be sure, but they answer in kind to these faculties in the Divine Being. Man knows God because he is near to Him.

This partaking of the divine nature also explains life's rare moments when great thoughts flush the cheek and set the heart leaping. Then "the vision splendid" dawns. Then the moments are big with destiny. Then we seem to be on the edge of something. Expectancy stirs within us. Save in these rare hours it doth not appear what man is. Just as an apple is never itself until the sun strikes it through and through with crisp golden ripeness, so the soul never stands forth in its real majesty save in its luminous moments and nobler moods. It is said a picture has a right to be judged in its best light. Thus the soul has a right to be judged, not by what it is at its worst, but by what it is at its best. There are hours when the mind exhales glorious thoughts, as a fire exhales sparks. These moods alone reveal the real nature. The inherent quality of Shake-

speare's mind appears only in his greatest drama; his poorer plays do but exhibit to us how poverty or discouragement fettered his genius and tired its upward flight.

Call to mind earth's greatest thinkers, writers, inventors, and jurists. Select only the choicest qualities of these persons eminent for intellect and heart, and Tennyson says the germs of the transcendent genius are latent in all common minds, and will at last come to their fulfilment. We little know what is in man. As the earth sweeps on with vast treasures of gold and gems all uncovered, so men move forward laden with treasures that are neither explored nor suspected. Lest we wear our heart upon our sleeve, our best thoughts are unspoken. Our deepest aspirations unfold only in solitude, even as nightingales give out their sweetest songs at midnight, while the great world sleeps. Now and then, looking up quickly, we see a great something, standing in the eyes of some silent man. What the tongue could not speak in a lifetime, the eye has revealed in a single flash. Multitudes are like the crystal caves in the south. Enter them with a torch, and the whole interior blazes one glorious kingdom of diamonds. Yet through hundreds of years men walked above all unconscious of the hidden treas-

ure. Many men move through life all unrecognized by their fellows. Many women carry genius all unsuspected. Vision hours are God's torches, revealing the soul's hidden treasure. The ideals and longings of the soul in its luminous states are overtures from God. Mariners sailing over the sunken island of Atlantis imagine they hear the voices rising from the sunken city. Thus there are great deep convictions lying low down in the hearts of men that ever and anon send up mysterious voices, reminding men that they are divine and must not live on any level lower than God's.

Even in human sinfulness wisdom finds arguments for man's divineness. Horace Bushnell thought the dignity of human nature may be proved by the majesty of its ruins. The splendid magnitude of the marble heaps in ancient Ephesus argues the beauty of that once peerless temple of Diana. If the very fragments of the Parthenon are the despair of modern sculptors, how supreme must have been the genius of Phidias. The magnificent recklessness with which man destroys witnesses to his consciousness of his skill to create afresh. History exhibits man as lifting the hammer upon the ancient statues, turning the temples into arsenals, and raging through galleries like an insane and destroying angel.

The sustaining thought in all iconoclasm is that what man destroys, man can again create. The very depths to which an Alcibiades or Catiline falls is the witness of the height to which the man first rose. From Loyola's Inquisition, with its marvellous instruments of torture, we argue the splendid latent genius the man carried, as a promise for liberty or patriotism or religion. Luxuriant weeds argue richness of soil as truly as do harvests. The very agony of the prodigal son when he comes to swine and husks and rags tells us that this prodigal boy was made not for husks, but for the apples of paradise, not for rags, but for the garments of God. Goethe summarizes the argument when he reminds us that Faust can only be as devilish actually as he was divine potentially.

The scholar saw God's thoughts of power rushing into stars and suns; His thoughts of goodness rushing into harvests and fruits; His thoughts of beauty rushing into faces and landscapes. There is also much in man that suggests a similar genius for creation. If man's body is so weak that the clod can crush it, his mind seems omnipotent. Before man entered the earthly arena, the world was only a mighty engine of force that went on grinding and clashing and destroying. The winds waxed mighty, the lightnings blazed everywhither.

Gravity pulled down the shrub and the tree. Heat and cold filled the earth with energy, but all to no purpose. Then man came to match himself against the wild winds and the ungoverned forces, even as the rider pursues the wild steeds in the plains and subdues them to bit and bridle, and compels them to lend their strength to his reins and loins. Man's thought, like God's, went forth as noiselessly as the dew, and subdued all terrific forces that threatened to destroy him.

The rivers that separated men became highways that united. The trade winds bore his burdens. The lightning flashing along his path took his messages. The poisons that threatened him became balms and medicines for his pains. Having extracted the truth out of this planet, as one squeezes the juice out of an orange, in his thirst for new facts, man went ranging through the starry worlds. He weighed their masses, analyzed their elements, foretold their movements. Soon the astronomers turned the Milky Way into a race track for their mental gymnastics. By playing off one force against another, man seems rapidly approaching the time when he will be the master of every element in land and sea and sky. Now, it is better to have a small body with a mind big enough to master the worlds than to

be a big stone planet and be mastered by a single mind. Because Newton's genius was superior to the candle flame by which he wrote, the philosopher was superior to the millions of candle flames that make a sun. Nature's laws incarnate God's thoughts, and man finds out these laws because the mind of the discoverer matches the mind of the Creator. Nature not only mirrors God's face, but also portrays divine lineaments in man's face.

A man's divineness also appears in the cross that is the focal point of human history, the spring of social progress. Calvary has been beautifully defined as "God's eulogy on man, written in letters of crimson, the temporal display of God's eternal heartache." It is man's infinite worth that explains that wondrous Being, who lived and loved and died upon that far-off hill of Galilee. The regard and esteem Christ gives man matches man's worth. A man is proud of the wagon he makes, but man loves his child. Things God makes — man — God loves. The prodigal son has broken his father's heart, and we are prodigals. All the wealth of meaning Calvary holds we may not know.

Theories "judicial," theories "commercial," theories that buy God from wrath to mercy,

theories that weigh divine goodness over against human badness — all these are broken arcs that cannot contain this wondrous circle named God's atoning love. And we utterly despair of ever finding any theory to express so large a fact. But we know that the mother bears the child's sorrows and sickness, and at last his vices and sins. We know that the patriot pouring his blood out on the battle-field atones for the sins of his fathers. We know that the reformer and philanthropist who bear the burdens of their suffering fellows arrest the progress of darkness. We know that each new liberty is bought with some one's martyrdom, and that each new truth is a flame that consumes its prophet. All this there was, and more, in that wondrous scene when Christ threw wide His arms to lift prodigal man back to his Father's side.

VIII

The Old and the New Conceptions of God

"This earth too small
For Love Divine? Is God not Infinite?
If so, His Love is Infinite. Too small!
One famished babe meets pity oft from Man
More than an army slain! Too small for Love!
Was earth too small to be of God created?
Why then too small to be redeemed?"

—AUBREY DE VERE.

VIII

THE OLD AND THE NEW CONCEPTIONS OF GOD

Every man paints his own picture of God. The ideas of God as measures of social progress. Each new knowledge or virtue a window looking out upon the realms divine. Something in common implied in all friendship and revelation. Photographers photograph the mountains in sections and men slowly construct a full conception of God. The importance of right thinking regarding the Divine Being. One's thought of God as a test of manhood. Those who think of God as force. They emphasize omnipotence. The motive fear. This the lowest level of approach. Those who think of God as a stream of tendency toward righteousness. They emphasize the laws of nature. The governmental conceptions of deity spring up in the age of feudalism. God as love. The divine throne the throne of attraction and beauty. Childhood develops rich associations about the term "father." The riches of God. The name of God ought to be as a granary, storing all treasures of the universe.

EVERY man paints his own picture of God. Speak the divine name into a thousand ears, and each has his own different conception. Man is indeed the noblest work of God, and conversely a correct idea of God is the noblest work of man. As our race increases in knowl-

edge and wisdom, its ideas of God are correspondingly exalted. Rude and savage ages beheld Him as a huge Hercules. Afterward as society journeyed away from its sword and spear, it left behind Zeus of the iron arm, and Jupiter of the avenging heart. Monarchical ages saw Him as a sovereign enthroned behind grim granite. Later, when laws began to be formulated, God became a judge who loved His laws and penalties more than His children. During the purely scientific epoch men revered Him as an infinite Newton or Copernicus, lighting star lamps by night and tending sun fires by day. At length has dawned a day when the throne of marble has become a throne of mercy. Taking its stand by Jesus Christ, society beholds the name of God clothed with wondrous beauty and attraction. His throne is now a glowing tropic centre, exhaling benefactions as the sun scatters fruits and harvests. Each new knowledge and integrity and sweet domestic trait has become a revelator, opening up new and beautiful conceptions of the Divine Being.

History tells of an Italian prince who fell heir to a dark and gloomy fortress. Soon he cut windows in the walls that he might look southward upon the villages and vineyards of that

storied land, and northward upon the glorious mountains. Then the inmates of the place of darkness found themselves looking out upon a landscape of great beauty and delight. Thus each new knowledge and virtue is a window in the soul's mansion, through which man looks out upon realms divine. The true yardstick, therefore, measuring manhood, is one's conception of God. As wise men go up in the scale of wisdom and become citizens of the universe with an outlook upon every side of nature and life, they behold every bush blazing, yet unconsumed with the glory of God's presence. But the fool says, "There is no God at all"; a very proper saying —for a fool. Emerson tells of an Abolition meeting in Boston, when a politician railed at Sojourner Truth. When the man sat down the tall black woman arose, and, tapping her forehead very significantly, said to him, "Honey, I would tell you something, but I see you ain't got nothin' to carry it home in." There can be no music for him whose hearing vanishes in deafness, and the universe holds no God for him whose wisdom has vanished away in folly. When Humboldt mused aloud over his "Cosmos," his favorite dog failed to understand the book. There was no reason or memory in the animal,

that answered to these faculties in the man. But could the scientist have endowed his dog with mind the animal would have followed his master's argument; with memory it would have recalled history; with humor it would have laughed over each witticism, and with each new faculty opened up in the dog a new range of Humboldt's mind would have passed before the animal's sight. Always the revelation from without implies a mind from within, keyed to its level. The speaker and the listener must have one faculty in common. The water and fin, the air and the wing, beauty and the eye, melody and the ear, go in couplets. The eloquence of Burke asks an informed hearer; the beauty of Phidias asks a refined taste; the wonder of truth and goodness in God asks a responsive nerve of truth and goodness in man. For the impure, God is simply invisible. But happy, indeed, are the pure in heart. Upon them hath dawned the beatific vision. They see God.

To-day all reverent scholarship confesses that man's knowledge of God is far from exhaustive. Such is the weight and wealth of the divine mentality that we know only in part. The reasons for this fragmentary knowledge are not far to seek. In his reflections Job tells us that all

the glory of land and sea and sky are only the whisperings of God's being, while the full thunder of His power is yet to be revealed. Those artists in Switzerland whose life work it is to photograph the Alps tell us that the mountains are too large for their cameras. They take the Matterhorn in sections. Afterward, by combining these partial views, they obtain the new and complete picture. Thus the genius of God is such that each red rose, each golden cloud, each perfumed wind, each tropic forest, and each mountain height can only portray one narrow section of God's wisdom and beauty. Using new tests, scientists have discovered certain dark rays beside the spectrum, rays all undetected by man's rude eyes. Thus in every department of nature science exhibits man's senses as too few and too feeble for exhaustive knowledge. We have twilight gleams, but no noonday wisdom. Moreover, temperament limits knowledge. Each mind looks upon the truth from its own angle. He who gives years to strengthening his talent for music ends with an enfeebled appreciation of color. Wordsworth loved poetry, but hated logic and philosophy. When Newton was asked which of his discoveries he thought greatest he could not recall them, so fickle was his memory, but his

powerful intellect could dissolve the present problem. Each year the college faculties have to excuse from mathematics a few students who, excelling in language and literature, are helpless to comprehend a simple problem in Euclid. History exhibits no "all-round men," in the full sense of that term. Each scholar must choose some little section for his province, knowing that its mastery will ask his full three score years and ten. For the tallest the horizon is but nine miles away. Our world is so vast that no foot can visit each shrine; no mind can record all beauty with pen or brush. The human hand was made for a single bouquet, not to hold the forest. The finite foot can never overtake infinite beauty. Evermore man knows "but in part."

The seer tells us that the importance of a correct idea of God is beyond all computation. Passing in review earth's great ones, he found one form of manhood exalted above all others whatsoever. It was said of the worshippers of Diana that men threw their offerings at the feet of the goddess because the human arm was too short to enable the worshipper to place his garland upon the forehead. With similar feeling the seer said, "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, nor the rich man in his wealth, nor

the strong man in his might." Earth can reach and crown all these forms of excellence. But there is a ground of glory and personal satisfaction higher than these, or than all others whatsoever, *i.e.* that a man has carried his manhood up to such ripeness of faculty and breadth of outlook, as that the great God rises before the soul's horizon in unexampled splendor. That lofty shape of soul is such that man can only whisper words of homage at the feet, while God alone doth crown the brow. Not but that wisdom in the poet and scholar is praiseworthy; happy he who by reading, conversation, and travel has gleaned knowledge in every field. Not but that wealth in the rich man is admirable; produced by industry, conserved by economy, multiplied by thrift, it is an almoner of universal bounty, the patron of art, education, liberty, and religion itself. Strength, too, in the man of oak and rock is worthy of the highest ambition. But all these are secondary qualities and acquirements. It was well for the orator Cicero that he had three villas and a city house, but his riches were subordinate. What he prided himself on was his eloquence. It was well for Dante that he was skilful with the harp, but what he rejoiced in was his poetry, by which he climbed to heaven and passed through paradise.

It is a laudable ambition for each young man to aspire to be an Apollo in strength, a Socrates in wisdom, a Crœsus in wealth, but all these are secondary qualities. A man's real riches is his heart treasure, garnered by the soul and not the body. In the last analysis, a man who is great toward men and things is like one who stands on the foothills of the Alps and looks down upon Florence; but he who is great toward God is like one who has climbed to the topmost peak of the Alps, and from thence looks out on all Italy and Europe. Happy is he who to every form of earthly excellence hath carried his spiritual nature up to such eminence as that he looks out upon God and realms divine.

First is that class of men who think of God as force, and are therefore ruled by motives of fear. For all such God is the mighty thunderer. Omnipotence sits in the centre of the universe, and the earth trembles under His footsteps; His storms mow down forests; His winds sink warships like eggshells; His quakings shake down the cities. From these movements in nature, rude races think they can interpret God's mind and heart. Thus the sun is the shining of His eye; the peaceful morn indicates His pleasure; the storm gathering in the evening sky represents

His anger; the tree shattered by the thunderbolt has incurred His wrath; the house blackened by fire has merited His displeasure; the city ruined by storm was blasted by His curse. The time was when the great majority of men held this conception of force, and even to-day multitudes are still governed by motives of fear. But of necessity the nature of the object to be governed determines the methods of its control. God governs dead things by force; the channel controls the river, and gravity the rocks. Living things are controlled by fear; the lark and the lion are kept in their places by dread. Man, standing at the summit of creation, is governed by hope and love.

It is only when he denies the higher law that he passes under the dominion of fear and force. When the drunkard benumbs his mind with drink, and makes himself a mere log, force holds his body in one spot. When man becomes an animal and passes under the law of appetite and passion, fear governs him. For each Judas and Macbeth, volcanic fires within and blazing lightnings without represent the inner smitings of conscience and the outer penalties of broken laws. Each man decides for himself at what level he will approach God. The government of fear

is a low and mean method of control, but it is better than no government at all. If one will not be reached by persuasions of right and duty of love, then he must be reached through the flesh and the blow that smites it. For the individual and the race living a rude and animal life, fears are provocatives to progress. The fear of hunger compels the lazy forest man to plough and sow; the fear of snow and winter forces the shiftless man to build; the fear of public opinion makes brutal men decent; the fear of old age and want makes idle men thrifty. But if fear is a civilizing force, its influence is very limited. When the husbandman plants the seed he asks help from the winter. Then the frost drives wedges and splits away the shell. Once that is done, the dominion of the cold is ended. Winter has no power to awaken the sleeping germ. Only the sun with its secret stimulus can arouse the sleeping life. Thus fear is a force that can release man from his animal fetters. But only the higher influences of love can lend life and stimulate toward growth.

Higher in the scale are those who think of the universe as a vast mechanism of laws and forces. For all these God is "the tendency toward righteousness." Looking outward, men

find themselves moving forward under the embrace of laws; laws of light and heat, laws of seedtime and harvest, laws of birth and growth. These laws are organized thoughts; they think for men, they offer grooves for his activities. By law order is maintained in the world house and plenty abounds, by law the white mists rise from the sea, by law the night wind marshals the clouds in battalions, by law the rain columns march westward, by law the rich showers fall, by law the mountain springs feed the rivers, by law the rivers feed the sea whence they came, by law the sea is never full. But these laws of rivers and soils and forests and stars are impotent to account for life's higher problems. Science has rendered it impossible to explain that symbol of modern civilization, the morning newspaper, by referring the wheels to iron ore, the type to lead mines, the paper to flax fields, and the steam to the fire and water from which it sprang. Reason asks us to refer the mechanism to an intelligence that brought iron and lead together in the printing-press, and brought words together so as to make arguments. In man's attempt to account for the universe, natural law has been sadly overworked. The burdens laid on have broken the back.

A traveller, whose journey in India must have been imaginary, tells of a magician who waved his wonder-working wand over the mouth of a little jug, when lo! a sprite came forth who swelled into a man's stature. Then the man planted seeds and led them forth to blossom and fruit before the wondering spectators. Obedient to a signal, he shrank his trees into seeds, and making himself a sprite, disappeared within the jug. But this necromancy is as nothing compared to the wonders wrought by that form of philosophy that, asking only a pot of ink and a steel pen, evokes dramas, symphonies, cathedrals, constitutions, nations, planets, and suns by a mere method of activity called laws. All these and similar conceptions are impotent to satisfy human reason. Moreover, they have no power for exalted life and character. The patriot will die for wife and babies and country, but not for philosophic mist and moonshine. Well may Martineau ask whether any publican smiting upon his breast will leave his heart burdens behind and go away in peace after a prayer to the "Eternal not ourselves that makes for righteousness." Will any crucified one lose the bitterness of death in crying, "O stream of tendency, into thy hands I commit my spirit"?

And to the martyr stoned to death will any heaven open, will any vision come, when he exclaims, "Great Ensemble of Humanity, receive me"? Recent events are rendering it certain that the modern thinkers are tired of giving their devotions to the night wind. Many are returning to their rest to say, "O thou once Unknown One, I thank thee that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

The governmental conceptions of Deity exhibit Him as a God of judgment and penalty. His throne is the throne of the monarch, His rule is the rule of one whose will is law. This view goes back to the Middle Ages, and sprang out of what men saw about them. In that far-off time feudalism reigned supreme. The centre of civilization was the castle and the prince within it. Approaching that fortress, one came first of all to a huge wall. Beyond was the moat filled with water, threatening each besieger. Then came another wall, with ramparts and towers and cannon surmounting it. The drawbridge was studded with iron points. At length philosophers found in the rule of the monarch the type and symbol of the government of God. The Divine One surrounded Him-

self with a huge webwork of laws so ingeniously constructed that no transgressor could escape. His throne became a thing of vast proportions, with artillery and laws and penalties. Its foundations were stone; the walls of His palace were stone; the windows through which Deity looked were stone; one tiny light did indeed flash out from the top — the lamp of love, but that star shone only for an elect few. Dwelling under such conceptions, men fulfilled the law from motives of necessity and self-preservation. To do wrong was to be damned; rather than be damned they would do right. Obedience became a form of refined self-interest. The fear of Satan below, not the love of God above, draws men toward the heavenly heights. Xenophon tells us that behind the mercenary troops went the driver with his whip. Each squad was urged forward by the whip and scourge, and the victory came not from love of country, but from dread of the stinging blows. But our patriots marched unto death, drawn forward by love of honor and country. Strange that for some the movement toward God is a flight before the penalties of law and justice. How ignoble such motives! The musician pursues his studies, not through dread of discord, but love of harmony; the

artist pupil advances, not because of a revulsion from ugliness, but a love of beauty. "Jonathan Edwards makes me fear and tremble," said Hawthorne, "but Jesus Christ makes me hope and love." The one hurried the pilgrim forward by planting nettles in the path; the other allured the soul upward by making the way very beautiful, thick with wayside flowers, winding by lovely streams, yet leading straight to Paradise. Travellers in Yucatan tell of valleys from which man long since marched away, leaving his palaces to owls and bats and giving over his gardens to the ivy and the cactus. The vales were very rich, the climate was soft and fair. But man left behind this terrestrial paradise to journey northward under a cold, bleak sky. Oh, fatal mistake! like that of men who have exchanged the tutelage of a father's love and sympathy for the iron rule of law and justice.

According to the sublime view of Jesus Christ, "God is love." Therein all conceptions of Deity have their climax and consummation. For His love includes all force, justice, duty, providence; it gathers up whatever is true in all other views; it completes that which is fragmentary. Through Christ the unknown ceases to be mere brightness without central orb or nucleus; the Arch-thun-

derer becomes a marvel of gentleness and tenderness; the Silent One is no longer without voice or vision. O beautiful teaching! clothing the Divine One with power because strength alone can be gentle; clothing Him with justice because justice is an inflection of mercy; surrounding Him with laws and penalties because His penalties are medicines and His laws are divine pathways leading to happiness and peace. Jesus Christ caused His Father to stand forth in an alluring atmosphere of strength and gentleness, of generosity and magnanimity. Then His throne was clothed with wondrous attraction. He stood forth possessed of such unexampled richness of mind and heart as that whatever is admirable or striking or beautiful in nature or life must be laid under contribution and used as an alphabet for interpreting His riches. To all other alluring and illuminating names, Christ added that of Father, a name with that of mother that showers all sweet memories and suggestions upon the human soul. Thereby Christ opened up, as it were, a heart throbbing within love itself. The soul is a harp, and every string vibrates sweet melodies when the parental names are struck. The mother love hovers over the cradle as the Star of the

East stood over the sacred manger. Human nature is never so nearly divine as when the cradle becomes a temple, and the babe is a divinity for those who brood above it.

For that little, unheeding, impotent bundle, the mere seed of life, the mother heart pours out all the royal tides of love, asking no reward save the opportunity of nourishing it out of nothingness and littleness into largeness and beauty. And though in later life the child, through deceit and flattery, goes astray, and flees from home only to be shattered and wrecked, yet the sacred tide of love still flows on, and the golden thread of love unrolling and still unrolling holds the child fast and draws it back out of all the confusion and storm. Having borne the child's sicknesses and infancy, having carried its ignorance and disobedience in youth, at length the parent bears its follies and vices, and even its crimes. Between the cradle and the grave there is not a single hour when the parental heart will not open wide the arms to protect the child by reason of the great love she bears it. And Jesus Christ asks the word Father and all the tender and sweet associations of childhood to interpret God unto men. He asked men to sit down by the stream of memory

as by the river of water of life, and through the image of parents loving and beloved interpret God's glowing, glorious mind and heart. For His love includes the love of friend and companion and parent and is more than all. He is above the soul as the heavens overarch the fields, filling the fruits with heat by day and the flowers with cooling dews by night.

When that astronomer returned from a long journey through the stellar spaces he cried out, "Truly our God is a great God, for the glory of the heavens and the handiwork of the earth are but His outer garments." The sun itself is not to God's greatness what a diamond ring is to a man. Vast indeed is the world house. Most beautiful all its appointments. But the infinite mind that fashioned and the all-loving Providence that adorned are a thousand fold more than the material house. He who is the world householder is also the world Father. But each pilgrim child may approach God at whatsoever level he pleases. The traitor drew near to our martyred Lincoln as to a judge; the soldier came seeking orders; the secretary came for mandates, but Tad, the dying child, stretching up his arms drew near to a father's heart.

Not otherwise will all high and low soon close

the eyes to the wondrous earthly scene. Happy all those before whom the Name Divine stands forth in lustrous beauty and attraction. Happy those who behold bud, bird, cloud, sunbeam, to find therein steps of a golden ladder leading up to God. Thrice happy those who feel that the regent of universal nature is also the Father who indeed forgives and guides, but who also makes all laws and forces almoners of bounty to His child, shaking down each day the boughs of infinite love, each night in vision hours setting the heart throbbing with surging tides, until the whole being is full of longing for the waiting kingdom of love. For then that name—God, granaries all the treasures of our universe. God's name is a garden filled with sweet shrubs and perfumed fruits. God's name is a gallery stored with novel pictures of the past; it is a jewel case in which flash all gems of precious thought; it is a cathedral through which the weary generations pass; it is a medicine chest holding all balms and remedies; it is a belfry from which angels ring out all celestial chimes. God's name is love; God's mercies are medicines; God's thought is man's providence; God's heart is man's refuge and eternal home.

IX

Evolution and Christianity: Every Theory of Development asks for an Infinite God to make the Theory Workable

"Evolution is the working hypothesis of most scientific men at the present time. In no branch of science is it without influence, and in the sciences which deal with life it is dominant. We cannot escape from it. Its technical phrases have become parts of current common speech; and such words as 'natural selection,' the 'struggle for existence,' and the 'survival of the fittest' are on the lips of every one. It does not matter to what sphere of human work we turn, for in all alike we meet with the same mental atmosphere. Are we students of physics or chemistry, we have no sooner mastered the elements of the science than we are plunged into questions which deal with the 'evolution' of the 'atom' or the 'molecule' from simpler forms of matter. Do we study mechanics, then we are brought into a sphere where men talk of the evolution of the steam engine or of some other machine which has slowly grown from less to more till it has reached its present state. Are we students of man, then we become accustomed to inquiries into the evolution of the family, of marriage, of the community, of the state. Morality is evolved, religion also." "It is grand and ennobling to sweep back in thought across the hundred million years or so which separate us from the time when our earth was only vapor, and to be led on from that point of time, through all the intervening ages, as one science after another guides our footsteps, until we arrive at the complex, differentiated, integrated world of the present time, with its life, intelligence, ethics, religion, science, art, and to have some understanding of the process whereby this has come out of that. But we may still have the rapture and the admiration; we may admire and so far revere and be thankful for the work done in the service of evolution, and yet withhold that final sacrifice demanded in her name."

—PROFESSOR INVERACH.

IX

EVOLUTION AND CHRISTIANITY: EVERY THEORY OF DEVELOPMENT ASKS FOR AN INFINITE GOD TO MAKE THE THEORY WORKABLE

Evolution a vision of the possible method by which God secures progress for man and nature. The story of the ascent of man. The number of the epochs in the world's history increases the difficulty of the problem. Evolution at first materialistic, now theistic. With few exceptions, the great scientists have become Christian. Fiske, Romanes, Mivart. Evolution the friend, not foe, of religion. Three views of the universe. Atheism, pantheism, agnosticism. Divine immanence. Evolution and the idea of God. Evolution and the origin of man. Evolution and conscience. Evolution and sin. The law of force become the law of love. Evolution and immortality. The reasonableness of God's universe. Christ the supreme revelation.

EVOLUTION is a vision of the possible method by which God secures progress for man and nature. It is a history of the divine footprints and the story of the ascent of man. In strangely thrilling words it tells us how a ball of fire became a home for God's children; how stones became soil; how seeds became forests and vineyards; how huts became houses and tents temples;

how rude, hard sounds became eloquent speech; how signs and hieroglyphics became language and literature. Just as conversation is necessary to man with his unfolding thoughts, so evolution exhibits the world with its valleys and hills, its harvests and cities, with its stars and rolling suns, as necessary to God and His unfolding genius.

Champollion spent twenty years in trying to decipher the rude signs upon the tombs of Egypt, before he found the key to the hieroglyphics. But, small, indeed, the tombs and temples of Thebes seem in contrast with the pages in great nature's book. Unfortunately, also, the scientist's task has been rendered increasingly difficult in that many of the rock pages have been sadly injured, the writing strangely blurred, while the language is neither clear nor simple. Also the number and vastness of the epochs in the world's history multiply problems for the student. It is a long way from a grain of sand to the red rose; farther yet from a bird to Plato and his idea of immortality. Only once in æons does Nature turn a new leaf in her gigantic book. A thousand ages, and the ball of fire cools; a thousand ages, and a little soil appears, a thousand ages, and the forests rise in ranks and layers of coal appear; then at intervals of a thousand ages each appear the tiny fish, the

rude saurian, the bird, the beast, and at last man, evermore unrivalled.

In a universe so vast, scholars long have wandered, lost like children in a dense wood, yet ever seeking some clew to the divine method of creation. The geologist has unceasingly asked by what furnaces of fire the earth has been melted; by what wheels of earthquakes it has been torn; by what chisels of ice it was engraven into its final form. The botanist patiently watched the wild rice developing into the stalk of wheat, and the rose wild and pink becoming double and of many colors. The astronomer studied Saturn with its evolving rings of fire. The archæologist studied museums and the sites of old cities. The historian studied man as he mastered the use of fire, invented his first boat, tamed the first wild horse, harnessed the steam to his plough. Thus through many centuries scholars have been moving forward, each along his own appointed path. At length, just as the exploring parties searching out the head-waters of the Mississippi suddenly found themselves coming together and within hailing distance of each other, so of late all the highways of knowledge have been rapidly converging toward the central point, and, looking up, scholars have signalled one to another, and the secret that trem-

bled upon the lips of one proved to be the discovery of all — evolution is the key that reveals the method of God in nature.

We are told that when Columbus's voyage for testing his theory of the earth's roundness drew near the end, and it became evident that the new continent would establish his brilliant hypothesis, the great voyager became so agitated as to be compelled to give to another officer the command of the ship, for which his agitation made him unequal. Thus the burst of a sudden discovery, the solution of a world-long problem, has come to our generation charged with a meaning in excess of human strength. After long wanderings over a dark and trackless sea of doubt and mystery, at last the cloud has passed from the pole star of our world. Overcome by the magnitude of the supreme moment of discovery, a few scholars have permitted the law to obscure the Law-maker. For the moment the sunbeam, by very brightness, has obliterated the sun. But if there was an evolution that was atheistic and based in materialism, the evolution that now is, is theistic, and increasingly Christian.

Of John Fiske, Charles Darwin wrote, Than him we have no stronger, clearer exponent. But John Fiske seems to think that science is to help bring

a greater revival of Christianity than that which built the cathedrals of Europe in the thirteenth century. Herbert Spencer has given no student higher praise than Romanes. But it was evolution that led Romanes, the agnostic, to those "altar stairs that slope through darkness up to God," and made him in his last book say, *Science is moving with all the force of a tidal wave toward faith in Jesus Christ as the world's Saviour.* The physicist, the biologist, the students of force and life alike, in reverent voice have spoken to God and said, "O Father, where art Thou?" And out of rock and wave, out of herb and flower, has come a voice answering, "God is here." The earth cries unto the heavens, "God is here"; the heavens cry to the earth, "God is here." The land hath Him, the sea claims Him, the clouds are His chariots. Sitting upon the circle of the earth, He draweth all things upward in ever increasing cycles of knowledge and goodness and love.

Strangely enough the doctrine of evolution has provoked bitter antagonism. Multitudes fear that it means waste and destruction. Misunderstanding, they shiver lest it will relegate religion to the limbo of exploded superstitions. But just here we remember that the announcement of the theory of

gravitation threw Newton's generation into a perfect panic of fear. All now perceive that the philosopher was a reverent and earnest Christian. Yet during his life ecclesiastics charged Newton with infidelity and rank atheism. It was not until after his death that the storm began to abate its fury, and the professors of Oxford University succeeded in smuggling the theory of gravitation into their classrooms under the cover of notes in Aristotle's works.

In like manner the names of Galileo and Copernicus, of Kepler and Columbus, rise up in judgment, not against Christianity, but against its ignorant and intolerant exponents. Taught in no wise by the errors of the past, once more ecclesiastics are going forth in battle array against evolution, using texts for bullets, throwing Genesis at the scientists, and setting the flag of faith in defence of the flag of reason. Confessing that there is a warfare between ignorant scientists and ignorant ecclesiastics, let us also hasten to affirm that there is no conflict whatever between science and religion. God is never at war with Himself. The divine voice through nature, and the divine voice through conscience, can never contradict each other. Just as the flowery bank on this side of a river is one with the bank on the other side

of the stream, both having the same laws of gravity and light and heat, so science and religion are hemispheres making up one planet, and are controlled by the same divine laws. It was of science and religion that Baronius said, "The one tells how the heavens go, and the other how to go to heaven." For a long time past science and religion have been in the condition of two fruitful trees, through whose branches has raged all the fury of a heavy storm. But now that the storm is dying out of the air, the trees are found to be unhurt, the boughs are full of birds, and the branches have burst into bloom and fruit.

The storm has gone, but the tree abides and grows. Meanwhile those who have stood aside from the dispute, and have calmly used the hypothesis of evolution for testing the facts of nature and life, are now coming forth from their long retreat with faces that shine like men who have seen "the heavenly vision." Nor need we wonder that the surpassing grandeur of the new conception has exalted reason and imagination, and caused scholars to take off their shoes, because every bush burned, and "the place whereon they walked was holy ground." All have come to feel the force of these memorable words which close the "Origin of Species." "There is a grandeur

in this view of life with its several powers having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms, or into one; and that whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning, endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been born, and are being gradually evolved." For many years now, in the laboratory and in the library, students have been tracing the development of the seed toward the blade and stalk. Evolution has enabled the biologist to search out the secrets of embryology. Darwin and Wallace have used it for tracing the rise of the animal body. Romanes has used it for explaining the development of the mental faculties. Spencer has found that it explains the rise of industrial and social institutions. Bruce and Fairbairn have found it explains the evolution of conscience and morals. McCosh found it useful in interpreting the typical forms of nature. Caird used it to interpret the development of religion. How vast and wide sweeping has been the change of view can be understood from this fact.

Twenty years ago the leading professor in a certain institution always spoke of evolution as the "theory of devilution," and now, by a singular coincidence, not a single professor in that great

college but reverently and joyfully teaches the very theory that once its founder scored. Already the time has come when almost everybody exclaims, "Evolution — certainly; why, I always believed in theistic evolution."

What is the doctrine of evolution? Fundamentally, it is the doctrine of creation by gradualism rather than by instantaneous fiat. In general, there are three views of the origin of the universe. The first is atheistic. It leads God to the edge of the universe, and quietly bows Him out of existence as unnecessary. It holds that soil and heat and cold alone are sufficient to account for harvests, cities, and civilization. Atheism calls the clod the creator of a rose, the author of an "Iliad," the father of a Newton. Reason explains an engine by some Watt, but atheism explains each Watt by pointing to a lump of mud. Atheism is the apotheosis of blind faith. It puts credulity on the throne, and kicks reason and culture into the street. Next in order of thought is that theory that explains land and sea and sky by a sudden inthrust of divine power. This view holds that God set the sun in the centre, balanced the planets around about, threw great belts called laws around the fiery wheels, and in six successive days completed the furnishing of the world house.

Afterward, the Creator returned from the world, never to reappear save at certain intervals, when He breaks into the scene through special interruptions of the regular laws.

Over against this doctrine of instantaneity, Christianity places the doctrine of creation by gradualism, teaching that God is immanent, is in all, through all, and above all; that His last creative act is as new as the newly born babe; that the latest event in nature is God's latest thought toward man; that His love blushes in each apple blossom; that the very changes on the hillsides of May form, as it were, a continued letter from God, freshly written each morning: that each new day is a creative day; that the divine dew lies as freshly on the grass as when first the morning stars sang together for joy; that what God was, He is; that what He said, He says; that what He did, He does. Looking backward, this view exhibits the earth as once in a condition that answered to that of our sun. Slowly it cooled; slowly through billows of flame the granite was pulverized into soil; partly by ice, and partly by water, the earth was made rich for the coming plants; organic life at first being very simple; then the soft ferns giving way to the hardy forests; by ages and long processions plants rising rank upon rank;

by ages and long processions animals rising order upon order; coming at last to our father, man; man himself moving up by stages toward heights of excellence, such as the imagination of no Dante or Milton, though strained to its very uttermost, is able to conceive what man shall yet be, what faculties shall be grouped within him, what heights of wisdom and ranges of love shall be possible to him when God and Christ and the resources of time shall have fully wrought their divine purpose upon him; and that in the life that is, and that is to come, God's presence works like yeast, and will ever work; that progress is the genius of the universe; that all creation is out upon an upward march; that daily, God causes the dry crust of the earth to move up into the herb and shrub; the shrubs to ascend into the life of the animal; the animal to be lifted up into the life of man; man to be lifted up into the mind and life of Christ; that earth and sun and all the starry hosts are marching forward to the sound of divine music, and following after One who leads them toward a great cosmic goal, when at length the law of love, which is the law of Christ, shall prevail everywhere — this is that seminal theory of the universe, called Christian evolution.

Consider how evolution affects man's idea of

God. It is said that when Jacquard first exhibited his loom to the wondering spectators, and the streams of water, by means of the belt and fly-wheel, started all the spindles upon their task of embroidering flowers and leaves upon the silk texture, the on-lookers were so entranced with the wonder of the loom as utterly to forget the inventor. The myriad spindles toiling on without any help from without made Jacquard seem superfluous. But soon the mechanism needed repairing, and then the spectators came to feel there was no greatness in the loom that was not first in Jacquard's mind. Thus for a brief period this great earthly mechanism with its evolving processes seemed to abolish God. But afterward, with knowledge, reverence grew, until the time has now come when biologists, physicists, historians, alike confess that there is no theory of evolution that does not demand a God to make it workable. Even Darwin has never denied the existence of a God, but distinctly assumed the World Genius standing back of His wondrous earthly mechanism.

Tyndall also said that sometimes in melancholy moods his faith grew weak, but in clear and luminous hours, when intellect was at its best, all his doubts of God fled utterly away. To-day

scientists, almost without exception, testify that evolution has inconceivably exalted the idea of God. It is one thing for an inventor to make a watch. But the inventor must needs stand beside that watch. When a wheel or escapement gives way he repairs the injury, and when the timepiece wears out he makes a new watch. Now what if some genius could invent a watch that was self-repairing; that by study of its wheels could correct its own errors? What if when worn and old it could reproduce itself in another watch? What if it could endow its successor with power not only to reproduce itself, but to develop new improvements, substituting a jewelled pivot from time to time instead of a pivot of steel, and so move forward in an ever improving series of timepieces? Would not the mind of such an inventor as this be inconceivably superior to him who merely makes a watch and then makes another one? Now in precisely this way the theory of Christian evolution has exalted inconceivably the idea of God, who does not need to stop and think about the physical wants of birds and beasts and men, but has organized His thoughts into laws that think for Him. Thus, slowly as man grows, his thoughts of God grow also. In an age of brute force, when Hercules was the ideal, the

Greek saw the infinite as a colossal Titan. Later on, when kings succeeded rude warrior heroes, the Infinite was looked upon as a world monarch. When power held sway over minds of men, He became the Omnipotent One. When knowledge became the ideal, He was a kind of infinite Agassiz. When the domestic sentiments asserted themselves, He became goodness, purity, and love. Each new virtue in man proved to be an added window through which some new and glorious attribute in God rushed into sight. The progressive development of the idea of God in the Scriptures is itself one of the most striking examples of evolution as the divine method.

Christian evolution has also changed our idea of man. Slowly it is undermining the old view of the fall that sees each Aristotle as the ruins of an Adam, substituting, instead, man as beginning in a low and savage state, and under the providential oversight of God, slowly moving upward toward refinement, culture, and character. Even the late president of Princeton College, Dr. McCosh, has said that while neither science nor revelation gives a clear statement as to how man was created, still it should be noted as a deeply significant fact that, "as the human embryo grows, it becomes like a fish, a reptile, a mam-

mal, and finally takes on the human form. It thus passes through the series of the ramified classification of animals, the kingdom, sub-kingdom, class, family, genus, species." Le Comte, Cope, and scores of others equally prominent hold that the human body brings forward and unites in itself all the excellence of the lower animal creation.

As the infantile life develops, it enters into and passes through the likeness of each lower animal and, journeying ever upward, carries with it the special grace and gift of each creature that is left behind, sometimes a bone or muscle or ganglion, until the excellences of all the lower animal realm are compacted in man's little body. Many organs useful in the lower realm are found only in rudimentary form in man. Drummond says the body contains some seventy vestigial structures like the vermiform appendix. Indeed, the human body seems like an old curiosity shop, a museum of obsolete anatomies and outgrown organs. Take away the theory that man has risen from a lower animal condition, and these unused organs have absolutely no explanation. With such facts before us it is as foolish to assert that man is not related to the animal creation as to assert that the ferns marked in the coal strata

and the fishes found in the layers of rock throw no light upon the events of geology. Strangely enough, some are unwilling to believe that God created the body progressively through animals, but are quite willing to believe that he created it immediately from a clod in the Garden of Eden.

But either origin is good enough, provided the man has journeyed far enough from the clod or the animal and gone up near enough to the angel. Some there are for whom no descent seems possible — they are already as low as any animal. Others seem to have made no ascent whatever, but to be even now upon the plane of things that creep and crawl. But let us leave the origin of the body to the scientists. By whatever way man's body came, mentality and spirituality have now been engrafted thereupon. Man is no longer animal, but spiritual. He stands forth clothed with faculties divine that ally him to God. Whether man is descended from one human pair or many; whether his body has come through a direct fiat or a progressive creation, the important fact is that man now bears the image of God, and that all are brethren. Science has established a unity of men. For the surgeon and the dietitian the physiology or anatomy of the white race or the black is the physiology and anatomy of all

races. The functions of brain and nerve and muscle are the same in all peoples. Reason and memory, the love of beauty and of humor, imagination and conscience, exist in all tribes alike. This scientific fact establishes the doctrine of human brotherhood, and proclaims the unity of the race, making of "one blood," indeed, "all who dwell upon the face of the earth."

Consider what light evolution throws upon the problem of sinfulness and the conflict in the soul. Primarily, it exhibits man as a double creature. The spirit man rides upon a man of flesh, and is often thrown thereby, and trampled under foot. Because the physical man includes all the instruments of the animal realm, there are times when the soul seems to manifest the cunning of the fox, the cruelty of the lion, the traits of the wolf — yea, the sting of the serpent itself. But if there is a lower man having the appetite and passion that sustain the body, there is also a higher spiritual man with reason, affection, and moral sentiments. And the union of the two means strife and conflict. It is the doing by the physical man what the spiritual man would not do that leads the soul to cry out, "Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Thus sin ceases to be philosophy and creed, and becomes a concrete personal fact. Sin is the struggle for supremacy between the animal forces and the higher spiritual powers. Just as there is a line between the tropics where the two zones meet and breed cyclones, so there is a middle line in man where the spiritual meets the animal man, and there perpetual storm doth reign; there it has been said clouds never pass away and the thunder never dies out of the soul's horizon. Now this scientific view of sin is slowly but surely destroying the mediæval conception. The scholastics long have represented God as creating inexperience and innocence, then permitting it to be debauched, and afterward transmitting the awful results to the entire human race, dooming the vast majority to endless torment. Many, for want of any other view, have accepted what they have been taught, not realizing the real content of the teaching. If a physician should place his child in a plague hospital, and expose him to contagion, knowing that he would transmit the awful disease to innumerable generations, an after decision to introduce remedial proceedings for a very few of the plague-stricken ones would in no wise clear the father's garments of responsibility. Multitudes have welcomed the new statement of the doctrine of sin —

not simply because it sweeps away the dreadful nightmare of scholastic teachings, and rids the mind of a horror of thick darkness, but also because this view lends itself readily, first to the facts of experience and the facts of heredity, and chiefly because it interprets that conception of human sinfulness as taught by Jesus Christ. And this evolutionary view, appealing to universal reason, appeals also to divine help. Morning and noon and night it encourages in men the hope of a divine deliverer. To men struggling to conquer the body and to rise above the dominion of sin these words of Christ, "Ye may, ye must be born again," are sweet as angels' songs falling o'er the battlements of Paradise. For the doctrine of regeneration is by preeminence the doctrine of salvation.

This seminal theory also throws great light upon the conversion of the law of strength and force into the law of love and vicarious service. In the inorganic world strength survives, weakness goes to the wall. Returning to the plant realm, the sturdy shrub weeds out the weaker growths. But with parenthood a new principle appears. Weakness ceases to go down before strength. The parent uses his wisdom and power as a shield for protecting infancy. The law of the survival of

the fittest is succeeded by the law of service. And when the parental instinct has fully interrupted the law of strength, then rude men in their wild life begin to protect weakness in others. At a very early era Moses enacted laws giving the orphan the right to glean in the fields, giving the pilgrim overcome with hunger the right to enter the vineyards for satisfying his pressing hunger with food and grain, forbidding the creditor to take away the debtor's spade, plough, or implement of labor, freeing the slave at stated intervals.

Finally, when the fulness of time had come, the interruption of the law of strength had a new exhibition in the life and death of Christ, in whom the twilight passed into sunrise, and who converted the cosmic law of the survival of strength into the law of sympathy, vicarious service, and suffering. And slowly his influence is leavening all society; imitating him, the children of genius like Stowe use their genius to plead for the slave; each Dickens consecrates his pen to ameliorating the condition of orphaned Oliver Twist and David Copperfield; each John Brown, Lloyd Garrison, and Wendell Phillips gives his power to the slaves in the Southern cotton fields; such reformers and heroes as Howard and Livingstone give life itself to the conquest of savagery and the en-

thronement of civilization in some dark continent. For this progressive interruption of the law of the survival of the fittest has its sublimest manifestation in the life, teachings, and death of Jesus Christ, whose example is exalting all civilization and making the world ready for the day when the universe itself shall give praise unto Him, "who, being rich, for our sakes made Himself poor," and therefore has received "a name that is above every name."

Postponing for the present all discussion of the bearing of Christian evolution upon the institution of the church, the conception of the Bible with the ideas of prayer and providence, and the hope of social progress, it remains for us to note its bearing upon immortality. Of old Socrates and Cicero found in nature intimations of a future life. But so faint were the glimmerings that men never knew the joy of death or the happiness of dying. For the multitude the grave dripped with horrors. Death's cold chilled men to the marrow. The skull and crossbones alone were fitting symbols of the future. It was Christ who brought life and immortality to light. But at length has dawned a day when science is beginning to verify and interpret Christ's vision of immortality. Everywhere nature exhibits the lower working

toward the higher. Science finds that the seed's husk first dies that the inner plant may live; the bud falls that the fruit may swell; the vine gives its sap that the clusters may grow ripe; the heart gives its blood that the brain may think and grow wise; while in every realm of life the lower must needs die, that the higher may live again. And having seen how plants rise rank upon rank; having seen biennials journey toward the winter of death, only to receive a second summer for the bloom and blossom that the first summer denied; having seen that not one order of created life but has persisted until its every force was unfolded and developed, science has gone on to observe that man alone is germinal at death. The summer is too short and cold for his mental fruitage. Even the ripest sage and seer is only in the bud and blossom of his growth. Three score years and ten avail but for an alphabetic development of reason and memory and affection. The rest of man's two score faculties must wait for a second summer. Grave-planted, the quiescent germinal faculties wait for a more genial clime. Indeed, the multitudes in China and Africa, and the myriads in the isles of the sea, go forward unto death, each like a casket of seeds that has never yet been planted.

Why the God of silence and mystery permitted

the populations for thousands of generations to sweep on in number like unto the leaves of the forest, and like the leaves rising only to fall again; why through untold ages He left them without church, or Bible, or altar, or religious teacher, we do not know. Reason may record its surprise that men were left in ignorance of roots lying under foot that would have cured the raging pestilence; why the Heavens breathed forth no word of instruction as to body and brain, as to reason and memory, as to the problems of health and happiness. But reason fails to pierce the veil. It is enough that God has time, and to spare; that growth is His upon both sides of the grave, that all instruments of power and agents of happiness and character are God's and therefore His children's. So that beyond death He may accomplish for the children of ignorance and superstition the happiness and culture denied them here. Surely He who has skill to cause the very gravestones to go toward mossy life and beauty; out of decaying logs can snowdrops bring; leads the lily's whiteness forth from the black slough and bog; can make the roses on the battle-fields the redder for the ruin that has been wrought; hath also skill to lead the darkened mind toward light; to turn vice into virtue, and bring judgment to victory.

Therefore, we should expel from the mind ungenerous thoughts about God. If God is generous toward man the prodigal and sinner, why should man be ungenerous toward God, and think Him without resource for the darkened generations? Justice and love are on the world's throne. Therefore all is well. In Paris after the horrors of the Revolution had passed, the traveller lying awake at midnight in his hotel might hear the watchman crying, "Midnight, and all is well!" But the prophet who watches under the stars for the morning of God's coming, need not say, "Midnight, and all is well!" but rather, "The day dawns, and all is well!" Even now the King of time draws near. He is causing Christianity, no longer disfigured and mourning, to go forth in all the beauty of divine and all-conquering love. Soon there shall fall o'er the heavenly battlements the shout of victory, from the lips of the heavenly host, again drawing near our earth; soon shall rise from the redeemed human family the notes of exulting praise and gladness; soon earth's song and heaven's symphony, meeting, shall unite in one triumphant hymn of praise, that shall sound on and sound forever, in honor of "Him who is before all things and in whom all things consist."

X

Evolution and the New View of the Bible

"It is true that the Bible is an inspired book . . . but in a much higher sense than that which is claimed for it, and which is pragmatical, pharisaic, and minifying. I have already dealt with this, but for the young there may be a further condensation of some points. The grander and truer theory of inspiration is that under God's providence all the moral sentiments and noble tendencies of mankind have been growing in the direction of divine truth; that there has been a guidance, a general enlightenment, of the human race, in every age, especially among certain peoples; that men have developed great moral principles, and some to a large degree have grown into heavenly knowledge; that the counsel and secret thoughts of God were thus indicated by human growth in grace; that exceptional persons were raised up in every period who could see what was thus made known, and who made a faithful record of what had transpired under this inspiration of God; and that statements were made by them of the experiences of the inspired race, so far as they were unfolding out of nothing into something, from lower to higher forms of knowledge. This theory of the inspiration of Scripture is quite reconcilable with the fact that there are mistakes of letters and words and even of historic statements in it here and there, without lessening its spiritual value."

— BEECHER'S "Bible Studies," p. 35.

X

EVOLUTION AND THE NEW VIEW OF THE BIBLE

The Bible and the rise of the common people. This book a spring of liberty. The very heart of law and literature. No other book so popular with orators and poets. Holds the love of the common people. Of late a storm centre. Every treasure house, stored with wealth, invites attack. Unfortunately the discussion has destroyed the confidence of multitudes. The book has been be-trashed and be-rubbished. The story of the Bible. A library of a single volume. The Bible portrays the rise and growth of right and wrong. Exhibits the evolution of moral ideas. The development of the Ten Commandments. The development of the Mosaic symbolism as a revelation of God. The Bible exhibits the gradual development of the theistic idea. Not a book of chemistry or astronomy. Not a book of history. A book of morals. The story of the higher moods of the noblest men of the best nation of the old times, preserved for the guidance of the multitudes. The Bible the book of refinement and culture. No other book stands in such vital relations to the human heart. The one universal book. Its truths eternal.

ALTHOUGH all nations and ages have had their religious books, no other volume has stood in such vital relations to the mind and heart as the Bible. Since Luther's day, this book has

been literature as well as religion, for all Europe. The Saxon race may literally be said to have derived its civilization from this single volume. So deeply has this book implanted itself upon the household life, and so powerfully has it wrought upon all poets and singers, that scholars and people alike find it well-nigh impossible to think apart from its moral levels. Analyzing the traits of the English race, Emerson remarked that the ruling classes have their strength and culture through having been nourished daily upon a chapter in the Bible and a leader in the *London Times*. The immortal principles of the Bible have been the bread of life to the millions of the republic also. Ours is an era when the divine beauty that ravished Milton and Dante is convincing the western peoples also that duty is one with joy and beauty. In all ages great men have gone to the Bible as to the very spring of thought and inspiration. This book lent Milton his Paradise; lent Handel his Messiah; lent Titian his Transfiguration; lent Christopher Wren the plan of his cathedral; lent liberty to Cromwell; lent Lincoln a rule, "golden" for white and black alike.

Take the Bible out of the galleries and cathedrals of Europe; take it out of the world's songs and sympathies, its laws and literatures, and only

an outer shell of civilization would be left — just as taking a sweet babe out of the cradle would leave only a few pieces of lumber. Nor has any other book stood in universal relations to all ages and classes. The Bible has made an ineffaceable impression upon child life. Upon it poets have fed their genius. Its thoughts lie like threads of gold upon the rich pages of each Macaulay or Burke. Orators have quoted from it so largely that we may say that, in proportion as men are cultured, have they been students of the Bible. To-day its moral principles form the very substance and body of modern law and jurisprudence. For centuries it has been the book for patriots and reformers; it has been the slave's book; it has been the book for the common people struggling upward: it has been the book of hope for all prodigals; it has been a medicine book for the heart-broken, while its ideas furnish goals for society's future progress. For the individual it teaches the art of individual worth, and is a guide to conduct and character. For the state it is a handbook of universal civilization.

Strangely enough, of late years the Bible has become the centre of storm and attack. The time was when men read and reverenced it, as though it were a book fallen down from God. If all its

pages had been printed by angel hands; if all had borne God's signet and seal; if by a silver cord it had been let down over the heavenly battlements, men could scarcely have treated it with more profound reverence. Indeed, in certain quarters this reverence has amounted almost to idolatry. A Scotch writer of the last century tells us his father, after evening prayer, used to put the Bible upon the doorsteps to keep the spooks away. Fortunately, the tendency to treat the Bible as an idolater his fetich has now given place to a reverent faith and study.

But, singularly enough, to the Bible there now has come a transition period and a critical hour. Other centuries have witnessed attacks upon the Scriptures, but never has the book known an ordeal like unto the one through which it is now passing. Never before have wit and scholarship been used against it with such skill and force. Never before has assault been made from so many sides, or been so bitter. Strange as it may seem, this hospital book, this magazine of mercies, has been turned into a scene of war and strife. One party has taken its stand upon one part of the Bible, and another party upon another part of the Bible, and texts have been turned into bullets, and the most precious truths have been

formed into weapons of offence and defence. If men should go into a garden — not for shade and shelter, not to pluck the clusters for food or the blossoms for fragrance, but to split the apple trees into shafts for spears, to feed the blossoms to war-horses, to use seeds for shots, to trample all the sweet buds into the mire, we should have that which would answer precisely to what has happened to this book of peace and kindness.

Always has it been the fortune of any instrument that makes for influence, wealth, or wisdom, to invite war and engender strife. In every age the palace stored with wealth and the treasure-house filled with jewels have encouraged attack. In the time of Pericles, Phidias and his school of artists toiled long to fill the Parthenon with the most precious marbles our earth has ever seen. But the very value of these art treasures engendered covetousness. In the fierce strife to possess these marbles, the Parthenon became an arsenal. Inside the Athenians piled the marbles up as barricades, behind which lay soldiers with swords and rifles. Without, stood the Turks hurling cannon-balls through the walls and roof. Soon the Parthenon became a heap and the gallery a mass of blackened fragments. And, by reason of its very value and influence, the Bible

also has become a centre of criticism and discussion. Every possible sect and party have gone to it for texts with which to buttress their position. Errors in geology and astronomy have been charged upon the book; as have been mistakes in history and science, and errors in morals.

Unfortunately, the discussion has destroyed the confidence of multitudes. Many have become utterly indifferent to the book. For them the Bible is as though it were not. For of what value is a chart for passengers, if the captain does not understand it? Of what use is a guide book, if even its interpreters cannot explain it? In some its reading still stirs sweet memories, although it has ceased to have any binding authority. Of late, there has been less heat in the conflict respecting the nature and authority of the Scriptures. The smoke is clearing away, and the attempt to overthrow the Bible has met its Waterloo. If, on the one hand, the old view of verbal inspiration, that looked upon each chapter and sentence, each word and comma, as inspired of God, has been rendered utterly untenable; on the other hand, reverent scholarship meeting the critical assault on its own grounds has established the authority of the Bible as a book of conduct and character and a book of God.

Never was there a book so be-trashed and be-rubbished. Coming to it through commentators has been like looking out upon the sun through a window over which spiders have spun webs, festooned with thick dust. What men have called attacks upon the Bible have been only attempts of scholars to clear away false conceptions, that the book may speak for itself. With the new views has come the conviction that the Bible has just begun its mission as an instrument for regenerating human life. So far from its oil being burned out, attacks have served only to trim the wick. Never before did it seem so likely to go down into the future as a light shining in a dark place. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, the hills perish in their places; yea, "the mountain stream wearies the mountain heart as the crimson pulse does ours; and the natural force of the iron crag is abated in its appointed time, like the strength of the sinews in a human old age"; the grass withereth, the hills perish, the mountains fall, but "the word of our God standeth forever."

In a previous study we have seen that evolution has done for time what Newton's "Principia" did for space. It has shown the geologist how a ball of fire became a home for man. It

has shown the astronomer how to explain the changes through which planets, stars, and suns are now passing. It exhibits to scientists how the flower, fruit, and forests, how all things that creep, or walk, or fly, have come to their present position through ages of change and gradual unfolding. It portrays man's rise and progress as he leaves behind his cave and blanket, and goes forward to the time when he exchanges his forked stick for the steam plough, his language of signs for the language of Socrates and Shakespeare; until at last his hut has become a home, his cluster of tepees has been turned into a city, and ignorance and vice have given place to marriage and commerce, to the college and library, to the knowledge and worship of God. So great have been the changes this theory has wrought in the college and church that nine out of ten teachers and preachers of America and England are using this theory as the basis of all their instruction in the church and forum.

The professors in our colleges and universities have given bold and frank allegiance to this helpful principle. And now has come an era when even the theological seminaries are beginning to find it a lamp of guidance. The professor of theology in Yale University has for many years

used evolution for explaining the great facts of man's mental and spiritual life, and the professor of theology in another seminary has published a treatise upon the evolution of conscience and in morals. Indeed, that method of study known as the higher criticism, that has during the past five years turned the churches into storm centres, is really the method of evolution applied to the study of the Old and New Testaments. Having given society the new astronomy, the new psychology, the new sociology, evolution is now giving us a new conception of the Bible, and is making it a clear, shining light, instead of an orb obscured by false claims and worn-out philosophies. And so far from having weakened faith in the Scriptures, as many confidently predicted, it has strengthened it. Unlike the former indifference and neglect, under the new method the classrooms of professors in our colleges are once more crowded with those who are studying the Old Testament with keenest delight. Again this divine book is becoming a book of fascination, a book of guidance, and the book of God.

Now, our intellectual tread will be the firmer if we clear away certain misconceptions about the Bible. Many suppose it to be one book,

like the "Principia," like the constitution of the state, like a book of law and government. On the contrary, it is not so much a single book as a library, in which the religious views and experiences of many peoples are brought together and bound into one volume for purposes of convenience. The Bible is made up of some fifty and more pamphlets. It was written by more than thirty different men, who lived hundreds of years apart, who wrote in three different languages, were influenced by different customs and different institutions, and lived for the most part in ignorance the one of what another had written. There is, indeed, a moral unity that runs through all these writings, but the physical unity is purely of the printer — even though it be providential. Perhaps men will never realize how truly it is a book of God until all these pamphlets are separated and each of the fifty writings is made to have its own title-page. Between the writings of the first book of Moses and the last book of John, empires rose and fell, institutions waxed and waned into nothingness, but through all these centuries and among all these peoples conscience as the vice-regent of God did ever rebuke sin and praise integrity. The sage and the seer, the herdsman and the husbandman, the merchant

and tanner, the poet and prince — all alike bear common witness to the foolishness of sin and the wisdom of right living. It is essentially, therefore, a history of the rise and progress of ideas right and wrong, as they began in Abraham and developed into their full fruition in the life of Jesus Christ.

For wise men the Bible is a record of what God has done, rather than what God has said. It is not a book of geology nor a book of astronomy nor a book of chemistry. He who wants the truth regarding any of the sciences must turn to the treatises thereupon. But the Bible is a book of morals and a book of mercy. And this moral element unites these fifty and more pamphlets into one book called the book of God — just as the sentiment of the beautiful has united in Westminster Abbey the foundations and walls, the towers and chapels, representing many different centuries and strangely divergent kinds of architecture, but all through the science of beauty made one structure, answering to all the purposes of a noble and impressive cathedral. The unity of the Bible is not the unity of a single song, but the unity of an oratorio or a symphony.

Consider first of all how the Bible portrays

the genesis and growth of ideas right and wrong. Primarily it exhibits man as beginning in a state of animalism. Then it pictures him as moving forward a recognition of what makes for iniquity and what for integrity. By slow and involved processes it describes even the best men of the early ages as committing crimes which men would now call unutterably wicked. So low was the morality of men like Jacob and Solomon that had they lived to-day they doubtless would have gone to state prison. Jacob was cunning and cruel and selfish, and yet the moral standard in his biographer was such that the patriarch escaped without condemnation. Very interesting is the growth of moral ideas. At an early period men perceived that stealing discouraged thrift and toil. Homer's ideal was Ulysses with his cunning, and deceit also entered into the Spartan hero. But men soon discerned that theft was favorable to idleness rather than industry. One man refused the plough or sickle, for in one hour of theft by night he could attain unto all the fruits of his neighbor's labor. Soon theft was seen to be an axe laid at the root of the vineyard and orchard. In the interest, therefore, of commerce men came together and made laws prohibiting theft, — a law which Moses after-

ward formally registered in a code. Very similar was the evolution of the principle of truth. Man found that falsehood impaired commerce, while truth alone made exchanges possible. Each patriarch found it was important to have herdsmen whom he could believe. If the shepherd said he had five hundred sheep upon one side of the Jordan and a thousand upon the other, and the sheik answered, "May be, and may be not," and started out to investigate, he would soon have nothing to do but follow up his employees. Lying was seen to be very expensive for store and shop and street, and commerce was found to rest entirely upon the principle that man's word and bond could be relied upon.

Individually, also, the liar found that he could not remember to whom he had made this false statement and to whom that one. After a time the weakness of memory became a fresh argument toward truth.

Slowly the sentiment against falsehood waxed strong, until in our day men perceive that lying is inexpedient as well as wicked — that is, inexpedient everywhere, except in making returns to the assessor, and on nearing the custom-house when coming from abroad, and when accepting creeds with certain mental reservations and interpreta-

tions. In these three realms untruth is still held to be lawful. And as by slow processes there has been an evolution of the sentiment of truth, so have all the moral ideas been slowly developed and registered at last into codes. But the standard rose slowly. The distance traversed by society between the age of Jacob and the time of John is equalled only by the vast distance the earth has to travel between the period of January and June. Very slowly does winter with its storms go forward unto April with its faint foreshadowings of the summer's beauty; very slowly does April give place to August, when all nature is aglow. Thus the night of moral darkness gave place slowly unto the dawn which, in Jesus Christ, broke into the perfect day of truth and goodness, of hope and love.

The Bible exhibits a similar evolution in the use of the symbols and the pictorial emblems fitted for interpreting the ideas of right and duty and God. Society will make a large use of emblems. With solemn pageantry kings and emperors are crowned. Rich and impressive ceremonies are made to lend majesty to the new Czar's position. In the republic a more modest but less impressive ceremony is used when the President kisses the Bible and takes the oath of office. Looking toward the

home, society sees the gold ring, classic ceremony, music, and all rich appointments for interpreting the beauty of marriage and the sanctity of the home. But such dignity, simplicity, and beauty attaches to the ceremonial machinery of the Bible as that all other symbols whatsoever seem by contrast bare and tame. Remember that society in Moses' day was animal and ignorant; that men were serfs, slaves, and criminals. There was not even a word for sin, nor a word for righteousness, nor a correct idea of God. The problem was, how to produce in the minds of savages these ideas of right and wrong, of justice and truth. The method that was selected was a method of emblems and symbols. In the interests of these savage men, who thought nothing of killing an enemy or of enslaving captives, Moses established a ceremonial kindergarten for the development of the ideas of good and evil.

First of all he built a temple, with court opening into court. Assembling all the people upon the outside, he closed the temple door against them and so interpreted to the multitude the idea that iniquity separated and shut men away from God. Then for those who manifested deep repentance for sin, Moses opened the inner court. Beyond this was a holy place into which the re-

pentant might enter only once a year; and beyond this was a holy place into which only the high priest might enter; while at the centre was a place dedicated to God alone. And when at last the sense of sin was developed in men, then to teach the prodigal and the man of crimson hands that pardon was possible, Moses used a solemn ceremony in which sins were placed upon the head of some animal, that was sent away accursed into the wilderness. That rude folk might understand how aspiration and love and hope may rise to God, the smoking censer was suspended in the temple, and the sweet incense rising in clouds and floating through the window to pass out of sight in the heavens became an interpreter of aspiration as a chariot in which the soul might rise toward God's throne.

And when, through these stately and solemn ceremonies, through hymns and sacrifices, ideas of sin and righteousness and God were developed, then was evolved the machinery for the culture of patriotism. From time to time feasts were established in the capital city of Jerusalem. These partook of the nature of national celebrations. Out of the wilderness and the desert came sheiks and shepherds; out of the distant villages and remote hamlets came the people in multitudes, and all

flocking to Jerusalem. As the band of pilgrims neared the great city, the crowds increased to the dimensions of armies. Here were the children who had never been to Jerusalem, and whose imagination had been fed by the stories of its magnificence; here were the younger men who dreamed of reforms they would work, and the older men who prided themselves that they felt as young as the boys whose hands they held; here was the mother with her sweet babe; and the maiden, walking beside him who would peradventure be her husband; and here were the sages and seers who, when the pilgrims encamped, instructed the multitudes. What schools of patriotism were these encampments! What colleges of culture!

The whole nation became, as it were, one vast singing school for the rendition of national hymns. In the evening, on the return journey, those who were skilled in speech rehearsed before the young the deeds of ancient renown. The names of the heroes were struck off as the harper strikes chord after chord. At these times the tides of national enthusiasm rose very high. This it is that enabled the Jewish race to go through fire and flood, and persist as a separate race, despite persecutions such as the world has

never known. And when at length, through tabernacle and temple with its offerings and sacrifices, its ceremonies and priests had planted and developed within the race these great ideas of right and wrong, of truth and justice, of conscience and God, then Jesus Christ came in and swept away the symbols and capitalized the ideas for which they stood, substituting instead two symbols only, that by reason of their beauty and simplicity and universal relations must endure as long as man remains man, — namely, the symbol of water as the type of purity, and the symbol of bread and wine as setting forth Him who is indeed to man the very bread and water of life, since in Him all live and move and have their being. What an evolution, therefore, does the Bible exhibit in the use of emblems and symbols! The distance between the twilight and the full moon is not greater than that covered by society as it moves from the solemn ceremonies of Moses to the simple teachings of Jesus Christ.

The Bible exhibits a similar evolution of the idea of God. John Stuart Mill says, "It must be that the adaptations of nature afford a larger balance of probability in favor of creation by intelligence." Professor Tyndall adds, "I have

noticed during the years of self-observation that in the hours of stronger and healthier thought, it [mental doubt] ever dissolves and disappears as offering no solution to the mystery in which we dwell and of which we form a part." But back of all this vast physical universe before whose laws we were crushed as moths, the Bible unveils a personal intelligence who guides and governs all things, and draws all things upward in ever increasing cycles and progress, sweeping away at one stroke the old idea that there are as many gods and godlings as there are natural laws. The monotheistic idea was substituted instead. Primarily God is exhibited as one who seeks to enthrone righteousness of life — right laws, right government, right administration, right conduct, right character. And because, when men are in a state of animalism, fear is the motive most powerfully influencing toward right living, God is exhibited as a God of storms.

The clouds are His chariots, the lightning is the flash of His eye, the thunder is the whisper of His voice, the hills tremble beneath His footsteps. But slowly, as reason develops, man passes out of the government of force and fear into the government of reason. Therefore, in Solomon's day, God is revealed as natural law.

Nature speaks, and her voice is the voice of God. In modern language it is the voice of physiology, the voice of health, the voice of the brain. Men are incredulous and reckless. They give free rein to appetite and passion. By excess they sap away the nerve force and the brain force, and fear fastens upon them. Then Solomon represents the brain and nerve as breaking into voice and saying: "I have called and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded it; therefore, I will laugh at your calamity: I will mock when your fear cometh as desolation and your destruction as a whirlwind." To this idea of natural law and of justice, Jonah adds the idea of mercy and compassion. The poet exhibits God's justice as bursting into the blossom of kindness and gentleness, just as the rugged cliffs of the mountains burst forth into the rarest flowers. For the book of Jonah is not history, but is a parable of the wideness of God's mercy. Other parables are beautiful, but this parable stands unexcelled and well-nigh unrivalled.

How beautiful its mother idea! That all men might understand the wideness of God's forgiving mercy a story is told of a certain man who found the way of happiness and the way of

peace. Then God asked him to carry his secret of joy into wicked Nineveh. Disobeying the voice of conscience, when he should have gone over land eastward, he set sail to the west. Ingratitude could not have been blacker, for to disobedience toward God he added heartless neglect of the perishing multitudes. Surely the very waves of the sea and the monsters of the deep will swallow up such a guilty wretch. But such is God's kindness and mercy that He not only saves the disobedient messenger when his companions in the storm throw him overboard, but commands the very monsters of the deep to become instruments of safety and doors of deliverance. For a non-seagoing race like the Jewish people, no door of mercy could be so full of meaning.

This beautiful parable is the prodigal son parable of the Old Testament. Scoffed at oftentimes, made a butt of ridicule because foolish men have thought it to be history, this parable of Jonah represents the crowning revelation of the wideness of God's mercy, foreshadowing the full revelation of God in Jesus Christ. Very slowly, therefore, did the idea of God develop. Slowly each new faculty in man became a window that enlarged with culture, and through it

some new quality of God rushed into sight. When man lived only in the realm of physical nature, God was the sun, the great rock, the storm. When government elements developed, He became king, prince, and ruler. When commerce developed, and the Roman roads united distant nations, He became a door, a way, a wall for protection, and the bread and water of life for pilgrims. With the development of the domestic elements, He became father and brother and friend, and when at length God had wrought in man the qualities of truth, justice, and gentleness, then the terror left the divine brow, the lightning left His eye, and Christ revealed God as the God of mercy, the all-clasping One, and the all-forgiving One. Fear gave place to love-fear. For Abraham's idea of God is to the idea of God in Christ what the wild arbutus is to the full wealth of summer, what one cluster is to all harvests and vineyards. For Christ sweeps together all the richest ideas of nature and life, and empties the full treasures of mind and heart into the receptacle called the name of God, the name of wonder, the name of love, the name above every name.

Therefore, men should reopen this book of morals and of mercy that of late has been

closed. Finding human elements in it, let us find the divine also, even as we find the living seed beneath the outer shell. Let reason come to it for food as the disciples came to the ears of wheat, rubbing out the grain for hunger. Let none emphasize errors in geology and astronomy. Does a grain of sand in some Venus de Milo invalidate Phidias's revelation of the beautiful? Does Shakespeare's ignorance of the recent discoveries in psychology destroy the truth and beauty of "Hamlet"? The Bible is a lamp, but the pilgrim of the night does not look at his lamp for flaws, but looks rather at the dangerous path and the precipice against which the light doth guard. If knowledge has destroyed the old view, that Moses was a mere pen held in a divine hand, then let larger knowledge give the broader view, that through father and mother God ordained each Moses and David and Paul and guarded him for a new task. But remember that this broader view of inspiration renders the Bible a thousand fold more truly binding as the book of God than did the old view of inspiration. Neither let any one lose his faith because it is not an infallible book, in the sense that all writers were made infallible in chemistry and astronomy; that all copyists and translators and

printers are infallibly girded and guided. Euclid is an infallible book, having no mistake in its axioms of geometry. But infallibility has not made Euclid's book inspiring progress.

The heart hungers — not for an infallible book, but for a revelation of God. And the time has fully come when this book is seen to be a history of the evolution of the moral sense in man, a guide to the principles of happiness and conduct and character, a revelation of the dispositional qualities of God. It is of itself so unique an illustration of the principle of evolution as to be the miracle of all time. So far from man having outgrown it, society is just approaching the era when it is beginning to appreciate it, and understand its message and its mission. If, a thousand generations from now, there is a heart that aches, prodigals that wander, feet that stumble, tears that fall like rain, if man remains man, and love remains love, and character remains character, this book will remain, shining and glowing, like the lustrous sun.

Read this book, therefore, for life and liberty; read it for refinement and culture. Read the pages wet with your mother's tears and the precepts your father dearly loved. Stoop to those life springs where the patriots and reformers and

the heroes of time knelt to cool their parched lips. It holds youth for old men. It holds maturity for children and youth. It has medicine for the heartbroken, the bankrupt, and the desolate. It has life for those trembling on the brink of death. If for one day in each week, through a period of five years, the children and youth, parents and patriots, could be induced to read and obey its principles, to nourish reason and imagination and memory and judgment upon its sublime truths, all danger of anarchy and revolution, all fear of the bloody street and the trampled cornfields would pass away. The jails would be closed. The saloons would be deserted. The schools would be crowded. The colleges would be filled. A new glory would fall upon the library and the forum. A new era would dawn for music and poetry. Architecture would tax itself for glorious temples. Art would enter upon a new epoch, and liberty would find a new meaning. All society would enter upon a great forward movement. For God's book of morals and mercy for the individual is His book of progress for society and civilization.

XI

The Swing of the Pendulum from Scepticism to Faith: an Outlook for those who are seeking to solve their Doubts and reconstruct a Working Faith

"The infinite and eternal Power that is manifested in every pulsation of the universe is none other than the living God. We may exhaust the resources of metaphysics in debating how far his nature may fitly be expressed in terms applicable to the psychical nature of Man; such vain attempts will only serve to show how we are dealing with a theme that must ever transcend our finite powers of conception. But of some things we may feel sure. Humanity is not a mere local incident in an endless and aimless series of cosmical changes. The events of the universe are not the work of chance, neither are they the outcome of blind necessity. Practically there is a purpose in the world whereof it is our highest duty to learn the lesson, however well or ill we may fare in rendering a scientific account of it. When, from the dawn of life, we see all things working together toward the evolution of the highest spiritual attributes of Man, we know, however the words may stumble in which we try to say it, that God is in the deepest sense a moral Being. The everlasting source of phenomena is none other than the infinite Power that makes for righteousness. Thou canst not by searching find Him out; yet put thy trust in Him, and against thee the gates of hell shall not prevail; for there is neither wisdom nor understanding nor counsel against the Eternal."

—JOHN FISKE, "The Idea of God," pp. 166–167.

XI

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM FROM SCEPTICISM TO FAITH: AN OUTLOOK FOR THOSE WHO ARE SEEKING TO SOLVE THEIR DOUBTS AND RECONSTRUCT A WORKING FAITH

Christianity challenges investigation. Forbids faith outrunning the facts. It appeals to reason. Exhibits foundations founded like mountains and stars. From the beginning God ordained reason to be man's guide. The gains for society the gains of reason. Faith as an extended reason. The work of imagination the function of trust. Doubt and its tragedy. Scepticism and the fascinations of the universe in space. Scepticism and the extension of the universe in time. Scepticism and the mysteries of matter, force and life. Scepticism and moral evil. Doubt and the problem of pain and suffering. All knowledge partial. The Christian and agnostic. "We know in part." A cup of water explains the ocean. Man's knowledge of some things not destroyed by the impossibility of knowing everything. Kinds of doubt. The dissolution of doubt. The building of faith. Mental rest and peace.

CHRISTIANITY challenges investigation. It covets analysis and exhibits its proofs. With the calm confidence that becometh certainties, it takes nothing for granted, but thrusts everything into reason's crucible. No man is asked to believe

against his judgment. Rather is he to withhold faith until the argument overcomes his doubts and compels his belief. Christianity's spirit forbids faith outrunning the facts. Not that sound thinking and sturdy speaking invariably go before mental peace and happiness. The eye sees long before the child understands the visual mechanism. The nostril enjoys the red rose years before the mind can state the chemistry of the sweet brier. Nevertheless, clear, crisp, robust thinking works in us mental confidence and security. Each jurist and orator and reformer must confess that he never understands how strong or weak his cause is until it has been stated in words.

The architects of the old cathedrals thrust their buttresses out into the light, that through the eye men may feel the strength of the huge walls. The sight of the arches under the Brooklyn Bridge may not increase the traveller's safety, but that sight does increase the sense of safety. Christianity's appeal is to the reason. Its foundations are facts and arguments. When the kingdom of God is set up in a man's soul, reason is asked to go round about its walls and tell all its buttresses. Ignorant faith may quake and clamor at doubt, and bespatter sceptics with hard and bitter names. But such fear reveals weakness. It is the poor

swimmer that cries and splashes amidst the swift waters, and the loudness of his cry betrays the certainty of his sinking. He needs no loud cries, but skill to swim to the solid shore. Newton never quaked and trembled in the presence of one who doubted the laws of gravity. In bidding each marshal the reasons for his hope, Christianity betrays its calm confidence, and exhibits foundations of granite established as surely as the mountains and stars.

In the beginning God ordained reason to be man's guide. When first He sent man away for his earthly tutelage, God called an angel named Reason to His side, saying, "This is man, My well beloved one; go forth with him, guide him through life, and when earth hath fully wrought its ministry upon him, aid faith in bringing man back to his Father's side." Having received this divine charge, reason went forth to be for untold ages man's sole friend. During two-thirds of its history, the human race was without church or altar, without sacrament or teacher. There were no commandments of right and wrong, save those fleshed in the human body. Man was left to fashion his own career. Stepping upon this planet reason began to explore upon every side, as Columbus explored the edge of the forest. Slowly the

frontier lines began to recede. Each century the unknown things diminished and the known things increased. For reason, the hand reported upon heat and cold and the weight of stones. For reason, the tongue reported upon acids and sweets. For reason, the taste reported upon landscapes and faces and skies. In reason's interest, the ear tested sounds, the judgment tested arguments, the conscience tested motives and actions. Soon the soil gave up its secrets, the bark its balms, the mines their tools, the herbs their medicines, the forests their forces. The winds ceased to blow aimlessly; reason bade them beat upon the sail. All rivers were harnessed to millwheels.

The lightnings became errand boys. The rude forces that once terrified men became as wild horses subject to bit and bridle and lending their strength and speed to man's loins. Even terrible things lost their fear. The nymph left the stream, the dryad fled away from the forest, the ghost departed from the cave, and the human brain ceased to be inhabited by serpentine fears and superstitions. Reason also helped man to distinguish between the illusions and the realities. Before the child the rainbow stands forth a solid arch of color. The benighted traveller moves toward the "will o' the wisp" and the

dangerous bog as toward the home candle. Many a desert pilgrim has perished through mistaking the mirage for cooling lake and river. And reason came in as an upper faculty to correct the mistakes of the lower powers. Speaking not lies, but the truth, reason reported the affairs of the great world about him. God ordained that it should keep man from feeding upon husks and empty bubbles. Analyzing, testing, comparing, reason cast out foolish things. It wrought as a wind, driving the husks of error out of the wheat of truth. It wrought as a fire, burning up the dross of ignorance and leaving the gold of divine certainty. So well did reason do its work that God stamped His approval upon it with these words, "Wisdom is better than rubies, and knowledge than fine gold."

But the last part of reason's work is filling man's granary, inventing his tools, building his home, writing his books, organizing his institutions. God has also ordained that reason should extend its work into the realm of conscience and duty. Consider that faith is only a winged reason. It is mind at its best. The tongue tastes the orange, but cannot reach the bough. So the arm is made long in the interests of hunger. But the arm is too short to reach the

distant mountain. Therefore the eye becomes a longer hand that feels its way into each crevice of the far-off peak. But the eye breaks down at the horizon. Then reason becomes a longer vision and projects over the hills the laws of heat and cold and gravity, imposing them upon unseen lands and seas. Thus faith is seen to be reason extending the law of God in an unseen realm. Newton saw the apple fall, but his faith leaped from the falling apple to the falling moon and discovered the law of gravity.

Upon the shores of Spain Columbus found a bit of driftwood with a grain of sand in the crevice. From the bit of wood his mind leaped to the distant forests from which it sprang; from the grain of sand he passed to the continent of which it was a part. And every great invention has been a faith discovery. When for the first time Watts's rude engine worked, he exclaimed to an admiring friend, "You see it now by the physical eye, but long months ago I saw it work with my mind's eye." Imagination fashioned his mental model, and faith set it up in iron and steel. Similarly, by faith Garrison won his victory over slavery a score of years before the battle was fought. Without faith social progress would be impossible and society relapse into

barbarism. By faith we receive the knowledge of our planet from the Bakers and the Stanleys. Life is too short for us to tramp through all dark continents.

By faith we receive our knowledge of the rise of civilization and the early history of mankind. We cannot, with Layard or Niebuhr, give years to deciphering ruins, monuments, and manuscripts. By faith we pass through the starry worlds, being enriched by results whose mathematical processes only astronomers have verified. In sickness, by faith in physicians are we healed. In government, by faith in officers are we guided. In commerce, by faith in man does the great fabric of industry move forward. Take faith out of commerce and you have bankruptcy. Take faith out of the home and you have hell. Take faith from government and you have anarchy. Faith is glorified reason. All the giants and epoch-making men have been faith men. Faith is intellect-illumined mind at its best.

Such is the problem of reason and faith. It follows that the religious problem no more belongs to the church than the mountains belong to Humboldt or the stars to Newton. Faith is not a question of the church, but, as Cicero said, "of the human heart." Nevertheless, there are

multitudes upon whom doubt has fallen, gashing and scorching their souls as with swords of fire. Faith has waned, doubt has waxed. The lives of some have become pathetic tragedies, for their doubts spring out of their highest nature and their noblest faculties. Oftentimes these persons seem like mariners who once were anchored in harbors, safe and peaceful, but who have seen the ropes part strand by strand, until, anchorless and rudderless, they have drifted out into the sea and the night.

Multitudes have fallen into doubt by reason of the vastness of the problems that front them. Remembering that this life is but a narrow span of four score years, man stands dumb before the statement that for millions of years the earth has swung in space, turning daily before the sun fires to warm its seas and continents, its forests and fields teeming with life. But the astronomer is not content with such amazing statements. Having reminded us that the sun is 90,000,000 miles away, some Proctor or Ball leads our thought on to Sirius, — a sun moving at a distance two hundred times as great as ours. There, upon what seems the confines of space, stands this vast sparkling orb, flooding with life and beauty worlds a hundred thousand times as large

as ours. Yet beyond Sirius, and still beyond, is a space all sown with innumerable harvests of starry systems. Remembering that nature wastes nothing, that every drop of water teems with life, that the rift in every mountain crag holds its wild flower, that the very sand blossoms, the scientist suggests that the vast orbs about us are all populated, the inhabitants of other worlds rising, perhaps, rank on rank and order upon order.

In the presence of such amazing thoughts many sensitive minds are overwhelmed. Our earth is reduced to a little clod. Man seems but a single atom buffeted by chance. With him forces of life and death play at battledoor and shuttlecock. The white haired old man represents one sheaf of earth. The deep furrows in his face are but graves, in which his strengths lie buried. In such a universe it seems impossible that the infinite God should have time to think and care for such an atom as man. For a time even Tennyson trembled lest his prayer was lost in the rush of worlds, even as the sweet voice of the lark is drowned in the sweep and majesty of the summer's storm. Oftentimes overmuch fuel on the fire smothers the flame into cold ashes. Thus the vastness of the universe

smothers the faith of some. These utterly forget that if Shakespeare's mind is more than one candle, his genius is more than billions of candles called suns; that if Newton's mind is more than one clod, his genius is more than billions of clods called earths. Bewildered with many thoughts and things, obscuration passes over the intellect and faith is eclipsed.

Other minds fall into doubt because of life's troubles and disasters. These children of anxiety wander in a cold, bleak, arctic atmosphere, longing for summer, yet shivering midst the bleak winter. There seems such an awful cruelty in nature, so large a place is given to hook and claw, life's inequalities are so many and so baffling, the calamities of life are so all-inclusive, that some despair of ever reconciling the cruelty of nature with the goodness of God. John Stuart Mill was utterly overwhelmed by his study of the disasters that have overtaken our race. God seemed to him like one who had invented a mechanism so large as to have passed beyond his control. In great anguish of heart he followed after his faith as one follows a falling star. Nor is there any man of intelligence who has not at times been agonized by the problems of evil. Why is man shipwrecked into

existence? Why does he begin utterly ignorant of the shore upon which he is cast? Why is each land swept with wars like destroying storms? Why do enemies pass through villages with more than the force of tidal waves? Why have wars and pestilence a power beyond the power of earthquakes for toppling down cities? Why does blood flow like rivers?

Is there an individual that can escape sickness, or ingratitude, or the ravages of sin, or the agony of separation, or the final shaft of death? Not one. All pass into the storm. Reflecting upon these problems, many think our world an orb let loose to wander wildly in space. They forget that darkness can do what daylight cannot; that the winter puts a tang into an apple that is beyond the power of the summer; that an atmosphere uncleansed by the summer's storms becomes heavy with poisons that destroy all harvests; that if the statue is polished, the fire must fly from the chisel; that character is an achievement; that every fall of the race has been overruled and made to be a fall forward; that events that once seemed bad as heart could wish have afterward proved to be the events for which man is chiefly grateful. In their doubt and fear many seem like unto children in a

valley wrapped in rain and storm. While the storm lasts, the child cannot see that the hills about him are robed in light, and that the father stands upon the mountain in the clear sunshine, rejoicing in the very rain over which the children weep.

Others there are whose faith is agnostic. Because everything cannot be known, some think nothing can. Materialism says there is no spirit. Secularism says there is no other life. Atheism says there is no God. Agnosticism says if there is a God He cannot be known. Many perceive that the dome of the sky is vaster than the dome of St. Peter's, and hold that the architect of the sky should be larger than Michael Angelo. They also feel that it is asking too much to expect mere particles of dust to prepare a formula for the strawberry or the peach, or so temper the dew and the rain and the heat as to embroider all the fields with harvests. As no stream can rise above its source, they confess that the mentality in a machine cannot be greater than the genius of its inventor. They also hold there can be no book without an author, no watch without a maker, no thought without a thinker, and no world mechanism without a world mind whose genius is fully equal to the forms of wisdom and beauty that he has fashioned.

But in affirming God's existence, they also affirm that His vastness obscures His face in some such way as the brightness of the sun dazzles the eye that beholds it. Many seem to forget that as the world increases in size the difficulty in tramping over it increases. Our eyes have never seen the Southern Cross in the sky. But the people of Brazil have never seen the Northern Star; and a vast earth involves this partial knowledge. Because man cannot drink the ocean dry, it seems wholly unnecessary to deny that he can understand the nature of a drop of water. One cluster reveals the essential nature of all the vineyards that enrich our earth. The Bible itself encourages the agnostic tendency. "We know but in part." That would be a poor form of government that a babe could perfectly understand. How poor is that painting that a tyro in colors can equal. How scant the symphonies that amateurs can dash off. Wise men find hope in the fact that knowledge of God is partial. The charm of immortality is the riches of the divine nature, and its perpetual challenge to better things. None will ever be disappointed in that he overtakes God. Man must ever know but "in part."

And in sorrow let us confess that doubt some-

times springs from causes not wholly creditable to man. There are thoughtful and high-minded persons of sensitive consciences and deeply religious instincts, who have been driven into exile by the bitter intolerance of dogmatists. Unfortunately it is the delight of some not to heal and help hurt hearts, but to thunder forth anathemas upon those whose doubts are born of intellectual honesty and an eager passion to get truth in clear light. And some there are whose doubts are temperamental. These are born belligerents, questioning everything. It is their nature to lay the axe to the root of every tree, whether the growth be social, industrial, or religious. Others have confused the essence of Christianity with the outer traditions, mistaking chaff for wheat, and judging the tree, not by its fruit, but by the parasites clinging thereto. And there is a growing number of those who are so absorbed with the cares of life that they have neither time nor strength for the higher life.

When a friend from the city visited Wordsworth in his home near Grasmere, the poet planned a walk across his favorite hills. Such were the charms of lake and woods and birds and golden boughs that the poet was in a transport of delight. But his city friend moved through

the wondrous scene with eyes blind to all beauty and ears deaf to all sweet sound. The counting-room seemed to fill his thought, to the exclusion of all else. Not infrequently, too, doubt springs out of sin. The ancients tell us of a lake called Avernus. From its surface clouds of poisoned vapors rise. Inhaling this deadly air, the eagle with its strength and the lark with its sweet song alike fall into the dark flood. And when self-indulgence strengthens, faith weakens. Faith is a very sensitive plant. It shrinks back at the very thought of sin.

There are also hypercritical doubters. Thus Matthew Arnold's nature was so highly æsthetic that his sensibilities were wounded by the mercantilism of the English and the economy of the Scotch. Even Plato seemed to him somewhat crude. In that little episode, known as his visit to Chicago, his finer sensibilities were so painfully lacerated by the materialism of that city that whole weeks passed before he recovered from the awful shock. When at length Arnold died the novelist Stevenson exclaimed: "Poor Matt! He is in heaven, but he won't like God." A sarcasm biting indeed, and fitted to consume away all our supercilious doubts. And other doubts spring from callow

crudeness, as in the case of that youth about to enter Balliol College, who told Professor Jowett that he could find no signs of God. To whom the great Platonist replied, "Young man I will give you until just five o'clock to find God or leave this college." At the appointed time he returned, having found Him for whom his soul had sought, not long, but successfully. And there are some whose doubts are sheer indecision, like the old farmer appointed to judge of the discussion between an infidel and a believer, and who, unwilling to hurt the feelings of either, rendered his decision in these words: "The first speaker believes in God, the second does not. The truth seems to lie between the two." Midst all these false and foolish fancies it were well for us to remember with Ruskin that God's way of revealing Himself to His creatures should be a simple way, which all those creatures may understand.

Whether taught or untaught, whether of mean capacity or enlarged, it is necessary that communion with their Creator should be possible to all; and the admission to such communion must be rested, not on their having a knowledge of astronomy, but on their having a human soul. In order to render this communion possible, the

Deity has stepped from His throne, and has not only, in the person of the Son, taken upon Him the veil of our human flesh, but, in the person of the Father, taken upon Him the veil of our human thoughts, and permitted us, by His own spoken authority, to conceive Him simply and clearly as a loving Father and Friend — a Being to be walked with and reasoned with; to be moved by our entreaties, angered by our rebellion, alienated by our coldness, pleased by our love, and glorified by our labor; and finally, to be beheld in immediate and active presence in all the powers and changes of creation. This conception of God, which is the child's, is evidently the only one which can be universal, and therefore the only one which *for us can be true.* The moment that, in our pride of heart, we refuse to accept the condescension of the Almighty, and desire Him, instead of stooping to hold our hands, to rise up before us into His glory, — we hoping that by standing on a grain of dust or two of human knowledge higher than our fellows, we may behold the Creator as He rises, — God takes us at our word; He rises into His own invisible and inconceivable majesty; He goes forth upon the ways which are not our ways; and retires into the thoughts which are not our

thoughts; and we are left alone. And presently we say in our vain hearts, "There is no God."

Seeking to dissolve our doubts, we may well rejoice to-day that science is leading all feet back into the pathway of faith. Recently the president of the British Society for the Advancement of Science mentioned a distinguished mathematician as the first scientist of our century. Now, this great electrician once said that science on bended knee should beg the pardon of the Creator for the blindness that could not see the existence of the Supreme Mind. For the electrician the ooze of old ocean could never explain this beautiful world house. When the peasant ploughing in the island of Milos struck that statue of Venus de Milo, all minds accounted for the wondrous marble by the genius of some sculptor. Beauty came out of the stone, and all felt that a beautiful mind must have wrought it in. Similarly, under the microscope the polished point of a needle shows rough and jagged, while the sting of a wasp has no flaw in its fine finish. More wonderful still is the honey-bee, with brain less than a pinhead, yet performing twenty difficult mental feats. We are told that on very warm days, when the sweet comb is endangered

through heat, the bees divide up in companies; they glue their feet in the passage-way and revolve there with great velocity, sending cool currents of air through the honeycomb.

Now, no clod holds anything that can account for such wondrous skill. To-day science reduces tree, bird, beast, and man to a cell, and reduces all cells to atoms, which are precisely similar. Some would fain have us accept the atom as the world architect. We are told that each atom has a diameter of one five-hundred-millionth of an inch. Yet when this wonder-working atom waves its wand, behold continents, seas, plants, animals, man! How does this put to shame the enchanted sleeve of Aladdin, out of which, when shaken, fell everything one wished!

"The Arabian Nights" amused our childhood with the tale of a magician. Placing a jug upon a table, he filled it with water and dropped in a seed. Then, at his command, through the mouth of the jug appeared a plant. The plant thrust out boughs. The boughs blossomed and bore fruit. The fruit ripened and fell at the feet of the astonished spectators. But the magician, with his wand, his seed, and his jug, becomes as nothing when we think of a tiny atom that, without the help of a necromancer, can build

not simply trees, but create and beautify a world. To-day thinking men laugh out of court the theory of "fortuitous concourse." That is a poor science that explains the "Iliad" by supposing a printing-press falling through the garret of a high building and "pieing" into the story of Troy. And if there were millions of stories through which the press could fall, how can that increase the probabilities of type coming together in a cellar so as to make the wondrous poem? What the scholar asks for in explaining the "Iliad" is the genius of Homer. What men ask to explain our world is not atoms and millions of ages, but a Supreme Mind.

Wise men are no longer disturbed by the assaults made upon Christian faith. For all young men the time has fully come to join that noble company of poets and seers and scientists who are willing to wander forward upon an infinite shore. All should imitate the great, and wave the torch until the Sun doth rise. All about lies the divine truth, like an invisible continent. It sparkles with beauty, and waits to be discovered, as this continent waited for Columbus. Read widely and deeply, and in every realm. Each new fact will be another round in a ladder rising heavenward. For the eye is not

more surely adapted to the light, the ear attuned to melody, the heart fitted for friendship, than is reason keyed to God's truth. Happily our generation has fallen upon an age when a thousand errors are being swept away from truth so long be-rubbished. Reverently, sincerely, accept these new, glorious, and glowing facts. In all men's study there is one who will guide him — the divine teacher Jesus Christ. It would be strange indeed for a man to spend his winters in a tent were he to fall heir to some castle or country seat. It would be strange indeed for you to company with serfs or slaves when some Tennyson or Emerson oft made overtures of friendship.

Ours is a world in which the unseen is revealed through incarnation. The storms incarnate the strength of God's arm. The harvests incarnate His thoughts of bounty. The landscapes incarnate God's beauty; and friendships, God's affection. Thus, also, Jesus Christ incarnates God's mind and heart. This wondrous being is a fact in nature as real as any mountain or star. To each He comes with overtures of friendship. To each He whispers, "The world is your Father's house, the morning is His smile, the darkness His curtains, the clouds His chariots."

He bids us journey forth with song, for God is in all the perfumed air; with confidence, for as the planet sweeps the body forward, a divine purpose sweeps the soul upward; with penitence, for He who sympathizes will also pardon and forgive; with aspiration, for He who owns a million worlds will surely provide one for him who now seems a "god in exile"; with hope, for when the body falls into the grave, the soul is caught up by arms invisible, indeed, but infinite.

XII

Christ's Relation to the Poet, the Philosopher, the Scientist, and the Seer

Ay, to save and redeem and restore him, maintain at the height
This perfection, — succeed with life's dayspring, death's minute of night?
Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch Saul the mistake,
Saul the failure, the ruin he seems now, — and bid him awake
From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find himself set
Clear and safe in new light and new life, — a new harmony yet
To be run, and continued, and ended — who knows? — or endure!
The man taught enough, by life's dream, of the rest to make sure;
By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss,
And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggles in this.

* * * * * * * *

So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown —
And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand in! It is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with death!
As thy love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being Beloved!
He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak.
'Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for! my flesh, that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, for ever; a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"

— BROWNING'S "Saul."

XII

CHRIST'S RELATION TO THE POET, THE PHILOSOPHER, THE SCIENTIST, AND THE SEER

Christ's use of parables and pictures. Arguments are carpentered together. Emblems are created. The great teachers have their supremacy through word pictures. The parables of Homer and Dante and the parables of Christ. Social progress and word pictures. The philosophy of the parable. The biographies of words. The Mosaic economy a system of symbols and pictures. Nature as an alphabet for spelling out the infinite God. Christ's use of the "way," and the Roman road as an interpretation of divine nature and government. "The way" as a symbol of civilization and commerce. "The way" as a symbol of friendship. "The way" as a symbol of memory and association. Christ's appeal to the reason. Christ and the scientists of our age. Collapse of materialism. The attractiveness of Christ to the common people. His appeal to the poets and artists. Christ's revelation of immortality.

THE supremacy of Christ among men of genius is strikingly illustrated by His use of parables and pictures. Nothing taxes the intellect like the construction of emblems and symbols that make great principles plain and simple. Mediocre minds can fashion arguments and car-

penter together systems of philosophy, but once the scientist has discovered the world-wide principle, the problem remains how to make this truth clear to the unthinking multitudes. Then, in the interest of simplicity, the great man goes up and down the world seeking for some parable that will condense his principle into a single picture. And as men move toward greatness they go toward skill in this divine art of illustration. In the realm of intellect there are five sons of supreme genius — Moses, Paul, Homer, Dante, Shakespeare. But every one of these great men has his supremacy through the word pictures that imagination paints. Would Moses, the sage, portray man's tragic career? He condenses a thousand pages into a few pictures; man's life is a tale that is told; it is an arrow's flight, a mountain flood, the grass that withers, the night watch of an army out on the march. Would Paul, the seer, set forth the limitations of the human intellect? Since the windows of that far-off time were made of horn scraped thin, through which objects in the street seemed blurred, Paul said, "Man sees through a glass darkly," and for centuries that picture has portrayed the concealments of nature and of God. Homer, too, is a supreme master in this divine art of illustration. When the voice of Agamemnon

aroused his soldiers to their danger, the blind poet makes the Greeks rush from their tents like "honey-bees from a hive upon which a club has fallen."

Dante, too, deals in emblems and pictures. Describing Beatrice's influence upon his career, the poet said her fine spirit was to his "intellect a light, to his affections a loadstone, and a sceptre to his will." All the great passages of Shakespeare are emblems rather than arguments. Mediocre minds would have given pages to the remorse of Macbeth, but Shakespeare paints a picture. He puts one drop of blood upon the hand, and then says, "All the perfumes of Arabia would not sweeten that little hand, but the one red drop the multitudinous seas it would incarnadine, making the green one red." Among men of lesser genius, also, skill in illustration proclaims supremacy. Years ago, reading one of Lowell's first essays, an English critic found the note of distinction upon the pages. What was this note? Writing of the Cathedral of Cologne, Lowell had described its stone arches as "soaring heavenward, like martyr flames suddenly turned to stone." In the realm of oratory, also, skill in the use of pictures is the final test. The history of American eloquence holds three supreme scenes — Patrick

Henry at Williamsburg, Wendell Phillips at Faneuil Hall, and Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg.

But each of these orations is simply a mass of word pictures, just as the Sermon on the Mount, that can be read in ten minutes, is a glowing canvas holding sixty different emblems and symbols. For the essence of a thousand systems of theology are condensed into a single picture by Christ: "Ye are the light of the world; ye are cities set upon hilltops." The theologian requires scores of volumes for outlining his system of divinity. Augustine's works are in thirty volumes. Calvin's require forty volumes. The first theological work published in this country has these words on the title-page, "A complete body of divinity, in two hundred and fifty lectures upon the Assemblies' Shorter Catechism." But all these theological systems may be reduced to Christ's one parable of the prodigal son, just as ten thousand sunbeams are condensed in one shining drop named the diamond. The chemist assembles the sweetness of an acre of crimson blossoms into a small vial of attar of roses, and Christ condenses innumerable theological systems into a few parables and pictures. For that which great men have in rude and clumsy form, was Christ's native gift. Literary artists there are, who have

known something of the art of parables and pictures. But in this realm Christ dwells apart in His unrivalled genius. He is a solitary palm tree waving in a desert of mediocrity.

Not without reason have poets, orators, and artists passed by elaborate arguments and profound analyses to use instead symbols and emblems. The philosophy of the parable is very simple. Of the forty faculties of the soul, the reason is the lowest. Reason is a bond-slave. Imagination is the king sitting on the throne and wielding the sceptre. Reason collects facts, imagination constructs these facts into new art products. Hugh Miller's reason collects the facts as to rocks; his constructive imagination organizes them into a system of geology. Newton's reason collects facts of stars and suns; his imagination organizes these facts into a system of astronomy. Watt's reason assembles the iron and steel; his imagination transforms them into the engines, the locomotives. The reason of Edmund Burke collects the facts regarding India; his imagination organizes these facts into a great oration. Reason collects sounds; imagination turns them into symphonies. Reason collects ideas of right and wrong; imagination turns them into ethical systems. At best reason is an under-ser-

vant. Slowly and with infinite pains reason works out its premises and conclusions.

Hobbling forward upon the crutches of logic, reason arrives at the truth. But where reason halts, there the imagination begins anew and rushes on to search out some parable or picture that will flame the new truth forth upon the common people. For the multitude it is hard to remember an argument, but easy to recall a parable or a picture. By long and difficult process of observation philosophers discovered that theft, lying, gluttony, and sin of every kind were injurious to man's mind and body. Rising up early and sitting up late, the philosophers taught the people that the sins of to-day would reach forward and curse men to-morrow. Yet children and youth soon forget the arguments as to the law of the spiritual harvest. That the common people might remember the peril of disobedience, Christ painted a picture for them: "If any man heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not, I will liken him unto a foolish man who built his house upon the sand. And the rains descended and the floods came and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell and great was the fall of it." With arguments innumerable philosophers had taught the people that sin was destruction, and lo! their arguments

have gone to dust and oblivion. Christ painted a picture of sin as peril, and lo! his picture is immortal.

It stirs the sense of wonder that those teachers who have used illustrations so simple that a child can understand them have never been recognized as profound thinkers. Yet theirs is the art that conceals art. Contrariwise, writers who represent the rudest stages of thinking, and who must needs carpenter together arguments, often win great repute as men of profound intellect. But arguments are only the raw materials of thought, the lowest form of thinking, while the parable and picture represent the art products of the creative imagination! Parables simple? There is a simplicity that publishes greatness! Arguments profound? There is a profundity that publishes shallowness! Our northern lakes are so clear and pure that a pebble is seen at the bottom of a pool ten feet deep. Hard by, perchance, is some shallow mud pond. Going along the road the passer-by startles a frog that leaps into the pool. Striking the mud a few inches under the surface, the swimmer disappears. In its ignorance the child thinks the pond to be very deep. It is not depth but dirt that conceals the frog. In the deep, pure lake it is not

shallowness but clarity that reveals the pebble lying at the bottom of the deep pool. Many a philosopher has gained reputation for profound thinking by a dexterous use of big words and long theological terms, supplemented by a large, gold-headed cane. But let no man think that, because Christ deals in illustrations that a child can understand intellectually, He is not supreme over all the scholars and philosophers.

Now the use of mnemonics and word pictures have their justification in the fact that all institutions, political, social, and religious, rest back upon figurative teaching. Slowly and with infinite difficulty man moves from the known to the unknown. Did society but know it, every word man uses is condensed history and poetry, just as a lump of coal is a mass of buds and perfumed boughs condensed into a flake of carbon. Often a single word is a parable and picture. Once the charioteer used a whip so cruel it took away the horses' "sarx" or flesh. Then, when a man made a scourge of his tongue and cut a deep gash in the heart of his friend, men called that speech "sarcasm." Once lying architects concealed the crack in the marble columns with wax. When several summers and winters had passed, under the stress of heat and

cold, the wax peeled off; soon all contracts made in Rome contained the words, "sine cera" (without wax), and society gained the new word "sincere." Foolish stories are called "trivial." In Virgil's day a peasant built an inn at the place where three roads, "tres viæ," met. Lingering in the little inn, the soldier drank much sour wine and told foolish stories. Soon man spake of "trivial" stories, *i.e.* stories told at the inn where "tres viæ" met. Thus each new word is a canvas into which are swept a thousand social experiences.

But if the picture-making faculty gave man his language, this faculty also gave society its law and jurisprudence and religion. In the last analysis the old Mosaic economy is simply a system of symbols and pictures. In that rude age, Moses, leading the multitude into the wilderness, found himself at the head of a horde of slaves and savages. It was useless to tell men it was wrong to kill, steal, and lie, for men knew not what right and wrong were. Therefore, it became necessary to develop a series of symbols and parabolic ceremonies that would illustrate the nature of sin and wrong-doing. Beginning with the rudiments, Moses built a temple with an outer court and an inner

sanctuary. Beyond was a holy place, and far within a "most holy place," into which only the high priest could enter once a year. Did some rude man break the law of truth or purity or honesty? He was made to stand in the outer court, sin having separated him from the God of Righteousness. Did some man repent of his theft or falsehood? A handful of perfumed shrubs was burned upon an altar, and as the smoke ascended into the clouds, the rude man's prayer and aspiration rose with the incense toward the unseen God. Later, because men had no sense of the solidarity of society, other sacrifices were used as illustrations. Some brutal father through his passion involved his innocent babe in suffering. That he might understand how his act brought injury upon others, a dove was brought in and offered for his sin as a symbol of how the innocent child was involved in his transgression. Slowly, through solemn and elaborate ceremonies, the sense of right-doing and of wrong-doing was developed, until men came to see that obedience to law was the only road to liberty; that disobedience separated men from happiness and prosperity, from conscience and from God. The Mosaic economy, with its altars, sacrifices, temples, is the most highly developed

system of mnemonics for the development of moral and ethical ideas that the world has ever seen. Moses, its inventor, was a mountain-peaked man of mentality all compact. Because every legal code and constitution to-day simply repeats his principles and Ten Commandments, men like Goethe and Guizot count Moses the greatest intellect our world has ever known.

Later, as society advanced, a thousand new illustrations of the nature of God were developed. The external world with all objects of use and beauty in land and sea and sky were pressed into service, and became symbols for setting forth this invisible One. From sacrifices the Hebrew seers passed to natural objects. The sun was the shining of God's eye. The rain was the falling of His mercy. The stroke of the earthquake was the stroke of His arm. The white clouds in the sky were the dust rising up as His chariot rolled along the heavenly highway. The mountains became altars, the cattle upon a thousand hills were sacrifices, the golden clouds that covered the tops of the mountains became incense rising heavenward toward the Unseen Being.

As civilization waxed more and more, all objects making for admiration and delight were brought

in for interpreting the divine nature. Was there a ruler who stood for wisdom, power, and justice? Then God became a king or prince. Did men build fortresses against their enemies? Then God became a strong power, a refuge for the poor and weak. In that hot climate, where the sun shone with a deadly heat and men feared the stroke of the sunbeam, God became the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." As social institutions grew strong and rich, in a world where friend loved friend, God was one whose love surpassed that of a brother, and He became teacher, counsellor, consoler, and friend. Man's alphabet holds only twenty-six letters; yet with this little alphabet he writes the full story of his arts, his sciences and religion. But the word "God" includes infinite treasures of mind and heart; such volume of supreme excellence that all things useful or beautiful in land, sea, and sky, all names or experiences in home or government or art or science, became letters in a divine alphabet to spell out the infinite God, who, being known, is still unknown, whose throne must ever be wrapped about "with clouds and darkness."

Perchance this survey of the nature, function, and moral uses of parables and illustrations will help interpret the imaginative uses of Christ's

likening Himself to a "way" and a "road." The highest reason is at once stimulated and satisfied when this divine teacher likens Himself unto the "sun," and "vine," the "light," the "life," the "truth." But since no object is more homely than a "road" over which pass the weary multitudes, with all herds and flocks and caravans, it stirs our sense of wonder that Christ should have likened Himself unto the "way" that leads into some imperial city. Yet the events of that far-off Roman era lent to the road a world-wide significance, and made the way one of the richest of Christ's symbols. At best it was a rude, wild age. Society was chaotic and unorganized. For reasons of safety men dwelt in walled towns and cities. There were brigands in the mountains and wolves in the hills. For a merchant the journey from one town to another was accompanied with great danger. To-day the Kurds of Persia sweep down from their mountain fastnesses into Armenian villages, burning houses, looting the shops, killing the men, and carrying off the women and children.

Not otherwise in that era property was insecure. When the night fell the keepers hurried their flocks toward the gates of the villages, and the caravans made haste to find safety within the walls of some town. In such an age Julius

Cæsar conceived the idea of binding all the provinces together by a system of roads. With the instinct of a statesman he set his soldiers to construct a highway through what we call France, on into Italy, toward the capital. After nineteen centuries sections of this road still remain, a splendid highway sixty feet wide, made of pounded rock covered with cement, and guarded on either side by huge blocks of stone. Every twelve miles there were relays, with soldiers and an inn, where merchants and travellers found refreshment and protection. Most famous of all these roads was the Appian Way. Along that historic highway moved emperors, with their triumphal processions; Alexandrian merchants, with their wheat, oil, and wine; travellers from the Orient, who brought silken stuffs, with spices and myrrh; merchants from Africa, with ivory, precious stones, and bars of gold. And through this way and road uniting towns and cities, levelling valleys, and making mountains low, peace followed tumult, and danger gave way to security. Soon the road came to stand for safety, peace, and permanency. By reason of the associations with law, government, and justice, it may be doubted whether any other term could have carried more meaning to men than the expression, "I am the way."

In that far-off era also, "the way" was a symbol of friendship and of the heart's deepest affections. It was a pastoral age. The leaders of the time were sheiks whose tents followed their flocks and herds as they wandered o'er the hills. Beautiful, indeed, the picture of those old-time friendships between sages who were called the "friends of God." In that era Abraham led his flocks into one rich valley, and there set up his tents and reared his home. Beyond the range of high hills was a second rich valley, where another sheik fed his flocks. Separated by the low mountains, these men were united by friendship. For if the birds must go in flocks, the fishes in shoals, and the cattle in herds, men are drawn together by a hunger for companionship. Soon these two men bade their servants make a path up the steep sides of this range and down into the valley beyond. Oft fleet runners, bearing now a bough of fruit and now a measure of fine wheat, hurried along this path.

Full oft swift runners were sent out to give warning of approaching danger. At intervals, also, there came family festivals, when the sons and daughters of one house made their way along this walk for a week's visit to the other. Worn by many feet, this "way" became sacred

by association. At last the time came when the two sheiks built a booth at the top of the hill, and oft meeting there, struck hands of friendship. Sacred, indeed, the spot where one great mind carrying its undisclosed life of meditation meets another great mind and heart. Recalling that spot in the street where he met his friend, Schiller thought of building a memorial of the meeting. And meeting in the path upon the summit of the hill from which they looked down upon their distant homes in confidence and undisturbed by fear, they spoke of the deep things of life and love and God, moving "over realms and royalties of meditation where each had so often passed, a solitary traveller." In such an age this path, uniting homes, and baptized by friendships, and sacred by a thousand associations, lends a strange interpretation to these words, "I am the way."

To these associations of government, law, and common life, the home and the domestic affections lent their associations to "the way." Our western peoples dwell in cities. With us gardens are almost unknown. Homes are literally upon the street. But travellers to Oriental cities know that every home is set far back from the streets, and the pathway from the gate to the door is one which the householder makes strangely

beautiful by fragrant shrubs and climbing vines, with palms and oleanders. In the description of this house of Ben Hur, what a pathway of beauty and delight was "the way" leading to that house hidden midst the trees. In that soft genial climate, how beautiful the custom of serving the evening meal on the table set in that embowered pathway. What fascination attached to the conversation when the neighbors dropped in for converse during the long twilight! What converse between men grown old and infirm with life's battles! What a paradise for children loving games and sports! And when neighbors had gone what young stranger is this who lingers with the daughter of the home? Along that way, after the day's work was done, moved the father, journeying homeward. At the end of that way, also, the mother parted with the boy, who, going forth to make his fortune, has never returned. Happiness will never be hers until again she beholds his form returning along that familiar path.

Sometimes in pensive hours the householder walks in the gray dusk up and down that way, reflecting that soon he will be carried along that path to find himself in another "way" from which no traveller ever returns. And so, through a thousand beautiful associations "the way" and

the road took on rich meaning and significance. It stood for safety of life and property, for peace and tranquillity. It stood for commerce, trade, and wealth. It stood for friendship and affection and for the rich associations of the heart. And when Christ called Himself "the way," it seemed to weary men as if no other symbol was so rich, so full of hidden suggestion, not one that was clothed with such sweetness and beauty; not one that was so deep and serviceable. To the multitudes lost in the wilderness, Christ became the way home; a highway for those who are light of foot and those whose feet are heavy with misfortune; a "way" for the children of prosperity who sweep forward in chariots, and also for the poor who move forward with fettered feet; for all men, high and low, bond and free, He was the divine "way," leading unto the eternal city of God.

For the philosophers representing the intellect, Christ is the way to God. Glorious, indeed, the company of the scholars who have sought the Unseen One. Yet after a lifetime of investigation the sages have one cry, "O that I knew where I might find Him." From Job to Herbert Spencer God has been the Undiscovered One. How pathetic Job's words; God's footprints are

not in the rock, made permanent for students; His footprints are not in the snow, quickly melting in the sun; "Thy footsteps are in the sea where waves wipe the footprints out." So far from knowing the way to God's throne, the philosophers have not even been sure of His name. For Huxley He is the Unknown God; for Spencer He is the Unknowable One; for the positivist He is the Stream of Tendency; for Arnold He is the Power that makes for righteousness. But with Martineau let us confess that these are poor substitutes for God, man's Father. In its Gethsemane hour the soul does not pray, "O Stream of Tendency, let this cup pass from me!" In the hour when fame is a vapor, when riches take wings, and strength fails, men will not ask "the Unknowable One" to support their sufferings. In the hour of death the philosopher asks us to spell the word "force" with a capital "F," but not even the font of large type can support the hero and martyr. Matthew Arnold defined religion as "ethics suffused with emotion," but mist though suffused with moonshine makes a poor substitute for wheaten bread. Viewed as rhetoric, this rose-ated ethics is a highly successful phrase. Viewed as a substitute for Christianity, it asks man to

substitute bread for a chunk of cloud-bank buttered with the night wind.

Sad, indeed, the confessions of the philosophers. "The great companion is dead," sobs Professor Clifford. "My everlasting winter has set in," moans Harriet Martineau. Herbert Spencer is very sad. How pathetic the introduction of his last book! Therein he doubts whether anything he has ever written has served any man. Yet this philosopher represents a great intellect, a brave heart, and a noble life. Does this pathetic confession mean that troubles have broken his heart? Does the world reel beneath his feet, that he seems to wish to lean against some strong arm that can hold all reeling worlds? Have agnosticism and pessimism gone into bankruptcy and left their creditors broken-hearted? We cannot praise the philosophers too highly. If they have failed, they have failed as heroes who struggled for the impossible. In youth and health men read the philosophers, but in the hour of sickness, defeat, adversity, and death men send these volumes to the garret or cellar. Morlais Jones tells of a famous picture of logs blazing in the fireplace. One bleak January day a pet monkey found its way into the room, and, seeing the picture, ran up and lifted its shivering

hands before the canvas. After a few moments the poor creature began to moan piteously. The longer it waited, the colder the monkey became, for the flames were only painted fire. Having tried all the philosophies, Professor Clifford moans piteously. It was only painted fire. Significant, indeed, Romanes' return to a simple faith in Jesus Christ, affirming that all modern science and the principle of evolution have their culmination in Christ and Christianity.

Now comes the president of the British Society for the Advancement of Science with a like confession. For the march of the philosophers seems like the march of the Ten Thousand. The brave Greeks, after months of wandering through the enemy's country, wounded by poisoned arrows, worn by forced marches, hunger, and thirst, tortured by cold, torn by thorns and thickets, at last emerged from the forest, and from the mountain tops saw afar off the glimmerings of the sea. Forgetting their rags and misery, with shouts of rapturous joy these soldiers rushed down the hillside, crying aloud, "The sea, the sea!" In their search for the clew of the maze the great men of earth have wandered far; but Browning and Tennyson, Romanes the scientist, Lord Kelvin the mathemati-

cian, the great statesmen from Webster and Lincoln to Bismarck and Gladstone, these are leaders in a movement that seems about to become a contagion, as earth's greatest spirits fall into Christ's triumphal procession as He leads on toward God's throne. For Christ made the way to God plain and smooth. Standing forth before the people, Christ unveiled the Creator as a Father; made His throne mercy and not marble; made His providence seem like the gulf stream of history; made His laws to seem forms of love filled with sweet solicitude, rather than nets to trap the feet of the unwary. For the first time in history the Divine Being was surrounded with fascination and allurement. If once men had fled from this Being, whose brow had been wreathed with lightnings that consumed men out of His presence, Christ made the very name of God music and medicine and wings to worn and weary men. Not those love words that mothers sing above their cradles to children; not those songs with which the lover wooes his bride; not those tokens of affection between friends, are so alluring as the names that were associated with the name of God. The old legend is that when the angels departed from the shepherds that Christmas night they left a rosy hue in the

atmosphere; thus the very name of God came to lend a rosy, radiant glow to the mind. For the sons of intellect, Christ has, indeed, become "the way."

For the common people, also, Christ has been a "way" out of life's wilderness; for the children of prosperity, blessed with leisure, luxury, friends, and travel, the life that now is so pleasant that they can afford to trust to Providence who hath appointed the present to guard their future career. But for the millions who toil in the field and forest, in factory and mine, living upon the edge of want, the problems of life are difficult and dark. For the multitudes going through life, hungering for knowledge, but all unfed; hungering for art and beauty but doomed to starve; hungering for position and influence, but doomed to ignorance and obscurity, life is full of care and hard problems. And for these multitudes worn with trouble, it is not enough that scholars say that God is back of the stars and suns, supporting the framework of the universe, ripening the harvests and ordering the summers and winters. Overtaken by poverty, despoiled by despair, wandering as sheep without a shepherd, in their bitterness the sheep cry out: "Is there no one who cares for me, now that trouble

has run a ploughshare through the garden of my life? Is there no one who cares for me, despoiled and heartbroken, with affections torn away, as when rude foresters strip the bleeding vine from the trunk to which it clings? Is there no one who cares for me, overtaken by sudden invalidism, doomed to drop out of the ranks and see the columns march by, leaving me a wreck, a remnant and a failure?"

Taught by its instinct, the very bird finds a way into tropic gardens, and is a man less than a bird that no friends should open up a way to that glowing tropic heart that we call God? The children of misfortune and defeat grow very bitter, for man cares little for his fellow-man. Nothing in our world is so cheap as human beings. That English company sent the ship to sea knowing that the craft would break up. It was little that they lost the crew, for they gained the insurance. On land men are so cheap and worthless that landlords are permitted to rent rotten rookeries that ooze disease and death for the sake of the interest on their capital. A little grove of black walnut trees in Michigan sold recently for a fortune, but men are so cheap that every place is spoken for, every loaf is preëngaged and before the dying man is buried, his place is filled.

And to the multitudes floundering in the wilderness Christ became the "way," leading men to God and His all-comforting love. He bore Himself toward men after the pattern of earth's most glorious friendship.

With tranquillity He met the emergencies of the poor, the obscure, the publican, the outcast, the sinner, the king, the scholar, and the slave. He touched the slave, and his shackles fell off; He touched the weak, and they became too strong to be oppressed; He touched the home, and it became a bower of delight; He touched the cradle, and childhood became sacred; He touched music, and it became pure and sweet; art, and the canvas took on lustrous beauty; architecture, and it became worthy of man's worship. He lent man a new heart, and the publican rose up with the dignity of a king. He taught man the law of love, and that law brought order into society and the realm of morals, as Newton's law of gravity brought law and harmony into the realm of matter. Men came to God through Christ with their prayers, for He sympathized with their sufferings; they brought their burdens, and He dissolved them; they brought their tears, and His hand wiped them away; they brought in their dead and He made them live. For the

common people, Christ's cross and His atoning sacrifice opened up a "way" to happiness, progress, social strength, prosperity, and peace.

For the poets, also, ruled by imagination, those who hear the oak within the acorn's shell, hear the song within the egg of the lark, hear the wisdom of the sage in the prattle of the child. By way of preëminence, Browning and Tennyson have been called the voices of our generation. Both made themselves familiar with the results of the latest scientific investigation. Among their close friends were Tyndall and Huxley, and some of the apostles of doubt and despair. Recounting his movement from doubt to faith, Tennyson tells us he was deeply troubled and perplexed by the apparent confusion and waste of life and by the vast amount of sin and suffering throughout the world. Pursuing his investigations, he came to feel that nature was full of imperfections, rapine, and cruelty. Having grappled long with anguish and darkness, doubt and death, at last he found Him whom he said was the "way to God." "None knoweth the Father save the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal him. I am amazed at Christ's purity and holiness and at his infinite beauty. The forms of religion may change, but Christ will grow more

and more in the roll of ages. His character is more wonderful than the greatest miracle." Taught by Christ, Browning and Tennyson say they learned that God is love, and that the soul's love to God in return is the true basis of "duty, truth, reverence, loyalty, love, virtue, and work." Indeed, it was Browning's words that seem to have lent Professor Henry Drummond that beautiful confession of his faith in Christ: "the recoverableness of man at his worst is the gift of Christ; the forgiveness of sins comes by Christ's cross; the power to set the heart right is Christ's grant; the hope of immortality springs from Christ's grave; religion means a personal trust in God, a personal debt to Christ, a personal dedication to His cause. These, brought about how you will, are supreme things to aim at, supreme loss if they are missed."

For all men Christ is the way to an immortal hope. Before Christ lived and died the Tuscans made each tomb face the west, for the soul's sun had set never to rise. After Christ, tombs faced the east, for the sun had disappeared to stand again upon the horizon, clothed with untroubled splendor. There is a chamber in the catacombs used about the time of Julius Cæsar, and every tomb has emblems of the skull and crossbones. Hard by is another chamber

of a later generation, and lo! Christ's teachings have carved upon each stone a lily, eloquent of immortal hope. In his "Disputations" Cicero said the endowments of the soul seem to imply another life. The unthinking oak lives many centuries. Even such a brute as the elephant had a career that touched the confines of two centuries. But if man entered the scene clothed with the attributes of God, he had years less than the beast and the arena of an insect. What a creator was man! He entered the desert, and it became a garden; he turned wild rice into yellow harvests, forked sticks into great ploughs, papyrus leaves into books, huge stones into temples and cathedrals, made the desert a garden and the wilderness a city. Yet, beneath the oak living for centuries, sleeps Cicero and some twenty generations of his descendants, so ephemeral is man's career. Not until fifteen does the youth awake to the thought "I live!" A few days later he finds a grave digged in the waving grass, and man exclaims, "I shall die!" Then comes life's greatest thought, "Dying, I shall live again."

The Roman orators exclaimed, "If there be a meeting place of the dead!" Then Christ entered the scene whispering that God was fully equal to the emergency named "death." Unto

God all live. Passing through the grave He exclaimed, "Because I live, ye shall live also!" And from that hour death was clothed with sweet allurement. The falling statesman, the dying martyr and mother, welcome the signs of death as signals hanged from the heavenly battlements. The iron mask of death fell off, and death stood forth, a shining angel of God coming for welcome and convoy. The dark river narrowed to a tiny ribbon. It seemed but a step to the immortal shore. The path of death became a path of living light. Striking hands with Jesus Christ, the little child, the sage, the statesman, and the seer alike went joyously toward death, and disappearing, passed on into an immortal summer.

XIII

Fear, Law, and Love as Motives of Life

"Love is the medicine of all moral evil. By it the world is to be cured of sin. Love is the wine of existence. When you have taken that, you have taken the most precious drop that there is in the cluster. Love is the seraph, and faith and hope are but the wings by which it flies. The nature of the highest love is to be exquisitely sensitive to the act of forcing itself unbidden and unwelcome upon another. The finer, the stronger, the higher love is, the more it is conditioned upon reciprocation. No man can afford to invest his being in anything lower than faith, hope, love — these three, the greatest of which is love."

— HENRY WARD BEECHER.

XIII

FEAR, LAW, AND LOVE AS MOTIVES OF LIFE

Man embarrassed by over-abundance of treasure. Our earth so vast, no foot can visit all shrines. Impossible for the mind to harvest all truth and beauty. Therefore division of mental labor. Fascinations of the moral realm. Heroes and saints represent different and sometimes opposing features. The possible motives of character. Fear the fundamental motive. Place of fear in individual life. Fear and social progress. Self-interest as a high motive. Ambition and personal growth. The dream of wisdom, wealth, influence, and character. Men allured forward from in front rather than scourged from behind. Law and duty as motives. A world of laws. The ruins along the pathway of time as proclaiming the danger of disobedience. Obedience and happiness. Love as crowning motive. Love and the imagination. Love lends fertility to the reason. Love arms against enmities. Love the summer of the soul. Love as a revelator of God. Love the fulfilment of the higher manhood.

OUR earth is so vast that no foot can visit all shrines, and no mind harvest all of earth's truth and beauty. Man is embarrassed by over-abundance of treasure. We are told that Herodotus was the first to attempt a full exploration

of our earth. Returning home after a long journey, the Grecian reported the earth an island, flat, fifteen hundred miles in diameter, and requiring a period of five years for complete knowledge. Since those far-off days, travellers have caused our earth to greatly extend her shores, and take on many islands and continents. And the work of enlargement is still going on. Last winter an English ship returned home from a voyage amidst the icebergs of the Antarctic Ocean to report the finding of an icebound continent, apparently larger than Greenland. To-day, should the old Grecian traveller revisit our planet, he would be constrained to confess that the earth has become so long, and life so short, that man must be content to remain ignorant of many storied lands and scenes. If in the autumn we linger beside the lovely lakes of the Adirondacks, or in winter journey into the sunny clime of Florida, if in June we follow the summer, as it advances, over the Berkshire Hills, we shall feel that each of these realms of beauty asks for a lifetime of study. Desirous of dwelling in each spot famed for loveliness, Cicero had five country villas in addition to his city home. When the great orator had multiplied houses, he found that he could live but in one place at

a time. Building in the city, man must forego the country, with its glorious forests, its gardens, its choral fields. Building his home in the northern woods, man remembers with regret that the city is the home of music, art, and eloquence.

Nor are the realms of knowledge less numerous or vast. Listening to some jurist's argument, the youth covets oratory and its varied forms of learning and power. But to-morrow, lingering in the gallery, the boy will regret that he had not chosen the beautiful for his life pursuit. Growing older, man learns that his years are all too short for him to attain unto equal excellence in all realms of life and learning. In Cuvier's day the scientist took all knowledge for his province. To-day one scientist gives his life to the oak or willow, another to the beetle or silkworm; while in the mental realm, one studies reason or affections, another memory or motives. In the vast tropic plantations in Brazil, it is necessary for one group of servants to give exclusive attention to the pineapple or orange grove, or the fragrant coffee fields. Thus the vastness of the realm of knowledge has compelled a division of mental labor. Holmes says Newton or Leibnitz painted nature with a free

hand, and standing back, admired it as a whole, with the rapture of archangels. But nowadays, knowledge is a vast mosaic, each scientist bringing his little piece and stitching it in place, but so taken up with his petty fragment that he has no thought for the great picture the little bits make when put together. Indeed, through the microscope a small piece of iron becomes as large as a world. In the hardest steel the particles stand aloof like trees in a forest. Each molecule is separated from its fellow by a distance equal to its own diameter. Journeying outward with the telescope, we find the starry world sown with suns, that fly out from the Creator's hand much as sparks fly from under the smith's hammer; and each star is replete with beauty. Reflections like these tell us that man's hand was made for one flower or one golden bough, and not for the full summer. Man's career of seventy years asks for several books, not all the libraries; for a group of friends, not all humanity. Man must content himself with visiting a few mountains and lakes, a few ancient cities and civilizations. The finite foot can never overtake infinite beauty.

From this overlargeness of the world-house we pass easily to the thought that the mortal

realm is large enough for earth's millions, but too large for one man. A world that offers innumerable landscapes and faces unto an artist whose life avails but for a few pictures, will also present a thousand avenues of heart excellence to the individual whose feet can move along but one pathway. The tropical richness of the moral realm makes each individual an eclectic. As the traveller planning his journey is enticed westward by the attractions of Japan and India, and is at the same time allured eastward toward the land of the Parthenon or Pyramids, so each heart must choose between the excellences that make the mind strong toward the home or the city, or make the heart helpful toward the orphan or the slave. As the glory of a wheatfield is one and the glory of an orange grove another, so there is one moral glory of the factory and another glory of the office; one glory of the schoolroom and another glory of the home: for one virtue differs from another virtue in glory. If some Howard chooses self-abnegation and becomes a reformer toward the bottom of society, some Gladstone, choosing self-enrichment and the moulding of states, will become a reformer toward the top of society.

Recalling these apostolic heroes who gave

Christianity its powerful impulse, we find these giants pass before the mind clothed with dissimilarity. Paul comes before us in the garb of a philosopher and logician. He assumes, he reflects, he links argument to argument. With iron logic he pulls us on toward an irresistible conclusion. But John was a poet and seer. He comes musing, weeping, loving, aspiring. Over against the city Ephesus, that seemed a volcano pouring forth passions like lurid lava, the poet projected the city of God, with gates of pearl and ever blooming trees, with fountains of the water of life. But James is unlike either. He is very practical. Reading the argument of Paul, the apostle of works reflects that philosophy bakes no bread. Reading the vision of John and thinking of the widow and orphan, he seems to anticipate General Booth's words, "One pot of hot gruel, two petticoats, and a wool blanket are worth a lake full of tears." Yet no thoughtful man will be disturbed by these dissimilarities. In every age there have been two classes in the church: the one emphasizes knowledge and culture; the other emphasizes affection and sentiment. And outside of the church stands a third class of Christians, whose emphasis has been upon good deeds, conduct, and character.

In the physical realm, our sun, flooding each root and germ with sunshine, asks each violet or palm to move toward its own excellence. Thus, Jesus Christ, rising in his full splendor upon the soul's horizon, urges each soul to fulfil its own unique career. The unity of the moral realm is the unity of the summer and not the unity of a sand heap.

To man, delaying his choice of one of the many avenues of excellence, come certain guiding motives. The soul is a mechanism driven forward by its desires. Certain powerful stimulants called love of knowledge or friendship or affluence act upon the soul as winds upon the ship. If we study these motives in detail we shall see that their number and kind determine man's value and character. The initial motive and the root of all excellence is fear. Of old the sage said, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." But fear is also present in the flower and fruitage of moral excellence. Indeed, without the instinct of fear man would soon perish out of the earth. The world is full of destruction. Man is threatened by fire and threatened by water and threatened by his fellows. He needed a place of refuge and a coat of mail to protect him against the arrows of

assault, and fear was ordained as armor and castle. Moving through the forest, fear goes before man, guarding him against the thorn and the brier. Fear warns man against wild beasts and carries him in safety over seas and rivers. Building a house, fear makes it fireproof. Fronting danger, fear forges a weapon. In presence of disease, fear searches out a remedy. Having preserved man's life, fear goes on to become the spring of his civilization. The fear of cold compels industry and stimulates the savage to building a house. The fear of hunger compels ploughing and sowing and reaping. Fear of want in old age stimulates the youth toward economy and thrift. Tempted toward sin, the fear of public opinion safeguards man against vice and crime. Misunderstanding, some affect to despise this divine instinct. Such persons do not see that God ordained fear as an alarm-bell for maintaining the integrity of man's being. The Nantucket reef, with hidden rocks that threaten ships, is guarded with fog-bells that by day and night ring out warning and alarm. Thus fear is ordained as the primal impulse to secure man's safety and urge him along the paths of growth, prosperity, and peace.

To-day fear appears in our civilization in a

hundred forms. It is manifest in the magistrate and the policeman, in the health board and the physician, and also in every institution that protects property or reputation or life. Allied with duty, it appears in the intense consciousness of good men. Allied with generosity, it lends inspiration to the reformer. Underneath love, fear gives solicitude and thoughtfulness to father and mother. Lest danger may attack honor or family or business, men are made afraid. Fear is a sentinel standing upon the walls, watching against the enemy. It is, to be sure, only the beginning of character. It is a root virtue. But while the apple tree needs a root, man can approach the tree only when it attains unto the fruit ripened in love's atmosphere. When the husbandman plants the seed, two things are necessary for growth. First comes the winter. The plantlet is there, but it is shut in between thick walls. The sunbeam avails not for liberty. Then comes the frost to drive in its wedges, and split the shell apart. Once freed, the plantlet passes out of the dominion of winter. Its continued life waits for the summer's coming. Thus fear is a low and wintry motive. It is the beginning of wisdom, yet it accompanies love unto the end. Fear is the subbass upon

which the higher and nobler melodies of life roll and rest.

A second motive driving man along the pathway of progress is self-interest. When fear hath driven man into one realm of excellence, ambition to excel drives him into another. The desire for precedence is a powerful mainspring moving upon all his faculties. Man is a bundle of aspirations. He might be defined as the animal with the upward look. This hunger for growth and supremacy is not confined to the prince in his palace. In the humblest toiler there is a germinal ambition that answers to that passion in Napoleon that urged the great general forward upon his career of conquest, and drove him through hundreds of battles from Lodi to Waterloo. Indeed, without this motive, it may be doubted whether a man could achieve any progress or character. Xenophon tells us of a Grecian youth who was so eager to win the chariot race that he added steed to steed until there were eight fiery chargers pulling his eager chariot toward the goal. In the interest of his speedy progress and enlargement, man binds himself to many powerful forces called love of property, love of home, love of reputation, love of man and God. And there is no

form of moral supremacy that self-interest will not help man to secure. Ambition to instruct others makes man a scholar. Ambition to influence multitudes makes man an orator. Ambition to distribute universal bounty makes one a successful business man. Ambition to right wrongs and correct abuses makes man a statesman. Ambition for God's smile makes him a humble Christian. Even when selfness degenerates into selfishness, it has sometimes been overruled toward progress.

Thus the French kings of the eighteenth century oppressed the people with heavy taxes. The tithe gatherers swept the land as one sweeps a granary. With their accumulated treasure these French monarchs developed parks, built palaces, brought in sculptors and painters from foreign lands. But when the palaces were filled with paintings and marbles and tapestries and vases and curios from every land, the kings were swept away, and these vast art treasures were handed over to the people. Thus these galleries, builded and filled by selfishness, became granaries that sowed the land with universal civilization. And, not infrequently, selfishness in the individual is also overruled for society's good. Sometimes, when it is proposed to found a library

or gallery, the subscription book is taken to a man who has no interest in the proposed institution, but who greatly needs the influence of the promoters thereof. Anticipating some future gain, the selfish man does a generous deed. He invests his generosity as a sower invests his seed, believing it will return with quadruple treasure. He will help build a statue to the poet or statesman, not through gratitude to the world's benefactor, but to further his own interests. Later on the selfish man discovers that the memory of a generous deed is one of life's keenest pleasures. Having begun in selfishness, he goes on to be generous for its own sake. And thus every form of integrity is made to bring in large returns of money and of friends. Honesty and godliness will not quicken the slow thought or transform dulness into genius or give the inventor's skill to a hand naturally clumsy; but, given the root forces — common sense, sane judgment, courage, and energy — and then add moral honesty, — sterling honesty, honesty that is continuous in all its fidelities, honesty that guards another's interests as its own, honesty that is above suspicion or reproach or temptation, — why, the money value of such integrity is above rubies! The Latin poet tells

us of a goddess who rolled apples along the pathway before a group of children. Pursuing the celestial fruit, the children of earth went heavenward with shouts of glee. How beautiful this legend telling us that God sends messengers with rewards many and rich before him who moves along the pathway of honor and integrity!

But when fear hath guarded man against danger, and self-interest hath taught man to make the most possible of himself, the individual enters into another realm. Moving upward, man comes under the influence of conscience and duty. He finds himself in a world of laws. Laws wall man around, laws dome him over, laws make the ground solid beneath his feet. Every star and stone is obedient. Nothing is independent. The planets go whither they are bidden. Rivers obey their banks. Trees fulfil the law of growth. Laws are celestial belts that move from one planet to another. The same law that rounds the sun orbs the tear on the babe's cheek. Disobedience to these laws means destruction. Should our earth disobey the law that moves it toward Neptune, it would soon fall into the sun's fiery abyss. Looking backward over the pathway of history, we see that those cities and civilizations that have been

destroyed were all breakers of law. Thebes and Athens are in ruins, because they sinned deeply against the laws of the home and the state and of God. Not time, not summer nor winter lifted the destroying hammer above the temples and marbles of Phidias. It was disobedience to law that made the temple a heap and the city a ruin.

Three hundred years ago Italy possessed art treasures innumerable. To-day only a few broken fragments and a few rotting canvases remain. But these precious art treasures would have existed in all their splendor for thousands of years had it not been for man's destroying agency. Man has been the mildew that destroyed the pictures, that shattered the statue, the fire kindled upon the fresco. Out of many reflections like these we learn that the highest liberty comes through obedience to law, while disobedience is slavery. Disobeying the law of fire, man becomes houseless. Disobeying the law of gravity, man falls from the dizzy height. Breaking laws of food and rest, man's body becomes a bundle of agonies. But going upward toward obedience to law, man attains liberty. His biographer exhibits the youth, Wendell Phillips, as a timid, bashful debater. One day, after hear-

ing the great orator, a Southern slaveholder exclaimed, "If we allow this man to keep on speaking, he will soon talk the fetters off all our slaves." Similarly, by obedience to the law of beauty, the artist's brush became as full of color as the summer itself. There never was a man who attained unto any degree of excellence or art or statecraft who did not climb up unto excellence by obedience to laws that are rounds in the golden ladder of success. Often these laws are irksome, and full oft they seem grievous burdens. The obedience of many is only a means of escaping disaster. They think they will be damned if they do wrong. Rather than be damned they do right. To all such, the laws of right seem forms of tyranny. All such move upward, scourged thither by conscience.

But when the sentinel fear hath guarded the city of man's soul against its enemies, when selfness has stored the city with treasures of wisdom and friendship and integrity; when laws have restrained man from the precipice, then love comes in to cast out fear. Then the root and stalk condition is transmuted upward into fruit and flower. The inspiration of fear and law gives way to the fuller inspiration and stimulus of love. As the summer, with its silent warmth, avails

more for harvest than can the winter, with its majesty of storm and wind, so the inspiration of love achieves what the inspiration of duty cannot. What a garden is in summer, filled with perfumed shrubs and flowers and the song of birds, that fear and duty and conscience are, when shone upon by love. But, without love, law and duty are like unto a garden in the winter, bare, leafless, forsaken of birds, beaten upon by winds. The great violinist tells us that when he was but six years old he practised six hours a day. He achieved this feat of industry and mastered the laws of melody because he feared his father's anger. Rather than be whipped he refrained from discord. But the day came when the child of ten was an orphan. Then the love of parents was succeeded by the love of music. He came to have an overmastering passion for his violin. Rising up early, before his taskmaster called him, sitting up late, the little child poured out his very soul in sweet song. Love taught him to avoid discord; love fulfilled in him all sweet harmonies. Love made his fingers glide over the strings with a facility swifter than a bird's flight in the air. Fear of blows made the child but a mediocre musician. But love made him a genius, and put his name in every man's mouth.

And every true man and woman knows that

there is no true magician like love. With what beauty does love embellish the object of its affections! What dreams and ambitions love awakens and afterward fulfils! What fruitfulness it lends to the imagination! What springs of happiness does it open up! What faults and frailties does it correct! Lest they may injure its dear ones, love subdues rage and anger and obstinacy. And later on, love becomes a prophet. Arguments do not always avail for proving immortality. Sometimes reason says that, because the sun goes down in night, perhaps the soul in death may set never to rise again. But when man digs a grave in the grass for her who has been the inspiration of his life, or for the child who rose above his life like a star in the open sky, then by the grave where reason's taper goes out, love flames out anew its light and hope, and leads man along a bright pathway toward a better land. June itself is not so full of ripeness and beauty as is the heart that loves. As summer fills full all seeds, so love fills full, or as we say fulfils, all laws.

Now the transition from fear to love that asks but threescore years for the individual, requires hundreds of years for the race. For centuries the rich governed man through the inspiration of terror. Not only society but theology also was in the

stage of fear and law. In the Middle Ages men went toward heaven to escape hell, and men were literally saved "as by fire." But as society has moved upward unto love, theology has shared in the forward movement. To-day all religious thinking is in the midst of a mighty transition. The theologies of fear are breaking up. The philosophy organized about terror and Satan is giving way to one organized about love and Jesus Christ. In the Middle Ages, government was through the fagot, the rack, and the dungeon. The methods of fear that influenced the throne prevailed also in the pulpit.

In such an age even Michael Angelo painted Christ as an avenging Hercules, bending his strength toward vengeance upon sinners. In his celebrated picture of the "Last Judgment," the artist opens up a fiery pit, surrounds it with demons, endowed with skill for every kind of torture, and sweeps nine-tenths of every generation into the fiery abyss, as a housewife sweeps flies into a red-hot stove when the lid is off. In that picture, even the saints manifest riotous joy over the fate of the wicked. But this is the theology to be expected from a rude and animal state of society. If an age is ever in morals, it will be governed by fear and laws. In those days the sym-

pathetic element had not been developed. There was no sense of brotherhood in suffering. Theology had no sensitiveness. John Calvin was scarcely more than animated syllogism. If the theologian's heart had been as keen as his mind, he would have lost his reason and earth become one vast madhouse. But to-day the transition from fear to love is being accomplished with mighty pain and great danger. Many have removed the inspirations of fear without supplanting them with the incitements of duty and love. But so long as society exhibits any trace of the serpent or wolf, so long must fear have a corresponding place. In man's thinking there still are reasons for fear to be found in man's body and mind. And when it is given us to see men whose living has returned to barbaric conditions, we may well be profoundly and keenly afraid.

To-day, with the great scholar we may well exclaim, "Calvin and Edwards make me fear and tremble; Bishop Butler makes me to be amazed; Liddon and Beecher make me believe; but Jesus Christ makes me hope and love." O happy generation! in the midst of which stands the divine Saviour, teaching our age how love casts out all fear, and fulfils all law. In the realm of the state, our citizens have become patriots — not through

fear of the traitor's death, but through love of home and native land. In the realm of the beautiful, our artists are achieving excellence — not through hatred of ugliness, but through love of beautiful faces and landscapes. In the realm of higher education, our city is being profoundly influenced — not because these teachers hate falsehood, but because they have a mighty love for truth. In our school days, the historian astonished us by the story of the hired Persian troops, who went into battle followed by officers with whips. The mercenaries conquered, not through love of a noble cause, but through fear of a cruel scourge. But the Athenian's march was not a flight away from a scourge: love for his beautiful city fired his heart with enthusiasm, made his arm invincible, made it even a delight to die for his native city. Thus all the columns of society are journeying upward — not because they are fleeing away from the thunder of Sinai, but because they are allured upward by the beauty of Calvary.

Each must approach God upon his own level. The learned jurist is not the same jurist to all men. To the criminal the jurist is fear and terror. To the student the jurist is wisdom and authority. To the petitioner the judge is bounty and help. To his children the judge is a father, full of helpful

love. Thus, he who approaches God by his higher faculties will find no terror in God's brow. God will be the all-clasping God of universal compassion and tenderest love. To-day He comes to each — not as one who makes the mountains tremble; His voice is not the voice of thunder; His searching eye is not the lightning. To the pilgrim He comes, to be a guide in darkness and danger. To man chilled by life's cold He comes for warmth and gladness. To man smitten by life's fierce heat He comes "the shadow of a great rock." He comes to heal the wounded, forgive the sinful, save the lost. To man falling in death He comes with divine arms to receive the dying pilgrim.

Now the vast number of possible paths opening out before man's feet renders his a very difficult problem. His task is not simple like that of the beaver, whose instincts confine its career to that of building. No eagle was ever left in doubt as to whether it was meant to creep or walk or fly. God ordained the instincts as divine handbooks for bird and beast. Each locomotive is guided forward by its rails. The prepared track not only fixes its course, but carries the engine safely over mountains and rivers and chasm. Each bee builds its cell without waiting to learn the ten

commandments of duty, or listen to arguments in favor of six-sided cells as against cells of four sides. Sometimes man seems like a tree that can at option bring forth figs or grapes, thorns or thistles. It seems natural, therefore, to expect that man would receive some indication as to which path was the favorite one with the Creator.

When an inventor completes his mechanism, he accompanies each loom with a book of directions, showing the use of the wheel and escapement. Similarly, man wonders why each little pilgrim entering life is not accompanied by a handbook, pointing out the career in which the little stranger would achieve the most success. But, strange enough, after a thousand years of experience and history, no one to-day can prove what method of living brings the most excellence and happiness. We can only say that Livingstone achieves content and character dwelling with savages; that Florence Nightingale believes the true method is to toil for wounded prisoners; that Tennyson found his happiness in solitude and singing; while the multitudes find their pleasure in toiling in field and forest, in building houses, and engines, and cities. Doubtless each method of living has its own all-sufficient argument. In connection with Adam's three sons, we are told that there

were three rivers in paradise, and each man was left free to move along the beautiful shore of that stream that appealed most strongly to him. But to-day God has greatly increased the number and beauty of life's enriching streams. Each temperament must select its own path, knowing that the divine way leads to a land whose climate is "everlasting spring, whose air is perpetual music, whose life is endless joy."

XIV

The Automatic Judgment Seat in Man: an Outlook upon the Problem whether Theistic Evolution throws any Light upon Christ's View of Future Punishment

"'So careful of the type?' but no.
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries, 'A thousand types are gone;
I care for nothing, all shall go.

Thou makest thine appeal to me;
I bring to life, I bring to death:
The spirit does but mean the breath:
I know no more.' And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love, Creation's final law, —
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravin, shriek'd against his creed, —

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just.
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music matched with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to sooth and bless
What hope of answer, or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil."

— TENNYSON, "In Memoriam."

XIV

THE AUTOMATIC JUDGMENT SEAT IN MAN: AN OUTLOOK UPON THE PROBLEM WHETHER THEISTIC EVOLUTION THROWS ANY LIGHT UPON CHRIST'S VIEW OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT

Fascination of the problem of penalties and rewards. Monica and Augustine gazing into the open sky represent a universal tendency in those who doubt and those who believe. What lies beyond the horizon? Where are Socrates, Paul, Nero, Abraham Lincoln? Thoughts of the future life have fascinated all minds. Assuming immortality, does science throw any light upon the problem of future rewards and punishments? Nature and the law of growth. Nature and the law of death. Adjustment to environment. This law big with destiny. The law of the conservation of energy. The problem of keeping the soul that one's ancestors have achieved. The automatic judgment seat in man. Every day a judgment day. This explains the warnings of God's word. Nature of the judgment seat. Christ's statements regarding future penalties in the light of evolution. Edwards in the light of the new views. The Westminster Fathers and the reaction therefrom. The new views more stern and rigorous than the old. Ours a moral universe. Sins are seeds holding harvests of penalty. Christ a Saviour from sinning as well as from the penalties for sin. The fulness of his redemptive work.

AMONG life's gravest problems let us include the problem of the life to come, with its penalties and rewards. No other question has so fascinated man, no other problem is so big with

wonder and mystery, and none has so fully occupied the thought of the common people not less than of the poet and the philosopher. For when man has toiled long upon his tool, his law, his friendship, and made ready for his old age, it remains for him to become good friends with the past, with his conscience and his God, and to prepare for his admittance into that court of universal love into which the good and great of all ages have been gathered. Perhaps, after their many and long inquiries, the wisest of men can never know with certainty what is the nature of the future life, what occupations and duties there await man, but certain it is, that nothing educates man like the forecast of and preparation for a future that confessedly must remain unknown. All will admit that no child can know beforehand what wisdom, wealth, and influence may belong to three score years and ten, yet it is to the last degree important that the boy should wonder and dream as to what manner of home shall be his, what tool or task he shall take up; whether glory and honors shall await him or poverty and neglect discourage his labors. And if man in his youth prepares for an unknown career this side of the grave, man grown old and gray does well also to forecast that realm beyond the horizon where

moral law must also reign. If in this life vices and sins journey on attended by harvests of unhappiness, perhaps beyond the grave also those who love truth and goodness will find the angels of God ever upon the wing.

In the old picture, Monica and Augustine clasp hands in the twilight and look longingly into the open sky. How comes it that the stars do fix and hold the gaze of this gifted mother and son? Are they asking whether or not those stars are inhabited? Whether the people of Mars reap harvests and build cities that are homes of music, art, and eloquence? And whether in country churchyards their poets write elegies full of vague longings and dim with tears? Nay! Nay! This old picture has its fascination because every man identifies himself with these upward-looking ones who gaze, not at the stars, but at what is beyond them. Now and then a single mind may be found that doubts whether man survives the shock of death, but the multitudes believe, and therefore ponder, dream, and wonder over the great problem of the hereafter. In the heart a thousand longings rise and fall as some mountain stream rises and falls after the storms of summer and the snows of winter.

Beyond the horizon, what? Those Athenian

judges sneered at Socrates' plea for conscience, and gave the sage the cup of poison. But the old Greek swerved not a hair from right, and put out to sea in the boat of his intuitions. Where, now, is Socrates? Were his hopes realized? and have his executioners ever regretted their act? Paul achieved our liberty and thought. Nero hated freedom. Paul ate crusts, wore rags, and slept in a dungeon. Nero wore purple, drank wine cooled with snow, and slept in a silken palace chamber. Nero's villany was successful. Paul was rewarded by Nero's headsman. Has Paul ever had any reward? Has Nero come to abhor his own cruelty? Where is that Diocletian who hurled his victims over the precipice? What of the emperor who plastered pitch over the garments of brave men and used their flaming bodies to light up his garden parties? Where are Benedict Arnold and Wilkes Booth? Has Abraham Lincoln, with his face seamed with sorrow, seen the travail of his soul and been satisfied? Has Burke met his gifted boy over whose coffin the statesman bowed in an agony of grief? Has Robert Burns at last expelled the discord from his song? Where is that young girl who moaned: —

> "My false lover stole the rose,
> But, oh! he left the thorn with me."

These, and questions like them, confront every thoughtful man. Why is it that infidel and agnostic and secularist, not less than Christian, linger long over these problems? Is it that these questions allure men's thoughts as the candle allures the moth, that it may be consumed? No, a thousand times no! Rather, the problem of that immortal realm fascinates man's thoughts as the oasis draws the birds of paradise away from the desert into the realm of fields and fountains. Therefore, man's earliest, latest, and profoundest thought has had to do with the outlook upon the future career and its rewards and penalties. And so long as man remains man, so long as he has reason and memory and imagination and conscience, will the poet and the common people sit together in life's open window, and ponder and dream and doubt and believe and weep for joy over events that shall be revealed when death shall part life's rich but opaque curtains, when "the day dawns, and the shadows flee away."

A prisoner in Patmos, John looked out upon Ephesus, and beheld the city pouring forth greed, drunkenness, and fiery passions like streams of lurid lava. For this city with its abominations there was to be a judgment day. In his dream John saw God on His throne judging the Ephe-

sians, who stood forth as accused criminals, while outraged justice urged the condemnation. The scene was so awful that the sun was darkened, the moon ceased to shine, and the stars gave forth no light. But we must not allow this rich imagery to obscure John's fundamental thought. In an oratorio, because the soloist's single voice is not equal to his sublime thought, Handel asks the full orchestra, with drum and trumpet and flute and a score of stringed instruments, to lend volume of sound, and, borne upon the tides of melody, the single voice is swept forward. Not otherwise, John asks all these thrilling scenes in nature to lend solemn accompaniment to that moment when the soul with its deeds stands in the presence of its Judge and Maker. And his central thought is that there is an automatic judgment seat in man, and that when God sent man forth into the world He sent him fully equipped with reason, conscience, and moral sentiment, and all the machinery for reward and penalty; so that every day is a judgment day and all the machinery of justice is in constant operation. Unfortunately, for ages the scholastics and theologians have fixed their thought upon the moon turned to blood and the darkened sun, and have created an imaginary inferno

of fiery torment. Other men have held themselves well away from any discussion or thought on the subject. But it must be confessed that until evolution came in, the data for an adequate discussion of the problems of future rewards and penalties were lacking. If the old materialistic and atheistic form of evolution was unsatisfactory, its theistic form has been the key to the method of God in nature. All the great facts of nature and life have been restated in terms of evolution as God's way of creating, sustaining, and governing His universe. God's universe is one. The law of sacrifice, for example, is vegetable law and animal law. It is the law of wisdom, of finance, and of character. And so of every law of Christ. He touched the bottom and found the fundamentals. The laws of evolution burst into blossom in the teachings of Jesus Christ. The physicist, the biologist, the student of force and life alike, in reverent voice have spoken to God and said, "O Father, where art Thou?" And out of rock and wave, out of herb and flower, has come a voice answering, "God is here!" Sitting upon the circle of the earth, He draws all things upward in ever increasing cycles of knowledge and goodness and love.

Now our intellectual tread will be the firmer if

we note what evolution has to say as to the laws of life, growth, and continuance of any organism. Reduced to its simplest possible terms, science tells us life depends upon correspondence with environment. The stone is dead. It has no nerve of connection with air or soil. A plant lives a little. It has one nerve down to the soil and another nerve up toward the sun. The lark has more life. It has mouth for food, feet for walking, wings for the air, and song toward its fellows. The savage adds yet more life. He is related to soil, to seeds, to fruits, to flocks and herds, to fire and stone and metals. The civilized man adds to his life. He runs one nerve toward the kingdom of beauty, one toward the kingdom of color, and one toward the kingdom of truth; while for man in his noblest state there are relations toward the invisible realm, where hope and love and conscience dwell. Cut off any nerve of relation, and to that extent death has taken place. Cut the root nerve of the plant, and it dies.

But for the bird death involves more. Remove the wings, it still has feet. Remove the feet, and it has the mouth for food. But remove the head, and life is gone. Because man has a thousand nerves relating him to the universe, death

is more difficult. Cut the optic nerve, the kingdom of beauty goes, but man lives. Cut the nerves of hearing, also, and of speaking, man still continues his life. Cut the nerve of conscience and friendship, and the moral realm goes. Many men who are alive physically have been dead for twenty years toward the kingdom of love and conscience. Cut the nerve of memory and intellect, and the body still lives. Cut off hands and feet, the pulse still thrives. But touch the heart — life is gone. In man, therefore, the measure of life is the measure of relation and correspondence. Obedience to the laws of exercise and nutrition for strengthening the nerves of correspondence increases the life. Contrariwise, disobedience to these means death. This is natural law. Tears will not change it; groans and shrieks will not interrupt it. God's world is one world. The laws that reign to-day will rule to-morrow and to-morrow's morrow. And this law is big with destiny.

But evolution makes much of another law — the law of the conservation of energy. A natural law is God's thought organized, and these laws think and work for God and under Him. In accordance with this principle, God governs rocks by force, animals by fear, savage men by self-

interest, good men by reason, the best men by love. The law in the lowest realm is the law of force. The weak go to the wall, the strong survive. But as man approaches the realm where God dwells he finds this law reversed. In the low animal stage, the weak perish, and strength survives and multiplies. But when the savage mother identifies her babe with herself for reason of self-interest, she wishes every part of herself to survive, and so lifts the shield to protect her babe. In hours of cold and rain she makes her body a shield above the child. Soon the babe in its weakness survives, and the strong mother perishes. But when men saw that this was, after all, a form of progress, then all fathers and mothers, named the state, made a law to preserve, not simply babes, but also the slave, serf, and debtor. A law was made to give the slave his freedom after seven years. So he survived. A law was made forbidding the creditor to take the sleeping blanket from the debtor, or to take his spade or sickle when these were his only means of life. At length the state lifted the shield above the blind, the deaf, the aged, and weakness survived more and more. Finally Christ came, and His law of self-sacrifice, declaring that the law of force never blossoms until the strong perish that the

weak may survive. From that day the teacher began to die that his ignorant pupil might live; the reformer and leader perished that the multitudes might survive. Our great reformers died that the slaves might live in freedom and happiness, while the great novelists and poets, the great orators and discoverers and heroes to-day, give themselves for Christ's poor and weak. In all these events the law of the conservation of energy reigns. Only force has changed its form. And this law must be kept in mind as we pursue our study of the day of judgment that must come for all men.

Third: evolution has also thrown light upon the development of conscience and the growth of moral ideas. Early in his history man discovered that theft discouraged industry and thrift, and favored idleness. One man refused to plough during long summer days, for a single hour of theft by night achieved the fruits of his neighbor's labor. Soon stealing was found to be an axe laid at the roots of the vineyard and orchard. In the interest of trade, therefore, men came together and made laws prohibiting theft — a law formally recognized in the Mosaic code. And in like manner, the other moral principles were developed, and registered in codes and constitu-

tions. But in Jesus Christ the negative laws, "Thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not bear false witness," blossomed into the great positive moralities, thou shalt love, thou shalt hope, thou shalt trust. The distance traversed by society between the age of Moses and the age of Christ is like unto the flight through space accomplished by our earth in journeying from fire-mist to habitable earth.

With these principles in mind, what has Christianity to say of the future life, and its penalties and rewards? First, life's great problem is to keep the soul that has been achieved for you by your ancestors and by your God. This is Christ's question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The problem of the bad man is: Given a body fearfully and wonderfully made; given a soul fully equipped with faculties, rational, affectional, and moral; given nerves running out into the earth beneath and the heavens above, how shall I, through sin, most quickly cut the nerve toward truth, and the nerve toward beauty, and the nerve toward friendship, and the nerve toward Christ and God, until I stand alone, without a single nerve of relation — a mere lump of flesh, as truly dead as a stone that has no nerve toward soil or sun?

And the problem of the good man is this: Given a soul, no matter from whence it came, that now seems of the image of God, how shall I exercise and strengthen the nerve of reason toward truth, the nerve of memory toward a noble past, the nerve of hope toward a great future, the nerve of inspiration toward the immortal life, so that I shall be immortal through faith and love toward God and Christ with whom I am in communion? For we must remember that God's universe is one and moral; that existence is a struggle; that the spiritually weak must go to the wall; that only the spiritually strong shall survive. Existence is a victory after a fierce fight. He who yields to temptation has unconsciously sounded the retreat. Worldliness will take the strenuousness out of the will, and leave it flabby. Indifference will lead to atrophy of the religious faculty as truly as neglect of his music, in Darwin's experience, finally cut the nerve of melody. Self-indulgence will consume the conscience as rust the sword. There are multitudes who are leaders in the world to-day whose splendid gifts have been achieved for them by their ancestors, and who are laying out their lives on the principle, How little can I do for my higher spiritual life and for Christ's little ones; for my Saviour and King?

Unconsciously they are wasting all the spiritual treasure their ancestors have achieved. They are like men who have fallen heir to a father's fortune and who now say, "How can I dissipate this treasure, and escape with only one or two hours a week for industry and business?" If men only understood this law of the spiritual harvest; if they had any comprehension of the grip of the great natural forces that are sweeping them forward; if many of our scholars, merchants, and financiers understood that they were slowly reducing themselves to the level of the oyster, in the scale of futurity, they would reverse the method of life, grudge every moment that they give to the body, to selfish pleasures, to indulgent desires, and hoard all the hours of each day for service to Christ's poor, or self-sacrifice, for brooding upon the kingdom of truth, in art or history or science or literature, upon the kingdom of service and sacrifice and sympathy. Oh! if men were not blinded by their self-indulgence, they would see God's angels standing upon the horizon, and lifting the trumpet and crying, "Beware! Beware! What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Battle for thy immortality. This is nature's message as well as Christ's.

Christianity also unveils an automatic judg-

ment seat in man. It is as if when God would send forth man, He called His earthly child before His throne, and equipped him with instruments of defence and offence against the perils and temptations of life. And lest man should become careless because the judgment day was postponed until after death, God set up within the soul all the machinery for daily visiting rewards and penalties upon the earthly pilgrim. Go where man will, he always carries with him the full court of justice. Every day, also, is a judgment day. Every night conscience ascends her throne. The soul stands forth as one accused. Memory offers the testimony. Reason interprets the law. Judgment gives its decision. And when conscience hath sent the soul to the left, she waves her flaming sword and stands at the gate of the lost paradise. Contrariwise, he who does right and obeys the will of God — giving a cup of cold water only to one of Christ's little ones — for him the reward is not postponed until a far-off judgment day. For those who have eyes to see, God's angels are ever on the wing, bringing Christ's rewards.

And but for this automatic judgment seat in man the soul would be like a child shipwrecked into existence at Sandy Hook and left, without

guide or handbook, to find its way through forests, over plain and desert and mountain, without guide, without friend or succor, toward the setting sun of California. But the soul is like one of the ocean liners. The great steamer carries instruments of self-propulsion, self-guidance, and self-support. It hath eyes that it may see in darkness. It hath compass that discerns the stars concealed by fog. It drifts not, but, —

> "Behind the cold dark steel where stubborn billows part,
> In low, tumultuous thunder throbs a fiery heart."

And thus equipped, even if the soul should never return to its Maker, for every man, daily, the hour of judgment is fully come through the automatic judgment seat in man that John foresaw with all its accompaniments of darkened sun, reeling stars, and falling worlds.

Now this automatic judgment also explains the awful warnings of God's word. What terror and alarm in this divine book! What separations and descriptions that blanch the stoutest heart! Listen! "Because I called and ye refused, I stretched out my hand and no man regarded; therefore I will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh, when fear cometh as desolation, and destruction as a whirlwind."

Misunderstanding, for centuries men have been thinking this was the voice of God speaking. From this Scripture Dante and Milton created their pictures of lurid, fiery torment. But the voice of warning comes from the throne in man, and not from the throne of God. It is the voice of Nature. Proverbs is the book of Wisdom. Wisdom is here personified and speaks to us. The glutton lives for stalled ox and highly seasoned foods. The drunkard lives for fiery stimulants and spiced wines. The lecherous man lives for pleasure, and his kiss of passion sets a blister on a forehead that hitherto was white. And when this evil life has been persisted in, Nature ascends her judgment seat.

The brain exclaims, "I have called to you, O ye gluttons, and ye refused!" The exhausted nerve exclaims, "I have stretched out my hands, O ye drunkards, and no man regarded it!" And the weakened heart cries out: "Ye would none of my counsel; ye mocked my reproof, and now I," the injured brain, or nerve, or stomach exclaims, "will laugh at your calamity; I will mock at your desolation. When the agonies of sciatica and dyspepsia and all forms of physical anguish shall desolate your life, ye shall eat the fruit of your own devices." It is the voice

of physiology. It is the voice of nerve and brain. If the scholastic theologians once substituted God for nature, to-day there is no scholar but understands that the Book of Proverbs represents nature and wisdom warning man. And though the wrong-doer, when it is too late, pours forth his tears, though he send forth prayers and exceeding bitter cries, the laws of God will move on. Nothing can stay the penalties. "He that sows to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap." This is natural law. This is true to-day and to-morrow. This law also foretells destiny.

But these rigorous penalties of nature that fill a man with an earthquake of terror are, when analyzed, forms of loving kindness and tender mercy. Let no man think these natural penalties the strokes of an angry and iron God. They are not forms of an outraged justice. Did men but know it, the penalties of transgression are inflections of pity and kindness. How grievously do men err in thinking the Ten Commandments are barriers fencing off sweet and delicious fruits of sin! In mountains there are chasms to be crossed. And over the gorge the ruler springs a bridge for herds and flocks and

peasants and the little children; and lest some little one fall from the bridge and be dashed in pieces, on either side of the bridge are railings to keep the thoughtless ones from climbing into places of peril. And shall men rebel against the railings as cutting off liberty? What if a father should set his child's feet in a path through a dangerous forest? And what if on either side of the path he plants a thorn hedge with sharp briers and brambles? If the child, forgetting safety, would plunge into the forest to pluck some flower or be poisoned by the serpent or scorpion, or when he would wander into some dangerous quicksand or bog or slough, then the thorn hedge is there to scourge him back into the way of safety.

And who shall say that these stinging thorns are not as truly forms of kindness as the smooth pathway gay with flowers and bright with glow of clustered food? For God's laws are barriers against self-destruction and death. Nature's penalties are medicinal. Her pains are curative. And so far from God's laws taking away man's liberty, they increase freedom. Disobedience is slavery. Disobey the law of fire, and man is burned. Contrariwise, obedience to the laws of thinking makes man a writer; obey the law of eloquence, and man

is an orator; obey the law of color, and man is an artist; obey the laws of nature and of God, and man stands forth of goodness all compact — the child of character, happiness, and influence. For nature's penalties and God's punishments represent not the anger of a judge, but the medicinal love of a Father and a Friend, who will not break the bruised reed, but who will bring judgment unto victory.

When we read Christ's statements regarding future penalties and rewards and interpret them in the light of evolution, how fragmentary seem the old teachings. Here is the "Inferno" of Dante and the "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo. Passing over all other teachings of the Bible, they select the drapery and imagery of Christ and John, and adding the Jewish stories about the burning flames of Sodom, they picture forth a coming abyss of flame. Hell is a huge caldron of fire. Billows of flame rise and fall. Lost spirits in their agony drift on the waves, and through the flame stretch imploring hands toward horned devils, who with pitchforks push the tormented back into their abyss. Christ stands forth a superb athlete, a glorified Achilles exulting in His power, to avenge Himself upon the transgressors of His law. But every teaching

of Christ is outraged and destroyed by Dante and Michael Angelo. They mistook the drapery for the principle draped. In orchestral music the leader includes the bass drum. This great instrument skips most of the notes, and then comes to lend volume to preëxisting sound. Now what if some foolish man should stop the soloist, silence the great chorus, silence all the violins, the cornets, the flutes, and ask the audience to listen to the drum? Can this drum interpret Handel's theme? And in Dante and Milton's picture of the Inferno, the ten thousand voices of God and Christ and nature are asked to become silent, while the bass drum sounds and interprets the great theme called the permanence of character!

Not the falling stars and the darkened sun give solemnity to the hour when the soul gives account unto God, but rather the fact that what a man sows, that shall he reap, like producing like in the kingdom of character.

Later on, Jonathan Edwards and the Calvinistic theologians came forward with their partial conceptions. They took the words of Solomon, where brain and nerve and stomach speak, saying to the glutton and the drunkard, "I will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your

fear cometh," and constructed a form of future punishment therefrom. Adam and Eve represented the race. For their sin all mankind were doomed to eternal punishment; Christ came in with a lifeboat to save a few of the lost wretches; as Edwards said: "The bigger part of men who have died heretofore have gone to hell; the whole heathen world is hopelessly doomed; against the non-elect the wrath of God is burning, the furnace hot, the flames rage and glow, the devils are awaiting for their coming like lions restrained and greedy for their prey." On one page Edwards says: "God holds the unconverted over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider or a loathsome insect over the fire," "and from time to time the generations in darkened lands, without temple, without Bible, without religious teacher, are swept into the future as the housewife lifts the lids from the glowing coals and sweeps flies into the flames." And to-day one of our greatest denominations still includes that tremendous statement in its confession of faith, saying that certain men and angels are foreordained to everlasting death, these persons so doomed, being "particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished."

In his commentary on the "Confession of Faith" (a text and reference book used to-day in several theological seminaries), the late Dr. Archibald Hodge, Professor of Theology in Princeton Seminary, states with great detail the reasons why he believes and teaches reprobation. Thus far every attempt to revise and expel that statement from the creed has been successfully combated by a majority that wishes to retain the doctrine. It would seem that if men believed in reprobation reason would be shaken to its foundation. Fortunately, preachers are asked to accept the "Confession" "for system of doctrine" only. Incredible that any man can charge such infinite cruelty upon the all-merciful and all-loving God! The day the scholastics wrote that chapter in the "Confession of Faith" they got the devil confused with God. What! read the story of Christ's life, love, suffering, and death, and then charge God with "particularly and unchangeably designing" the majority of His children to eternal torment? The Bible says, "Whosoever will may come"; the "Confession of Faith" says, "Certain men and angels are fore-ordained to everlasting death." But of the Westminster divines Paul's word holds, "Let God be true and every man a liar." What epithet

would one not hurl toward that stainless throne, where sits the world's atoning Saviour, rather than lift that creed toward God's throne and affirm this doctrine for the elect few, and deny God's wide, free mercy involved in "whosoever will may come"? For the man who does believe in reprobation the hour of judgment has now come. His sun is already darkened; his moon is turned to blood; his stars have refused to give their light. But, for the common people, driven toward utter denial and atheism by such false theology, there has risen the light of science to reconcile contradictions, to enforce righteousness, to convict of sin, and to recover men unto belief and love for God revealed in our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

If science, with its new emphasis of the permanence of character, has taken away the dreams of Dante and Milton, it has substituted realities that are a thousand fold more impressive, stern, and rigorous. Equipped with this automatic judgment seat, knitted in by ties of friendship and association with our fellows, responsible for influence, how solemn the thought of that coming judgment day! Dante and Edwards and the Westminster divines only skimmed the surface of nature's dark flood over which the mariner

sails. Ours is a moral universe. It is keyed to righteousness, and not happiness. Dream becomes thought; thought becomes habit; habit becomes character; character becomes destiny, says the proverb. Conscience never takes a vacation. The moral faculty is a judge ever on the bench. Every hour the testimony comes in. The laws of God hem man in on every side. God never slumbers nor sleeps. Many there are who dare not trust themselves out under the skies that seem to blaze against them. For them the heavens are brass. For them the earth is iron and ashes. And for these broken hearts and wrecked lives is there no place of recovery? What is death? In youth the physical forces that build up the tissues are strong, and the forces that tear down the tissues are weak. In extreme old age the conditions are reversed, and the forces that tear down the tissues are strong, and the forces that build up are weak. Soon death comes. And what if the forces of selfishness and sin in the soul are stronger than the forces of righteousness? Is this the second death? If so, is there no helper, no new force from without that can be invoked, no Saviour that can stay the encroachments of the sins that tear down the soul? No Deliverer that can pour

in the tides of life until that which builds up is in excess of that which destroys? No mariner on a dark and stormy night, expecting every moment to be engulfed in the yeasty sea, ever strained his eyes toward the light guiding his little craft into the harbor, as in sailing o'er life's troubled sea men, heartbroken, look for the rising of a star of hope and guidance.

And when we see Christ stretching pitying hands toward the publican and whispering, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth"; when we see His tenderness toward that weeping girl, concealing her tragedy as she wets Christ's feet with her tears and wipes them with her hair; when we behold Christ's mercy toward Saul slaying Stephen, and then Himself assuming the responsibility of Saul's sin, raising up a new leader in Stephen's place, and so bearing and atoning for Saul's transgressions, and then going on to meet Saul in a vision hour, when through His Spirit He transforms Saul into Paul — then we understand what glorious deliverance Christ brings to each wicked courtier like Francis Xavier, to the tinker, John Bunyan, to the criminal, Jean Valjean. God is very tender. His heart is full of tears. He goes weeping up the hills of time. And men are the prodigals. Our sins

have broken His heart! But in nature God makes judgment become victory. If the withered rose petal falls burned before the scorching heat, it enters the root, and rising lends a deeper crimson to the new opening bud. Out of the black slough the lily whitens. O'er decaying logs the wild flower springs. E'en on gravestones the moss grows green. And sometime, somewhere, God's love in Jesus Christ will turn man's mistakes and sins, when repented of, into forces that spring the soul the farther toward righteousness. Could then personified Wisdom again return to earth and speak to men as to familiar friends, would not these be her words?

"Oh! ye that stand leaning over life's brink, and dropping your plummet of imagination and philosophy down into the abyss of darkness and futurity; all ye whose life has become a ruin, its days bitterness and its nights despair; ye who for years have been listening to the siren's voice, not thinking it was as foolish to deny without adequate reason as to affirm without sufficient argument; ye who have drifted until selfishness and indulgence have left their slime upon the soul; to whose character envy and hate have lent poison, whose greed and indulgence have brought spot and stain! For you no prophet need stand upon the

horizon with trumpet proclaiming fear and alarm! For you the sting of death is sin. Why will ye die, ye sons of folly, ye daughters of blindness? If in the hour when you forecast that judgment day, you shrink from the very thought of your insincerities, your indulgences, your enmities, your evasions of honor; if in that hour of shame, to escape the sorrowing eyes you would fain call upon the rocks and mountains to fall upon you and hide you from the face of men and angels, then know that there is a Deliverer! With confidence that is absolute, and with certainty that is unyielding and immovable I point you to Jesus Christ."

What bread is to starving pilgrims, what cool springs are to weary travellers, what the all-glorious sun is to the one watching in the night for the coming day; that, and ten thousand times more, Christ will be to thy life. He will stay the tides of sin that work toward death. He will pour in the tides that make toward life and immortality. He will feed the nerves that relate thee toward the kingdoms of truth and beauty, toward the kingdoms of hope and love, and toward the realm of immortality. Because God and Christ live, ye shall live also. But should you choose disobedience, until by neglect and disuse the great nerves that relate

you to immortal realms are atrophied and die just as the physical nerves die in the fleshly system, then shall the eyes of the all-loving Saviour become dreadful to thee. "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing. And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall wake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. But they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and forever."

XV

The Church: its Problems and Claims upon American Society

"Many of these churches were far larger than the ancient temples; and if their architecture had not the stately and simple dignity of the Doric fane, they were far richer in varied works of art, more gorgeous in color, and infinitely more charged with religious and æsthetic impression. Painting, fresco, mosaic, stained glass, gilding, carved statues, colored marbles, images, and reliefs in thousands, chased gold and silver utensils, bronzes, ivories, silks, velvets, tapestries, embroideries, illuminated books, carved wood, bells, clocks, perfumes, organs, instruments, choirs of singers — every beautiful and delightful thing was crowded together, with the relics of saints, the tombs of great men, the graves of citizens for centuries."

"So too the Church was morally a far nobler thing than the Temple. It was no mere colonnade for processions, lounging, and society. It was this, but much more also. It was school, art-museum, music-hall, place of personal prayer, of confession of sin, preaching, teaching, and civilizing. It combined what at Athens was to be sought in Parthenon, Theseum, Theatre, Academus, Stoa, and Agora — and very much beside which was never known at Athens at all — sacrament, confession, penance, sermon."

"Christ loved the weak and the suffering. And the doors of His house stood ever open to the weak, the suffering, the halt, the blind, and the lame. The church of the Middle Ages suffered little children to come unto Him. The poorest, the weakest, the most abject, were welcome there. The Priest, the Monk, the Nun, taught, clothed, and nursed the children of the poor, and the suffering poor. The leper was tended in lazar-houses, even it might be by kings and princesses, with the devotion of Christian self-sacrifice. For the first time in history there were schools, hospitals, poor-houses, for the most lowly, compassion for the most miserable, and consolation in Heaven for those who had found earth a Hell." — FREDERIC HARRISON, "The Meaning of History," pp. 235, 236, and 237.

XV

THE CHURCH: ITS PROBLEMS AND CLAIMS UPON AMERICAN SOCIETY

The first things of the world physical and mental, and the fascination of their story. The dawn of history and the beginnings of social institutions. The story of the first infant church, and how its influence waxed. The enthusiasm of the poor for the new Christian institution, and the final devotion of the rich. Churches and cathedrals become treasure houses for assembling all things rare and beautiful. Macaulay found the spring of social progress in the Christian church. Every thirty-three years death destroys all disciples, and the church must conquer the devotion of a new generation. Society's interest in the church to-day not universal, and the reasons therefor. The claims of the church by reason of its influence upon social institutions. The claims of the church by reason of its emphasis of individual worth and culture. The social problem at bottom a moral problem, to be solved by the diffusion of intelligence and the spirit of obedience to law. The strife between the idle poor and the idle rich, and the attempt to stir up hatred between the industrious poor and the industrious rich. The difficulty springing out of the selfishness of some rich men who coin their strength and influence and Sundays into gold. The difficulty springing out of the selfishness of working men and labor leaders who use their influence and their Sundays for selfish purposes. The difficulty growing out of conservatism and an unwillingness to adopt

new methods. Every consideration of patriotism and love of one's kind strengthens the claim of the church upon all classes of the community.

OUR age is deeply interested in origins and beginnings. Historians are searching out the genesis of arts, industries, and institutions. Scientists are occupied with the question, how the fire mist cooled into the solid earth, from whence came plant life and animal life, and what is the story of the ascent of man. Forgetting the brilliant colors of the oriole and the scarlet tanager, the biologist remembers only the cell from which birds and beasts do spring. Leaving the modern town and city, with their thousand-fold forms of comfort and beauty, the historian turns his steps toward that heap that was once the temple of Diana, or gives his life to the ruins beside the Nile or Euphrates. In our own land the passion for the antique, the enthusiasm for old coins, old books, old tools and weapons, represents man's eager desire to find out the beginnings of progress and culture. During the World's Fair keen observers noticed that the rude ox-carts of old Mexico received as much attention as the Baldwin engine; that the forked stick used for scratching the field in Arabia was more interesting than the steel plough; that the

rude slings and stone hammers of savage tribes had a fascination beyond that of the Krupp gun.

Society has now journeyed far from the point at which our rude forefathers started. It is a far cry from the lucifer match back to the fire stones grinding to dust a little dry wood, a far cry from the stone house to the bark hut, from the wool coat to the garment of fig leaves, from the pipe organ to the sea-shell with two strings stretched across the mouth, from the telegraph and the newspaper to the signal fires upon the hilltops that in a single night flashed the news of the Spanish Armada, from southern England to northern Scotland, from the modern cathedral, with songs and prayers, its emphasis of mercy, truth, and justice, to the ancient altars, with smoking sacrifices and rising incense.

It is easy to understand why the beginnings of arts and handicrafts and institutions are important alike to historians and philosophers. For Linnæus the seed condenses the history of the tree. For Cuvier the germ describes the bird. Tyndall knew that the spring in the Alps would tell the full story of the Rhine or Rhone. The child is, indeed, the father of the man, but he is also a handbook explaining the coming sage and seer.

Fascinating, indeed, the story how a piece of bark holding a few hieroglyphics has developed into the modern book and library, but more fascinating still the story of the evolution of the modern church, with its prayers and creeds, its books and religious institutions. Lying in the Mamertine prison in Rome, Paul asked his jailer to bring him a candle, and wrote a letter to a rich merchant in that far-off city named Philippi, requesting his friend to read the letter to the church that met in his house. It seems that when there dawned the Sabbath day, full of restful hours, a few families used to put on a decent dress and make their way to the home of this merchant, and there unite their words of song and prayer and hope and aspirations. With many questions and answers these citizens conversed upon those high themes named justice, mercy, law, conscience, duty, immortality, Christ, God. But the tiny seed enlarges into the redwood tree of California, the little mountain spring deepens and widens into the river that bears up the commerce of nations. And the little group assembled in the court of the merchant's house in Philippi has enlarged into a great company. The parchment that the merchant had borrowed from a friend in Jerusalem

has multiplied and become a library upon ethics, philosophy, and the rise and progress of morals —a library named the Bible.

The little room in which the families assembled has widened into the dimensions of the vast cathedral named Milan or Cologne. The low ceiling has lifted itself up into the arches of York Minster and the great abbey. The open squares for light have become arched windows, with stained glass, rich with the faces of angels. The cross then exhibited as the instrument upon which their Master had lost His life has been lifted to the summit of the cathedral and made golden. The verse of the hesitating preacher has deepened into the verse of Chrysostom, "the golden-mouth," and Bernard, with flaming tongue and heart of fire. The rude drawings with which the first church was adorned has developed into frescoes for the Sistine Chapel, while the great masters have toiled to enrich the walls with color and canvas, to fill every niche with its statues and rich marbles.

That little group of children led into Philemon's house to hear one who had just come from Jerusalem tell the story how Christ lifted the children in His arms and blessed them, has multiplied into innumerable millions coming

together upon each Sabbath day to linger long upon the great truths that make for justice in home and school and street. To the sanctuary, also, come the youth and maiden, moving toward a marriage altar crowned with flowers, kneeling there to ask the unseen God to keep their lives as white as the lilies that bloom beside them, to cause all the years to be filled with an atmosphere of happiness sweeter than these blossoms, to pray that death may not be an untimely frost falling upon their young lives. To the sanctuary, also, as the years go by, come kings and emperors, subjects and servants, the lettered and the unlearned to be consecrated by the same symbol of purity, comforted with the same words of consolation and in the hour of death to be pointed to that realm above the stars into which God doth gather all the children of goodness.

Interesting the story how the rule of Hercules, self-appointed, has developed into the rule of Washington or Lincoln, chosen by the people; but more thrilling still the story how the divine ideas of the church have slowly permeated the morals of Pascal, the philosophy of Newton, the decisions of Hale, the poetry of Milton, the music of all masters, the eloquence of all statesmen, the song of all singers from David to Tennyson

and Browning. Could we go back to the era of Bramante and Michael Angelo, it would not be difficult to understand the claim that the church made upon all citizens of that time. In that era of enthusiasm for ecclesiastical architecture builders made their way into Africa, seeking out marbles of yellow and green and black, and came back with porphyry from Egypt, ivory from the southern forests, having swept all towns and cities for objects beautiful enough to adorn these temples of praise and worship. The cathedral was the very heart of civilization, being at once library, gallery, museum, university. For its enrichment princes returning from distant lands brought paintings, frescoes, stained glass, colored marbles, illuminated books and missals. Knights and soldiers victorious in battle brought utensils of gold and silver, with bronzes and ivory. Noble lords and ladies brought curtains of silk and velvet, with rich tapestries and hangings.

But let no man think this enthusiasm for the church was a strange thing. By a thousand achievements for humanity, the church had conquered the devotion of kings and subjects alike. In an era when unwelcome babes and infants maimed and deformed were exposed, the disciple reading Christ's words about little children went

forth to rescue the orphans, and reared homes and schools for these deserted babes. In that era, also, a favorite slave of the emperor spilled a goblet of wine upon his lord's robe, and was beheaded in the presence of the guests, his body being thrown into the fountain as food for the fish. And then it was that the Christians began to plead the cause of the slaves and the oppressed. About that time, also, one thousand four hundred gladiators were slain in the Coliseum for the delectation of eighty thousand spectators. But a young monk, Telemachus, leaped into the amphitheatre and indicted the emperor and the people for the murder, and though he himself was slain the gladiatorial shows were forever ended, and the church was again victor over inhumanity and crime. At a time, too, when the streets of Rome and Alexandria were filled with the lame, the blind, and the halt, who were left to starve, the disciples began to emphasize Christ's kindness to the lame man and leper, and soon Christians went forth to build asylums for the children of weakness and invalidism. When three centuries had passed, the whole empire was ringing words of praise for these disciples.

What simplicity, what purity were theirs!

What heroism under suffering! What fortitude and defeat! How beautiful the character of Perpetua and Felicita! How unconquerable the ardor of Ignatius and Polycarp! When a few centuries have passed by the church had conquered a thousand forms of injustice and cruelty. In that hour rich men crowded into the temple to empty their gold into its treasure chests. The captain marched his soldiers in the door of the sanctuary and, unsheathing his sword, offered his weapon for defending the sacred altar. Soon the princes ordered a cross, once the stigma of ignominy and shame, to be made of gold, and that cross lent loveliness to beauty itself. One day the emperor ascended the throne and proclaimed Christianity as the religion of the empire. Without having struck a single blow Christianity had conquered. Kings, soldiers, orators, architects, musicians, jurists, and merchants of the world,—all these became captives, marching in Christ's glorious triumphal procession. Then followed centuries when the avenues leading to the sanctuary were crowded with worshippers, when king and peasant alike uncovered upon the appearance of the priest, with whom were all the issues of life and death.

But soon the gold in the treasure chests of the

church, the power wielded by popes, appealed to the greed of avaricious men and roused the ambition of men strong and crafty. Putting on the garb of piety, selfish leaders went forth to spoil the people in the name of religion. Then came ages dark, indeed, and full of degradation. Despising the body, monks wore rags and ate dirt. Mendicant friars thought the nearer they approached to beasts in life the nearer they would stand to God in death. Dying as worms, they hoped to waken as angels. The multitudes stood in squalor and ignorance, waiting for death to redeem them to eternal bliss and happiness. In the era of Augustus, when the emperor appeared in his royal chariot, the people grovelled in the dirt and threw dirt in their hair, so as to increase the contrast between the spotless garment of the king and the soiled robes of the subject. Imitating this custom, theologians thought to cause the divine throne to go up in majesty by making man go down toward the depravity of beasts and devils. In that age the people were guiltless of any knowledge of books. Religious priests were so ignorant that when a priest had two ideas in one winter it made the year notable.

But with the renaissance of intellect, and the reformation of conscience and morals, came the

era of renewed power for the church. Luther and Melanchthon in Germany, Wycliffe, Cranmer, and Knox in England and Scotland, the scholars who founded the great universities, the zealous printers who scattered books among the common people, the rise of invention, discovery, the new science, the evangelical movement under Whitfield, not only corrected the old evils, but clothed the church with its old-time power. Soon the abuses of priests and prelates, who had been, indeed, wolves in sheep's clothing, were forgotten. For when one singer makes a discord, man does not give up his love of music. Man closes his ears to the untaught singer or the untuned instrument and remembers only the hours when his ears were ravished with notes divine. To-day the misrule of great cities, where the treasury is looted and the taxes of the poor wasted, has become almost unbearable. And yet the abuses do not rob men of their faith in free institutions. Despite all the abuses of priests and prelates during the Middle Ages, for full two hundred years now, the church has been clothed with sceptres of power, having been the spring of education, philanthropy, reform; being also, as Macaulay said, "The chief instrument that has made for man's progress in knowledge and culture."

Now again has come an era when the multitude has lost its enthusiasm for the church. No longer do the people throng and crowd toward the church, waiting for the cathedral doors to open. In England, perchance, the fact that one is a good churchman may smooth the way to political preferment and social position — not in the republic. Sitting in the windows of Oriel College, Keble wrote his poem on the Sabbath — that "sweet day of sacred rest." For the gifted scholar Sunday was the library day, the day for reason and the imagination. But could the poet return to earth and visit a typical city some Sunday morning, he would find the library empty, the college windows deserted, while all the streets are filled with young women and men bicycling, who would be as helpless in the great library in Oxford University as so many Fiji Islanders, and who sincerely believe that Sunday was given to the cultivation of their very highest faculties — namely, the muscles of their legs. All will gladly confess that our Christian fathers were the architects of our free institutions, whose industry, education, and Christian character laid the foundations of our national wealth, and handed vast treasure over to their children. Unfortunately, many sons and daughters who have inherited

this treasure from their fathers are without their fathers' faith, and are conspicuous for their refusal to recognize in any way their religious obligations. For, if Christianity lent the fathers power to achieve position and property, the luxury they conquered has slain their children. Many wealthy parents weep for their children, and look and look in vain for some agent to do for their sons and daughters what poverty and adversity did for their noble ancestors.

Some churches in Boston and New York are always crowded; also, if the American traveller visits certain great churches in London or Edinburgh, he finds them crowded to the doors with rich and poor, and high and low, without regard to class or rank. If he opens the reports of the British Society of Scientific Research, he finds there a plea as to the importance of religion for a free people made by the present prime minister of England. If he goes to the library to ask for some notable book of philosophy or theology, he may be handed "The Foundations of Religious Belief," written by the leader of the House of Commons, Mr. Balfour. If he opens the biography of England's greatest orator of this century, or its greatest statesman, he will find

both saying that they made it a rule never, not even in the most tumultuous period of their public career, to permit any event to keep them from their place in the house of God upon the Sabbath day. In our own country, also, in general our presidents, cabinet officers, our justices and greatest preachers, merchants, jurists, editors, college presidents, are professedly Christian men. Unfortunately another class, our working people, have become alienated from the church, while if our politicians go to church, they go to ponder those important questions of worship or duty, only provided some one does not give them an invitation to dinner — an event not to be set aside by those slight considerations called "the laws of Almighty God." There are thoughtless multitudes also who go to the church at occasional intervals or in connection with public events of striking importance. Multitudes are labor-worn, care-ridden, gold-mad, and stone-blind to vice and also virtue. Leisure has almost gone. Through these classes our fame as a nation of hoodlums, our reputation for Sunday theatres and music halls, our fame as Sunday bicyclers and horse-racers and beer drinkers and law-breakers, is complete.

If over against this indifference of the multitude we set the claims of the church upon patri-

ots, we shall find that these claims are many and strong. Mark the affiliation of the church with art, science, and literature. Because Christ taught the child was divine, the church founded schools, colleges, and universities for educating its youth. Because man was made in God's image the church founded chairs of philosophy to study the laws of reason, imagination, and conscience. Because the unseen God led the stars forth and called them all by name, Isaac Newton divided his time between the study of the stars, and the study of his New Testament. Because earth's beauty was the divine robe, men tasked themselves to write books that should tell the full story of soils, stars, and suns, sought out arts beautiful enough for the expression of infinite beauty, polished poems suitable for Christ's worship and praise. Since God was a father and all men were brethren the church began to discuss upon high politics, rebuking the king for his pride and the subject for his sins, discoursing upon the hearth the marriage tie, the market, the state, the rights of liberty, the duty of wealth. It soon asked the poet to justify God's ways to man. It asked literature to plead the cause of the poor and the oppressed. To the minds of a thousand scholars, not professedly Christians, it came to color their atmosphere

with the rich tints of a spiritual life. Soon Christianity entered into civilization as the summer lies upon the warm, richly colored fields of the earth. As that pilgrim host, marching toward their promised lands, were comforted by the thought that the heroes and fathers were also marching in the sky above them, and waving banners of victory, so the hosts of society journey forward the more rapidly because of the vision of the unseen God, and that immortal realm where the hosts shall at last encamp, and hang out the signals of victory.

The church also has unique claims upon the individual. The genius of Christianity is man making and man growing. Christianity is the science of right living. It teaches the individual how to make the most of himself. It asks the youth whose ideals have been battered and marred by the strife and tumult of the week, to go aside one day and bow the head in the presence of God, man's Father; of Christ, man's Saviour, and test himself by the higher life and ideals. It whispers that if the arts are to be high, if the sciences are to be rich, and the laws worthy, that the individual must be great in mind and heart. And the history of civilization seems to justify this

emphasis of the individual. For the beginnings of law we go back to one who lingered long years in the desert with God — Moses. For all art and beauty, we go back to that blind bard in Greece, whose physical eyes were closed to the earthly sights, but whose spiritual eyes opened upon that unseen realm. The palaces and galleries of Venice also go back to that blameless knight and stainless scholar who laid the foundations of that city of the sea. Indeed every great institution is explained by a great individual. Earth's feeblings represent the insect life that busy themselves with the forces that appear to the eye, and the ear, and the appetite. A great man is one who dwells apart and works up divine principles into character. The hour of Sunday worship therefore represents a protest against the life that creeps and crawls. The church asks each individual to bow the head, remembering that when man plans God purposes, that when man weeps God pities, that when man falls God forgives, that when man dies the everlasting arms receive the fainting pilgrim.

By reason of the modern social problems and the strained relations between the classes, also, the church has a peculiar claim upon the citizens of this era. Our epoch is characterized by new

tools, new social forces, new forms of wealth and poverty. Old ideas and old institutions have slowly disintegrated. The institutions that formerly made for social order are dissolving. All these things are in a state of flux, and no man can say when shall begin that era of construction with the new political economy, the new sociology, and the new theology. For the moment the battle is growing fiercer. Every month is tightening the tension between the classes. The chasm between the rich and poor is slowly broadening and deepening. The working classes, once patient, have become irritated, and wear brows black with hate. The very restraint of the leaders is ominous. Tools also are multiplying so rapidly that society cannot adjust itself fast enough to give employment to people thrown out of positions, through invention. New instruments develop so rapidly that it is believed one million men are constantly out of work, beholding schools which their children cannot enter, foods they cannot buy, conveniences their wives cannot possess, asking only for work that is denied them; the cry of the poor has become exceeding bitter. Nevertheless, by way of preëminence the poor need the church.

And if many rich men and prosperous are Chris-

tian in their bearing, some are harsh and heartless, flaunting their luxury and increasing the peril. Wise men feel that unless the church can spiritualize wealth and property, teaching the employer that his laborers are brethren, teaching the laborers that the employer has rights, relieving the tension through the law of kindness and sympathy, free institutions are doomed. And to-day it is the Christian teacher that stands between the two combatants. There are 100,000 clergymen in the land, and it is the lot of fully 75,000 of them to work among the children of the poor. Their average salary is less than $900 a year. They seek to educate children, and visit the poor, strengthening the weak, carrying their burdens, dissolving their hatred, plying men with considerations of industry, economy, and thrift, with the laws of honor and justice and God. And these leaders of the church work more hours in the day, bear more burdens, know deeper anguish and travail of soul, further justice and truth, suffering unto blood for social order and peace, and their very shoe latchets many who criticise are not worthy to unloose. Without their self-sacrificing labors this nation would soon be plunged into social anarchy and ruin. Surely all who believe in the sanctity of property, the permanence of the

home, the perpetuity of free institutions, are under a solemn obligation to support these, who plead the cause of the poor, affirming that there is an unseen God at work in this world whose power is mightier than armies, more omnipotent than kings and presidents, before whom all the thrones of earth and its empires and armies are but the playthings of a child, and who is guiding the world upward toward the new times of social prosperity and peace.

With the increase of wealth has come luxury, and in multitudes the iron has gone out of the blood and the stern sense of duty has departed from conscience. In this era, when relations between the classes are strained to the uttermost, the churches are suffering through the indifference of the working classes on the one side, and of the rich classes upon the other. Recently it was my fortune to converse with a merchant of national repute. Asked as to his religious convictions, he expressed his belief that Christianity was the hope of American society. Falling into a meditative mood, he suddenly exclaimed, "While I wish my children to be trained in Christian principles, personally I never go to church." When questioned as to how he spent the Sabbath day, he said: "I use it to put myself

into fine physical form and training for the duties of the week. My competitor (mentioning a great merchant) is a church man, always in his pew and with the Bible class, and giving himself to many forms of Christian activity. He is ten years older than I. Now my idea is that he gives one-seventh of his nerve force and brain power to the church. I have made up my mind that by giving the seven-sevenths of my nervous and mental powers to business, that ultimately I can outstrip him in the commercial world. I ride horseback on Sunday morning, sleep and rest on Sunday afternoon, fulfil an occasional duty on Sunday evening, and on Monday morning I feel like a race-horse." Meanwhile this merchant has deserted the church, left his pastor to carry on his work of instructing children and youth, to carry wisdom to the poor and ignorant, not knowing that the time must come when perhaps the untrained poor will rise up in their envy and hatred to burn and pillage and plunder. And over against the selfish rich stands the demagogue who wishes to use the poor for his own advantage. This agitator urges upon the working classes that the power of wealth must be met by the organized force of labor; that often the club and the firebrand are necessary; that some strikes must not

be embarrassed by the ten commandments; that occasionally it is necessary to kill and steal and destroy; that moral teachers are paid servants of the wealthy class. In many cities these agitators have driven the working people from the church, to the grievous loss of both parties. And between the selfishness of the rich and the selfishness of the poor, thirteen or fourteen millions of our children and youth are coming up in this republic as ignorant of the ten commandments as the Hottentots in Africa, or the beasts of our stockyards.

The work of the church in the villages and towns is also suddenly complicated by the very multiplicity of intellectual interests and the number of services on the Sabbath day. For the fathers, the Sunday was the college day, the library day, and by reason of hungry minds and hearts they invented services many and long. Now, every hour is crowded, and the pulpit has ceased to be the sole source of moral instruction. Conservative church officials also love the traditions past, and are reluctant to adopt new methods. Both pastor and people are suffering through an excess of preaching. More preachers, doubtless, are dying through the second service than, as has been said, through all other diseases together. The late Professor Swing left a deli-

cious sarcasm upon the over-multiplication of religious addresses.

In a far-off century a hermit who had reflected long in the desert, returned to a village and assembled the people to give them the result of his reflections. Some two-score years later, when the great orator died, he left four sermons. In their grief, the people who stood about his grave asked if a successor could ever be found. One came, at last, and dying fifty years later, he left ten sermons on the deep things of God. Once preaching was invented, the people determined to have much of it. The doctors say, 'Dress warmly,' and at once each person buys a cart-load of clothes; the railway came, and all travel all the time; like the old lady who had $1000 stock in a railway, and who was observed to be in the cars of her line daily, and explained that she wished to enable her company to declare a dividend; beer was discovered by the old Germans, and the modern Teuton drinks daily thirty glasses; a weekly newspaper was founded, and the overworked citizen buys a morning paper, and noon edition, an afternoon impress, two evening papers, and then hastens home to put a mustard plaster on the back of his much cultured head; preaching came, and society said,

let us have that blessing all the time, twice or three times each Sunday, a Sunday-school, and two Endeavor Societies; and now when the preacher dies at forty, he leaves behind "the manuscripts of four thousand sermons, each written for a small consideration."

We smile at the humor of the great man's protest against this overpreached generation. Fortunately the younger men have found the way out of the difficulty. They have reduced their Sunday services to three; for the best of reasons they give the entire week to the careful preparation of one morning sermon, with the result that the thoughtful men in the community are returning to the pews. The one Sunday-school in the afternoon is also strengthened by the better work of unwearied teachers, and therefore is recovering its old power and influence and becoming a family school. The evening service is given up entirely to the young people's service, under the general direction of the pastor, while parents are asked to spend their Sunday evenings at home with their little children. The gains to the sermon, for both people and pastor, are enormous. That which the old methods and multiplied services could not do, the new plan is easily accomplishing. The

church, through better methods, seems to be entering upon a new era of influence in the community.

To-day every consideration that makes for the permanence of society asks that every patriot and citizen should formally and publicly unite with some one of the many churches of our cities and country. In a republic a President strengthens reverence for free institutions by taking the oath of office. Prosperity also is made more sacred for that dramatic act, the signing of a deed. Justice is advanced in the courts by a pledge to speak the truth. The home is guarded through a form called the marriage ceremony. The college is the more surely founded because of the act of matriculation. And the laws of man and God are strengthened by that dramatic event called uniting with the church and swearing fidelity to conscience and the highest Christian ideals. The church has now entered upon one of the most trying periods of all history. The battle is to be fierce, even though the issue is not doubtful. During the late war certain citizens declined to take sides either against slavery or for it, and shame now mantles the cheeks of their children. And when the sunset gun doth boom and the battle end, miserable indeed will

be all those who meet Paul and John, Luther and Livingstone, Milton and Cromwell, the heroes and fathers of yesterday, having had no part in their battle, having received no scar and won no spur, having never sought to correct the weakness of the present church by lending it their example or influence. In this time, when the needs of the church are so many and so important, every patriot and citizen should join not one church, but many. Journeying to the seashore in the summer, there in some chapel let the patriot and Christian swear fidelity to conscience and culture. Returning to the city in the winter, there in some church let him pledge anew his interest to all the forces that make for justice and mercy, for obedience to the citizen, man's brother, to Christ, the soul's Saviour, to God, the soul's Father.

INDEX

A

Addison, 8.
Advantages of the ministry, 35; its teachings and emphasis permanent and eternal, 35.
Achilles, 42.
Acropolis, 44, 92.
Arnold, Matthew, 46, 67, 76; nature, 271; his view of Plato, 271; his definition of religion, 299.
Archias, 49.
Angelo, Michael, 54, 71, 117; last judgment, 123, 268, 330, 358, 377.
Alcibiades, 50, 174.
Africa, 55, 59.
Architects, 55.
Abelard, 67.
Achievements of intellect, 70.
Advancement of the common people, 78.
Ambrose, 79.
All great leaders from the poor, Moses, Lincoln, 79.
All great poets from the poor, David, Burns, 79.
All great inventors from the poor, Watt, Stevenson, 79.
All great artists from the poor, Correggio, Corot, Millet, 80.
All great scientists from the poor, Newton, Ferguson, 80.
All nature vibrating in music the thought of a world mind, 81.
Alexander, Addison, 85.
Aristotle, 94, 216.
Adams, 95.
Apollo, 117.
Aphrodite, 117.
Ancient custom of sacrifice, 121.
Augustinians, 123.
Atheistic materialism, 124.
Agnostic's, the, view, 143.
Astrologer, the, and the princess, 150.
Attempts to cheapen man, 162.
Aram, Eugene, 167.
Adjustment, the, of man to God, 169; to nature, 169; to environment and knowledge, 169.
Agassiz's idea, 171.
All liberty bought with martyrdom, 177.
Advance in wisdom measured by conception of God, 183.
All our knowledge partial, 185.
All conceptions of deity climaxed in Christ, 195.
Astronomer's, the, search, 205.
Archæologist's, the, search, 205.
All the highways of knowledge have converged of late, 205.
Antagonism to the doctrine of evolution, 207.
Atheistic view of evolution, 211.
Atheism the apotheosis of blind faith, 211.
Advancement of man to inconceivable heights, 213.
Adam, 216.
Appeal made by the evolutionary view to reason and to divine help, 221.
Atheism, 268.
Agnosticism, 268.
Absorption and indifference, 270.
Avernus, 271.
All beauty and marvel needs a master mind to explain it, 274.

Atom, the, offered as the world's architect, 275.
Aladdin's wonders paled, 275.
Augustine, 284, 341.
All the theological systems in Christ's parables, 284.
Arguments the raw material of thought, 287
Apparent depth not always evidence of profundity, 287.
All institutions rest upon figurative teaching, 288.
Appian, the, Way, 294.
Associations of home and affection in the East connected with the "way," 296, 297.
Attractiveness of God through Christ, 302.
Athens, 326.
Approach to God different for every one, 332.
Arnold, Benedict, 342.
Automatic, the, judgment seat in man, 344.
Answer, the, of nature, 345.
All things drawn upward to Christ, 345.
Altruism only developed with man, 348.
Automatic, the, judgment seat explains the warnings of the Bible, 354; how it has been misunderstood, 355.
Adam and Eve, 360.
Attempted revision of creed, 361.
All classes drawn to the sanctuary, 376.
Attempt of theologians to increase the majesty of God's throne, 380.
Alienation of the working people, 384.

B

Bede, 8.
Bunyan, 10; his selection of names for his characters, 91; his faith, 125, 364.
Browning, letters of the Brownings, 17, 23, 25, 47, 74, 118, 168; his statement of relative greatness, 188, 301, 306, 307, 377.
Beecher, 17, 31; his statement of life's difficulty, 97, 168, 331, 342.
Brooks, 17, 31.
Book, a, the mummy of a soul, 17.
Bruce, 19, 67, 210.
Bernard, 19, 79, 375.
Belshazzar, 24.
Bryant, 31.
Bancroft, 31.
Bushnell, 34, 173.
Burke, 42, 70; his view of the Sermon on the Mount, 75, 98; charge upon Warren Hastings, 142; his eloquence, 184, 231; oration on India, 285, 342.
Brown, John, 43, 222.
Burns, "a man's a man for a' that," 51, 79, 140, 342.
Bacon, 54, 94, 102, 140, 150.
Bright, John, 56.
Buddha, 57.
Barbarous tribes, 69.
Booth, General, 72; his words, 318.
Beethoven, 85.
Beauty, the, and power of God's throne shown forth by Christ, 126.
Borgias, the, 142.
Byron, 150.
Beginning of man's creative work, 160.
Botanist's, the, search, 205.
Baronius's statement regarding science and religion, 209.
Biologist's, the, indebtedness to evolution, 210.
Bible, no other book holds such vital relations to mind and heart, 229; effect of its withdrawal from the world, 231; its influence on child life, poetry, literature, and oratory, 231; its principles the substance of law and jurisprudence, 231; its universal hold and adaptation, 231; recently the centre of storm and attack,

231; its former treatment, 232; transition period, 232; attacks of wit and scholarship, 232; illustration of modern treatment, 232; treasure invites attack, 232; errors and mistakes charged upon it, 234; confidence of many destroyed, 234; the smoke now clearing away, 234; its authority more firmly established, 234; its mission just begun, 235; its perpetuity, 235; new conception of it, 237; faith in it strengthened, 237; new delight in its study, 237; former misconceptions, 237; the Bible a library, 238; when and how written, 238; distance in time between earliest and latest writings, 238; its witness to the folly of sin and wisdom of right living, 239; a history of the rise and progress of ideas of right and wrong, 239; a record of what God has done, 239; of morals and mercy, 239; its unity, 239; its description of man's rise and progress, 240; the Bible reopened, 250; its human and divine elements, 251; the Bible a lamp, 231; the Bible a unique illustration of the principle of evolution, 252; at the threshold of its appreciation, 252; its comfort for young and old, 253; effect of its constant perusal by all for five years, 253; God's book of morals and mercy, His book of progress, 253.

Buttresses evidences of strength, 258.

Baker, knowledge derived through him, 263.

Ball, his computations, 264.

Ben Hur, 297.

Bismarck, 302.

Butler, Bishop, 331.

Booth, Wilkes, 342.

Branmante, 377.

Balfour's "foundations of belief," 383.

Beginnings of law in Moses, 387; of art and beauty in Homer, 387.

Battle, the, now fierce, 388.

C

Choate, Rufus, 8.

Cædmon, 8.

Commerce and trade, 13.

Culture without college, 13; "Culture Clubs," 14.

Cromwell, life of, 17, 72, 90, 95, 230, 396.

Carlyle, 23, 25, 46, 74.

Christianity of yesterday an obstacle for to-day, 26; its action in law and medicine, 26; a preparation for life here and hereafter, 53; the friend of mind and increase of knowledge, 54; its influence on fine arts, 55; Christianity moving forward, 57; its ultimate triumph, 57; its future, 59; it challenges investigation, 257; it takes nothing for granted, 257; its appeal to the reason, 258; its confidence in itself, 259; confused with traditions, 270; its view of the future life, 350; a pleader for the oppressed, 378.

Collyer's, Robert, statement regarding prayer, 27.

Church-going often regarded as not obligatory, 28.

Channing, 31, 34; his faith, 125.

Correggio, 42, 80.

Cato, 43.

Cranmer, 44, 116, 381.

Crimea, 44.

Christ's waxing fame, 45; His teachings watchwords of coming revolution, 48; His enthusiasm for humanity, 51; He capitalized manhood, 52; fascination of His story, 64; His sufferings, 64; His career and its results, 65;

His fame in the future, 66; explanation of His supremacy, 66; His teachings and character, 66; His heroism, 67; His attitude toward His disciples, 67; the supreme example of genius in the realm of intellect, 68; His influence upon law, letters, literature, and life, 73; earth's supreme literary artist, 73; His four biographies, 74; His optimism, 76; His serenity, 77; His breadth of outlook, 77; His temporary depression on Calvary, 77; His thought of God, 82; Christ the world's burden-bearer, 82; His view of immortality, 83; His testimony to immortality, 86; His name above every name, 89; fascination of his name, 90; His career a strange one to fulfil prophecy, 93; His influence on law, literature, art, and science, 94; His universal supremacy, 94; His supremacy under stress of events, 97; His early years, 97; Christ a contradiction of all law, 99; untrained and untaught, 99; His relation to wealth and poverty, 100; His influence upon political economy 100; His relation to the family, 100; Christ the universal man, 101; the ideal of all nations, 101; His influence upon manhood and womanhood, 101; the ideal for man and woman, 102; His emphasis of the personal element, 102; no records written by Him, 102; His method personal, 103; His test and plan, 103; Christ the incarnate heart of God, 104; His view of the worth of human life, 106; His estimate based on qualities within, 107; His enthusiasm for humanity, 108; His unveiling of God to a child's understanding, 120; His portrayal of God to man, 121; changed views of His teachings in the Middle Ages, 123; His religious teachings in contrast with other systems, 123; His conception of the church, 129; His test personal allegiance to Himself, 130; His disciples united in love of Him, 130; His idea of the church, 131; His beautiful use of symbols, 132; He leaves man free in natural and spiritual life, 133; Christ abroad upon His mission of recovery, 136; His enthusiasm for humanity a part of His mastery over man, 163; His new conception of the soul's worth, 164; His enthusiasm for the soul brings renaissance of the mind and heart, 164; His uplifting of prodigal man, 177; His revelation of the Father, 196; His conversion of the cosmic law, 222; His influence leavening society, 222; His substitution of the real idea for the symbol, 246; its evolution shown in the Bible, 246; similar evolution of the idea of God, 246; Christ the only guide, 277; Christ's revelation of God's mind and heart, 278; His exhortations to us, 278; His supremacy among men of genius illustrated by His use of parables and pictures, 281; His condensation of systems of theology, 284; His supremacy over all scholars and philosophers, 288; His use of illustrations to portray Himself, 293; Christ "the way" for rich and poor, 303; for ignorant and troubled, 303; His touch upon all emergencies and conditions, 305; His sympathy and comfort for all; 305; His beauty and purity, 306; Christ the way to immortal hope, 307; His emphatic statement regarding the future, 309; Christ pervading all

law and life, 331; His teachings the fundamentals, 345; His law of self-sacrifice, 348; His pitying tenderness toward those in sorrow, 364; His power in our lives, 366; we shall live because he lives, 366; His blessing the children, 375; His kindness to the leper and cripple, 378.
Cicero, 49, 76, 123; his argument, 170; his villas and eloquence, 187, 223, 263; his "Disputations," 308, 314.
Charlemagne, 50.
Constantine, 52.
China, 55, 59.
Confucius, 57.
Corinth, 59.
Canova, 65.
Coleridge, 68; his verdict of the richest passage in literature, 75; before Mont Blanc, 165; his return to God, 170.
Cæsar, Julius, 76, 294, 307.
Corot, 80.
Cuvier, 80, 373.
Character the all-important thing, 84.
Can the wrong-doer retrieve himself? 108.
Crisis in man's life, 109.
Crusaders, the, of the Middle Ages and their spoils, 122.
Columbus's discovery of our continent, 128; his agitation at final proof of his theory, 206, 208, 259, 262, 276.
Christian living binding because of nature of things and facts in case, 129.
Changes wrought by the new truths, 135.
Clough, Arthur, 144.
Clouds, the, about God's throne, 144.
Cleopatra, 150.
Cabot, John, 160.
Conceit and the sense of worth, 160.
Chasm which separates man from animals, 167.
Communion between two persons, what it means, 170.
Catiline, 174.
Conception of God as a judge, 182.
Copernicus, 182, 208.
Champollion's study of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, 204.
Caird, 210.
Cope, 217.
Conflict, the, between the lower and higher spiritual man, 219.
Czar's, the, coronation, its pageantry, 242.
Ceremony in the republic, 242.
Communion with the Creator possible to all, 272.
Calvin, 284, 331.
Confessions, the, of philosophers, 300.
Clifford, Prof., 300, 301.
Cheapness of human beings, 304.
Conservatism of energy, 347; changed form of this law, 349.
Confession of faith, 361.
Conscience inexorable and incessant, 363.
Chrysostom, 375.
Cathedral, the, the heart of civilization, 377.
Church's, the, winning devotion by its achievements for humanity, 377.
Coliseum, 378.
Church, the, again clothed with power, 381; certain churches always well filled, 383; its claims upon patriots, 385; its affiliations with art, science, and literature, 385; its entrance into all spheres, 385; its claims upon the individual, 386; its peculiar claims upon citizens of this era, 387.
Course free institutions must take to survive, 389.
Clergymen in our land, 389; their self-sacrifice, 389.

Conversation with well-known merchant, 390.
Complications of work in villages and towns, 392.

D

Devices of production and distribution, 14.
Difficulty of preaching to-day, 25.
Dives, 52.
Dream of an English jurist, 56.
Distance between savage and genius, between genius and Christ, 70.
Dante, 71; his poetry beyond all his other gifts and acquirements, 187, 230, 283, 355; his Inferno, 358, 362.
Duff, 72.
Dickens, Charles, 74, 79, 222.
Darkness of time of Christ's appearance, 76.
David, 79; his life wrecked by sin, 150; his guilty conscience, 152, 251, 376.
Divine impulse felt through society, 107.
Donatello, 110.
Divine, the, solution, 110.
Dying, the, gladiator, 117.
Decline of art in the 15th century, 118.
Duty and responsibility grounded in man's moral constitution, 127.
Different temperaments of Christ's disciples, 130.
Disciples, the, contained the germs of all denominations, 130; all drawn together by love of Christ from within, 130.
Dissolving of "systematic" icebergs, 135.
Difficulty of solving nature's simplest secrets, 140.
Domitian, 142.
Dignity, the, and majesty of life, 168.
Definition of Calvary, 176.
Difficulty of the scientists' task in nature, 204.
Distance from a grain of sand to Plato, 204.
Darwin's estimate of Fiske, 206; closing words of his "Origin of Species," 209, 210; his assumption of a "World Genius," 214.
Doctrine of creation by gradualism, 212.
Development of infantile life, 216.
Drummond's summary of vestigial structures found in man, 217; his beautiful confession, 307.
Doctrine of human brotherhood, 219.
Doctrine, the, of regeneration the doctrine of salvation, 221.
Dawn, the, of the day, 226.
Duty one with joy and beauty, 230.
Distance from Jacob to John, 242.
Dawn after night of moral darkness, 242.
Decrease of fear and superstition, 260.
Doubts engendered by the vastness of problems, 264; caused by trouble and disaster, 266; caused by intolerance and dogmatism, 270; some doubts temperamental, 270; some caused by sin, 271; some caused by callow crudeness, 272; some caused by indecision, 272.
Death clothed in allurement, 309; in what death consists, 393.
Dark, the, river but a ribbon, 309.
Departments of knowledge now specialized, 315.
Differences in character of the apostles, 318.
Disobedience to law, 326.
Destruction of art treasures, 326.
Doubts of some, 341; others believe and wonder, 341.
Distance from Moses to Christ, 350.
Daily punishments and rewards, 353.

Diocletian, 342.
Destiny of them that are wise, 367.
Development of the book and library, 374.
Dark ages of degradation, 380.
Duty departed from conscience, 390.
Demagogue, the, 391.
Desirability of every one uniting with a church, 395.

E

English pulpit, the, 8.
Emerson, 23; his message, 24; ministers in his family through seven generations, 31; his comment on the ruling class of England and America, 230, 277.
Effect, of the withdrawal of Christianity, 56; of Christ's teachings on art and architecture in Italy, 71; of uncertainty and anxiety, 144; of confidence and trust upon a town loafer, 163; of Christian evolution upon immortality, 223, of ambition, 323; of taxes on the people of France in the 18th Century, 323.
Emancipation of slaves, 72.
Errors of man as builder and writer, scientist and inventor, and moral teacher, 114.
Errors and fallacies of former times, 122.
Every important principle retained if all differences in denominations obliterated, 131.
Emphasis in our age of nature's silence and mystery, 141.
Eliot's, George, view, 143.
Ease of great men's achievements, 145.
Evidences of nature's speech, 148.
Ephesus, 173.
Exaltation of our idea of God as we increase in wisdom, 182.
Each new glimpse of God a new soul window, 183.
Evolution, a vision of possible method of progress, 203; the key that reveals God in nature, 206; the, of evolution, 206; what evolution is, 211; how it has changed our idea of man, 216; what it has done for time, 236; changes wrought by this theory, 236; allegiance now given to it by colleges, universities, and seminaries, 236; in symbols and pictorial emblems, 242.
Each new day a creative day, 212.
Exaltation of God by theory of Christian evolution, 215.
Evidences in nature of life through death, 224.
Euclid's infallibility, 252.
Each new fact another round in the ladder of truth, 276.
Errors now being swept away, 277.
Every word condensed history and poetry, 288.
Edwards, Jonathan, 331, 359; quotations from his works, 360, 362.
Each must go according to his own temperament, 334, 335.
Education found in forecast and preparation for the future life, 340.
Every day a judgment day, 344.
Existence a victory after fierce fight, 351.
Every teaching of Christ outraged by Dante and Michael Angelo, 359.
Euphrates, 372.
Enlargement of the little room of worship into the great abbey, 375.
Era, of enthusiasm for ecclesiastical architecture, 377; of Augustus, 380; of renewed power for the church, 381.
Enthusiasm now waning, 382.
Excess, an, of preaching, 392.
Evening, the, service, 394.
Enormous improvement in the new method, 394.

Exhortation to all to preserve the church relationship wherever they may be, 396.

F

Froude, 8.
Foundation of all moral instruction, 16.
Free, the, laborer, 22.
Francis of Assisi, 69.
From Gethsemane and Calvary to the Ascension, 78.
Ferguson, 80.
Fascination, of the religious problem, 80, 343; in picture of Monica and Augustine, 341.
Force and consequences of Christ's career, 93.
Fatherhood, the, of God, 110.
Fatalism, 124.
Fear, of the new teachings, 134; provocative to progress, 190, 319; an alarm bell, 320; as manifested in our day, 321; a root virtue, 321; a low motive, 321; a sub-base, 321; it still needs a place in our theology, 331.
False theology with reference to man, 162.
Forces of nature and man's conquest of them, 175; their ministry to man, 175.
Few "all-round" men in history, 186.
Flight from penalty an ignoble motive, 194.
Fiske's view of science and Christianity, 207.
Fairbairn, 210.
Faith, forbidden to outrun facts, 258; only winged reason, 261; a sensitive plant, 271.
Five sons of supreme genius,—illustrations used by them, 282.
Functions of reason and imagination, 285; methods of their arrival at their goals, 286.
Famous Roman roads, 294.
Former, the, view of judgment, 344.
Final, the, judgment as represented by Dante and Michael Angelo, 358.
Further words of personified wisdom, 365.
Fortitude and heroism of the early Christians, 379.
Felicita, 379.
Foundations of Venice, 387.

G

Geneva, 8.
Great thoughts make great thinkers, 10.
Gladstone, life of, 17; wish to dedicate closing years to study of Christ's teachings, 47, 302, 317.
God's government of man, 20; His plan and purpose, 57; His power pervading everything, 77; God the soul's father, 82; the same through all ages, 83; revealed by object lessons to man, 103; His providence in history, 104; the heart of God, 104; His patience, encouragement, and sympathy as revealed in Christ, 106; his gentleness, truth, and purity, as so revealed, 106; God an infinite father, 125; God in nature working toward variety, 134; God abroad in His world, 134; God drawing near the earth, 135; God's presence makes earth radiant, 136; God's voice, 153; his revelation through himself, 153; God the same to all men in all ages, 154, 155; God's love for man, 176; His throne seen as a throne of mercy, 182; regarded as force, 188; interpretation by mighty movements in nature, 188; His love over all, 198; the world father, 198; His name granaries all our treasures, 199; His power drawing all things to Himself, 207; God abolished for a

time from earthly mechanism, 214; God a colossal Titan to the Greeks, 216; His resources infinite for the darkened multitude, 226; God first exhibited as power and fear, 274; His approval of the work of reason, 261; His relation to us as father and friend, 273; His universal compassion, 333; filling each want, 333; God's universe one, and moral, 351; God the invisible general marshalling society forward, 386.
Great spiritual principles of Jesus Christ the most powerful stimulants to material civilization, 22.
Great, the, novelists, 25.
Greek education, 42.
"Golden, the, age," 49.
Guizot, 50; his testimony to the intellect of Moses, 291.
German poem-legend of transformation, 53.
Garibaldi's call to his soldiers, 67.
Grecian, the, feast of harvest, 68.
Garrison, William Lloyd, 72, 222; his victory over slavery, 262.
Gray's "Elegy," 118.
Geike, 147.
Greatness a birth gift, 168.
Goethe's "Faust," 174; his testimony to the intellect of Moses, 291.
Government by force and fear, 189.
Governmental conception of deity, 193.
Geologist's, the, search, 205.
Galileo, 208.
Grandeur of the new conceptions, 209.
Growth of the moral sentiment against theft, 240; of the sentiment of truth, 241.
Gradual development of the idea of God, 250; from Abraham's idea of God to that of God in Christ, 250.
Gibbon, 274.
Golden, the, rule, 252.
Government in the Middle Ages, 330.
Gravity of the problem of the life to come, 339.
Great distance back to our forefathers, 373.

H

History of social progress, 7, 8.
Holmes, 18, 315.
Hopkins's, President, view of prayer, 27.
History no mausoleum, 42.
Huss, John, 42, 116.
Hampden, 43, 72, 90, 95.
Herculaneum, 49.
Human brotherhood, 51.
Handel, 56, 65; his "Messiah," 230; his need of full orchestra for expression, 344; his theme cannot be interpreted in part, 359.
Heart's, the, hunger for heroes, 67; its hunger for a revelation of God, 252.
Herod, 76.
How one scientist turned from agnosticism to faith, 81.
Heine, 83.
Hegel, 83, 119.
Heroic names, as Cromwell, Hampden, and Pym, 90.
Homage and conquest, 103.
"Home, Sweet Home," 118.
Hamlet, 119, 166, 251.
Huxley's desire to create an altar "to the unknown God," 141, 299, 306.
Human, the, mind still an unknown land, 160.
Herschel's idea, 171.
Hercules, 182, 376.
Humboldt's "Cosmos," 183, 263.
Hawthorne's comparison of Jonathan Edwards's words with those of Christ, 195.
History, a, of the divine footprints, 203.

Historian's, the, search, 205.
Howard, 222, 317.
Higher, the, criticism, 237.
History, a, of the evolution of the moral sense, 252.
Homer's Iliad as supposititious illustration, 276, 282.
Henry, Patrick, at Williamsburg, 284.
Herodotus, explorations of, 314.
Hired, the, Persian troops, 332.
Hodge's, Dr. Archibald, statement of doctrine of reprobation, 361.
Hale, his decisions, 376.
Hour, the, of worship a protest against the life that creeps and crawls, 387.
Heroes and fathers of yesterday, 396.

I

Influence, of the pulpit, 8; of war, politics, commerce, law, science, and government, 9; of the press, 17; of Achilles's example, 42; of Christ's teachings upon happiness and character, 48; of persons greater than of abstractions, 95; of Cromwell and Hampden on England, 95; of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson on America, 95; the, of environment universal, 99; in the state, the beautiful, and higher education, 332.
Indians at Carlisle, 50.
Indian sacrifices and superstitions, 50.
India, 55; coming conditions, 58.
Ideals for the future, 60.
Innocence and character, 69.
Indebtedness to Christ of Dante, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Milton, 71.
"In Memoriam," 72.
Ignorance and fear, 76; of the clergy in the ages of degradation, 380; of the Ten Commandments, 392.
Inequalities in this life, 85.
Inspiration in the name of Jesus 95.
Instincts, the, of animals, 96, 146; of the vegetable world, 146.
Imperfections of man's achievements, 114.
In Christ God's silence breaks fully forth, 154.
Incident related by Emerson of Sojourner Truth, 183.
Intelligence the mainspring of the newspaper and printing-press, 191.
Impotence of the conceptions of law to satisfy human reason, 192.
Interpretation of God through fatherhood, 197.
Infinite, the, mind far above the world's beauty, 197; treasures included in the name of God, 292.
Illustration, of the old scholastic view of God, 220; of nature's method of work, 267; from word "sarcasm," 288; from word "sincere," 289; from word "trivial," 289.
Increase of knowledge through use of reason, 260.
Illustrations of God developed from social conditions and institutions, 292.
Insecurity of property in dark era, 293.
Illustration, of the monkey and painted fire, 301; from Latin poet, 325.
Investment of generosity, 324.
Increase of life as the scale mounts upward, 346.
Internal court of justice always with man, 353.
Inevitableness of penalty in nature, 356.
Interest, in origins and beginnings, 372; on the part of all classes in England, 383; in our country among the higher classes, 384.

Importance of early beginnings to historians and philosophers, 373.
Ignatius, 379.

J

Jean Paul, 8.
John's vision of the New Jerusalem, 25.
Joy, the, of helping and enlightening those in doubt and darkness, 36.
Juvenal, 48, 152.
John, 55, 69, 318; at Patmos, 343; his dream regarding Ephesus, 343; his need of imagery, 344, 396.
Judas, 84.
Job, 86; his pathetic words, 298.
Jefferson, 95.
Jacquard, 118; his loom, 214.
Jerusalem, 140.
Jupiter, 182.
Jacob, 240.
Jewish festivals, attendance on the great national feasts, 245; great deeds rehearsed, 245.
Jonah's testimony to God's mercy, 248; his story, 249; what it represents, 249.
Jowett's, Prof., reply to the young student, 272.
James, 318.
Judgment become victory, 365.

K

King James version, 8.
Knowledge, universal, 15.
King, Starr, 31.
Keats, 42.
Kean, Edmund, 75.
Kant's view of nature's warnings, 151.
Keplar, 208.
Knowledge through faith, 263.
Kelvin, Lord, 301.
Knowledge a vast mosaic, 316.
Knox, 381.
Keble's estimate of the Sabbath, 382.

L

Literary standards of perfection, 9.
Luther, 10, 17, 19, 69, 72; his theses, 95, 116, 123, 381, 396.
Life, a university, 13.
Library, a, a graveyard, 17.
Lowell, 23; his "Vision of Sir Launfal," 24; his influence upon social reform, 24, 31, 47, 283.
Longfellow, 31, 47, 118.
Limitations upon the politician, merchant, lawyer, and press, 34.
Lincoln, 43, 79; meaning of his name, 91; his faith, 125, 140; as approached by traitor, soldier, secretary, and his own child, 198, 230; at Gettysburg, 284, 302, 342, 376.
Lucian, 48.
Lecky's "ten vices," 49.
Lazarus, 52.
Levelling power of Christianity, 52.
Long time required for development of ideals, 60.
Liberty, 72.
Livingstone, 72; his faith, 125, 222, 334, 396.
Leadership from the common people, 79.
La Place, 85.
Law, of surroundings, 98; of environment has no influence on Christ's career, 98; the, of the spiritual harvest, 352; what would happen if it were thoroughly understood, 352.
Long time required for progress, material and spiritual, 115.
Lear, 119.
Loyola, 123, 174.
Laws, the, of right and wrong, 128; fundamental and constitutional, whether denied or accepted, 129; as organized thoughts, 191; the, invariable, 347; prohibiting theft, 349.
Light, the, growing, 136; thrown by evolution on the problem of

sinfulness, 219; thrown on transmuted laws, 300; thrown on development of conscience and growth of moral ideas, 349.
Losses of our generation, 141.
Loss of faith in a personal God, 142.
Lucretius, 152.
Longstroth, 165.
Legend, the, of the lost Atlantis, 173.
Luxuriant weeds argue richness of soil, 174.
Limit, the, of fear, 190.
Le Comte, 217.
Line, the, of perpetual storm, 220.
Layard, 263.
Legend of the Christmas night, 302.
Leibnitz, 315.
Limitations of man's career, 316.
Love casting out fear, 327; love a prophet, 329; love revealing immortality, 329.
Liddon 331.
Life depends on correspondence with environment. 346.
Life's inequalities, 266; great problem, 350.
Like produces like in the realm of character, 359.
Light of science has reconciled contradictions, 362.
Linnæus, 373.
Luxury with increase of wealth, 390.

M

Man's development, time required, everything educive, 4, 5; his original ignorance, 5; his response to the elevation of Christ, 45; man a miniature of God, 82; his soul keyed to God's mind, 82; his control of beasts and elements, 96; his difficulty in living with his fellows, 96; his alphabetic faculties, 96; his divine traits and moods, 96; his tongue a weapon, 97; his luminous hours, 107; his appeal for help 109; his life long enough to become acquainted with Christ, 120; man the child of destiny, 125; man the child of genius because the child of God, 127; man pledged to integrity, 128; his greatest misfortunes, 142; man made for confidence, 144; his questionings, 153; a little lower than God, 159; his elevation above the beasts, 164; his distance from the highest animal, 165; man's journey upward by rapid strides, 165; his crowning excellences, 167; man responsible, 167; his memory continuous, 167; his vastness of nature, 167; he duplicates God, 170; his nearness to God, 171; his reckless iconoclasm, 173; his infinite worth the explanation of Christ, 176; his diverse conceptions of God, 181; man's real riches, 188; man ruled by hope and love, 189; by fear and force, when he denies the higher law, 189; his thoughts of God grow with his growth, 215; his union of lower forms, 217; his unwillingness to believe in evolution, 218; his longings for one who cares, 304; his task not simple like the instinct of animals, 333; his longings for help and guidance, 364.
Milton, 8, 54, 56, 71, 230; Paradise, 230, 355, 362, 376, 396.
Müller, 8, 85.
Moses, 9, 79, 116, 128; laws 166, 222, 251, 282; use of the courts of the temple, 290.
Modern devices for increase of knowledge, training of taste and imagination by printer and photographer, kindergarten, public and private schools, new forms of education, manual training schools, 12.

Motley, 31.
Measure of civilization for a nation, 43.
Martineau's, James, view of Christ. 46, 152; his questionings, 192; his admission, 299; Harriet, view, 143.
Memphis, 49.
Monster vices, 50.
Maine's, Sir Henry, law works, 58.
Multitudes, the, coming to Christ, 68.
Magdalen, 72.
Mariamne, 77.
Murder of the innocents, 77.
Millet, 80, 153.
Mankind's latent talents, 85.
Matthew's emphasis of Christ's name, 89.
Meaning, of Lincoln's name, 91; of Whittier's, 91; of Florence Nightingale's, 91; of "the way," 294; of God's name for Huxley, Spencer, and Arnold, 299.
Museum, a possible, of religious record, 115.
Maze, the, at Hampton Court, 119.
Men as ambassadors from God's court, 127.
Motive, the, of duty, 128.
Mill's, John Stuart, indictment of nature, 142; his reference to his father, 143; his testimony to an intelligent creation, 246; his tragedy of doubt, 266.
Masters in art, literature, law, and philosophy, 145.
Mischief wrought upon society through false views, 162.
Messiah, the, 166.
Marbles, the, of Ephesus, 173.
Monarchical idea, 182.
Mountains pictured only in sections, 185.
Monarch, the, the type and symbol of God, 193.
McCosh, 210; his statement, 216.
Maxwell's, clerk, statement, 214.
Mentality and spirituality now engrafted upon man, 218.
Mystery of God's apparent silence through so many ages, 225.
Macaulay, 231; his words regarding the church, 381.
Man left for a while to form his own career, 259.
Magician in the "Arabian Nights," 275.
Miller's, Hugh, system of geology, 285.
Mosaic, the, economy a system of symbols and pictures, 289; a system of mnemonics, 291.
March of the ten thousand, 301.
Motives acting upon the soul, 319; self-interest, 322; the desire for precedence, 322.
Monica, 341.
Measure of life the measure of relation and correspondence, 347.
Moral conquests of the early Christian church, 379.
Melancthon, 381.
Modern methods of employing the Sabbath, 382.

N

Necessity for Christian organization, 27.
Need of revival of the moral imperative, 29.
Nightingale, Florence, 44; meaning of her name, 91, 344.
Napoleon's words, 58, 94, 98, 322.
Novelists' pleas for the poor and weak, 72.
Newton's theory of gravitation, 79, 80; his Principia," 118, 128, 147, 168, 235; superiority of his genius to the forces he discovered, 176, 182, 185; his theory in his generation, 208; his ground for confidence in his theory, 259; his discoveries, 262, 263; his mind, 266; his system of astronomy, 285, 315; his philosophy, 376, 385.

Nature's testimony regarding immortal life, 84; her simplicities, 117; her concealments numberless and wonderful, 139; after ages her problems still the same, 140; she accustoms man to certainty, 145; nature becoming a vast whispering gallery, 147; not silent on right living, 148; nature's alarum, 149; constant in her warnings, 151; she portrays God and man, 176; she maintains order by law, 191; her voice the voice of God, 248; she wastes nothing, 265; nature's as well as Christ's message, 352; her penalties medicinal, 357.
Names epitomes of life, 90; necessary for distinctiveness, 90; some endure, others perish, 91; appropriate and inappropriate, 91; new, the, name, 91; names alone survive in time, 92.
Negations in Christ's career, 93.
Nothing perfect, 114.
No pretentious heroes, 117.
Need of the best spiritual guidance, 119.
No escape from responsibility, 128.
Number of our denominations, 131.
Nero, 142, 342.
No advance in bees or monkeys, 165.
No intelligence in animals beyond their wants, 166.
No culture can change the nature, 168.
No music for one who cannot hear, 183.
Natural law overworked, 191.
Niebuhr, 263.
No result without a cause, 268.
No danger from assaults upon Christian faith, 276.
New illustrations of God in nature, 291.
Necessity for choice of excellence and occupation, 317.
No magician like love, 329.
Number of possible paths open to man, 333.
No handbook to choice of life work, 334.
Number and beauty of life's streams to-day, 335.
Negative laws changed to positive moralities, 350.
Nile, the, 372.
New, a, social order, 388; troubles of the working classes, 388.
Need of the church by the poor, 388.
Non-church, the, goer, 391.

O

Only true power from within, the, 20, 21.
Over-production and under-hunger, 22.
One of the difficulties of modern preaching, 23.
Offerings made to princes, and knowledge proffered to the young, 69.
Orators made eloquent through Christ, 71.
Optimism, 76.
Obscurity of Christ's birthplace, 92.
Only, the, true help a changed nature within, 109.
Old-time treatment of witnesses and heretics, 115.
Old, the, and the new views of God, 121; view of the fall undermined, 216; farmer's verdict, 272; theory of fortuitous concourse, 276; teachings fragmentary, 358.
Outward expression of every inward thought, 149.
Our vision of God only fragmentary, 185.
One form of manhood exalted above all others, 186.
Origin of the governmental view of deity in the Middle Ages, 193.

Obedience became a form of self-interest, 194.
Opportunities in a future life, 225.
Our refusal to recognize our true relation to God, 273.
Onward march of the philosophers, 301.
Over-abundance of our world's treasure, 313.
Our vision of the world constantly enlarged during each age, 314.
Obedience, to laws in nature, 325; to law the ground of progress and success, 327; to the laws of exercise and nutrition increase life, 347; is freedom and achievement, 357.
Ours a moral universe, 363.
Our unfortunate national reputation, 384.
Over-indulgence in preaching, 393.

P

Preaching, what it is, its basis, 3, 4; an extension of conversation, 16; its nature and functions, 20; not difficult in old times, now the preacher must be a universal scholar, 32; his daily and yearly task, 33; the demands upon nerve and brain, 33; strain of delivery upon Robertson, Channing, and Bushnell, 34; the profession its own reward, 34; none that holds such happiness, 37.
Plutarch's comment, 7, 42.
Puritan pulpits, 9.
Pulpit, the, one of the great forces of social progress, 9; its past secure, 11; is it declining? 11; injury to the pulpit, 16; the pulpit the guide, hope, friend, and support of the people, 18.
Prophets of yesterday social leaders of to-day, 9.
Paul's principle, 10.
Paul, 16, 55, 69; his prophecy regarding Christ's name, 92, 110, 116, 129, 282, 318, 342; letter from the Mamertine prison the origin of church assemblies, 374, 396.
Practical life also a university, 14.
Plato, 16, 17; his pre-Christian statement as to the function of preaching, 30, 75, 94, 102, 109; his statement of the Greek impression of nature's beauty, 126, 165; his "Republic," 166.
Power, the, of books, 17.
Peter the Hermit, 19.
Passing, of great poets such as Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, and Whittier, 31; of historians such as Bancroft, Motley, and Prescott, 31; of ministers like Channing, Starr King, Swing, Beecher, and Brooks, 31.
Power and limitations, of the law, 35; of the physician, 35.
Pitt, 42.
Pericles, 43, 118, 232.
Phidias, 43; his marbles, 74, 92, 120, 173; the beauty of, 184, 232, 251, 326.
Pallas Athene, 44.
Pliny, 48, 49.
Pompeii, 49; her warnings, 149.
Ponce de Leon, 50.
Painters, 55.
Phillips, Wendell, 56, 72, 222; at Faneuil Hall, 284, 326.
Prodigal Son, the, 75; he was not made for rags and husks, 174.
Pessimism, 76.
Passion, for theology, 80; for the antique in our own land, 372.
Pym, 90.
Prophets and heroes of Christianity, 95.
Philosophical systems of Plato and Bacon, 102.
Philosopher's, the, view of God as revealed through Christ, 105; exhortations and Christ's pictured admonition, 286.
Progress of the fight against sin, 108.

Peter's sin, 110.
Parthenon, the, 117, 173.
Preference in England for Longfellow rather than Browning, 118.
Pantheistic teachings, 124.
Pascal's faith, 125; his "Morals," 376.
Prophecies of what man shall be, 126.
Proctor, 147; his computations, 264.
Park and the Caribbean Isles, 151.
Pity unknown in the animal realm, 166.
Philanthropy a development in man alone, 166.
Pure, the, in heart see God, 184.
Parental love for the babe, 197; unchanging through the later years, in the face of folly, vice, or crime, 197.
Passing of the storm, 209.
Progressive development of the idea of God in the Scriptures, 216.
Projections of reason and faith into unseen realms, 262.
Partial knowledge involved in great size, 269; and richness shown in these limitations, 269.
Philosophy of the supremacy of the parable, 285.
Poor, a, substitute for Christianity, 300.
Poets, the, and their imagination, 306.
Position of tombs changed since Christ's death, 307.
Problem, the, of the bad man, 350; of the good man, 351.
Proverbs, the Book of Wisdom, 355; its personification of Wisdom, 355.
Penalties of transgression inflections of pity and kindness, 356.
Pictures of Dante and Milton show only one fragment of the truth, 359.
Partial conceptions of the Calvinistic theologians, 359.
Penalty of our neglect of Christ, 367.
Philemon, 375.
Perpetua, 379.
Polycarp, 379.

Q

Questionings, of man's mind, 104; of man's origin, 164; of the Almighty, 267.
Qualities and acquirements that are good but secondary, 187.

R

Right living, the church a university of morals, 6.
Romeo and Juliet, 18.
Ruskin, 23; his exhortation on the importance of character, 24, 25; his sarcastic version of the Ten Commandments, 29, 30; his statement of the pulpit's influence in modern times, 36, 75; dedication of his life, 46, 72; his statement of the simplicity of God's revelation, 272.
Reverence for the Sabbath and church, 28.
Result of non-church-going, 29.
Robertson, 34.
Root from Africa in vineyards of Spain, 43.
Red Cross movement, 44.
Response of nature to the elevation of Christ, 45.
Rate of progress since Shakespeare's day, 59.
Rome, 59.
Renan, 66.
Raphael, 71; his brush, 327.
Reward and punishment, 84.
Reputation of Nazareth, 98.
Ruined state of relics of ancient art, 114.
Reaction from excess of the 14th century, 115.
Reason why duty is binding upon man, 129.
Ruin of the cities of Italy through sin, 150.

Revelation from without implies mind within, 184.
Ripeness of faculty and breadth of outlook, 187.
Regent, the, of nature the Father who forgives and guides, 199.
Reasons for the multiplicity of the student's problems, 204.
Romanes's statement regarding Christ's universal dominion, 207, 210; his return to faith, 301.
Reversal of the "survival of the fittest" principle in the case of man, 221.
Result of the broader view of inspiration, 251.
Reason man's guide, 259; reason in the realm of conscience and duty, 261.
Results through faith in all departments of life, 263.
Richness of the "way" as symbol of Christ, 298.
Roman orator's hope, 308.
Realm, the, of conscience and duty, 325.
Religious thinking in a state of transition, 330.
Results of worldliness, indifference, and self-indulgence, 351.
Response of brain and nerve, 355.
Realities substituted by science for the dreams of Dante and Milton, 362.
Repudiation by many of their inheritance, 383.
Results of too much luxury, 383.
Return of thoughtful men to the church service, 394.
Renewed influence of the Sunday-school, 394.
Religious, the, ceremonial running all through society, 395.

S

Shakespeare, 8, 22, 46; his commentators, 73; only shown in his best works, 172, 236; his mind, 266, 283.
Saxon idioms, 10; civilization derived from the Bible, 230.
Sermon, the, on the Mount, 10, 48, 74; Burke's view of it, 75.
Seeds planted on precipices, 14.
Socrates, 16, 67, 69, 83; his words and death, 86, 95, 116, 223, 236, 342.
Strawberries in June, 17.
Schopenhauer, 18.
Savonarola, 19, 116.
Slave, the, states, 22.
Stratford, 22.
Shaftesbury, Lord, 23.
Spurgeon, Charles, 23.
Success of Christianity, 25.
Strength from union, 27.
Society permeated by principle of Christianity, 28.
Swing, 31, 392.
Soul, the, thrives through nourishment, 41; only perfectly revealed in its highest moments, 171; to be judged by its best, 171; a harp, self-propelling, 354, 196.
Shelley, 42, 150.
Social progress through lifting up a master, 43.
Sahara Desert, 55.
Sculptors, 55.
Schlegel, Frederick, 57.
Systems of the past, 57.
State of Christianity at John's death at Ephesus, 58.
St. Peter's, 71.
Schools and colleges founded, 72.
Stimulus of Christ's story, 73.
Style, what it is, 74.
Stowe, 79, 222.
Stevenson, 79.
Supremacy of Christ's view of God, 80.
Some make God an infinite Watt, others an infinite Newton or Cuvier, 80.
Story of an amœba, 81.

Spiritual, the, body back of the physical, 81.
Supremacy of Christ's name in right living, 95.
Shortness of Christ's career, 101.
Sin and temptation, 108.
Saul, 110, 364.
Simplicity of religion to-day, 116; a proof of greatness, 116; the simplicities of art, 117; simplicity of Greek dress, 117; simplicity in literature, 118; simplicity of religious thought to be expected in the world's greatest teacher, 119.
Sufferings of Huss, 116.
Stanley, 119; wagons in Africa clogged by tropic flowers, 154; knowledge derived through him, 263.
Solomon's sacrifices in the dedication of his temple, 122; his life wrecked by sin, 150, 240; his representation of brain and nerve speaking, 248.
Scholastics, the, of the Middle Ages, 122.
Scholasticism in Luther's day, 123.
Symbols in state and society, 132; those which represent Christ, 132.
Sympathy, love, and fellowship for all, 134.
Savages, the, and the ice bridge, 135.
Scholars, the, many and wise, 136.
Silence that is eloquent, 146.
Seneca, 165.
Secret, the, of man's vast achievements, 168.
Scourging and allurement, 195.
Sublime, the, view of Jesus Christ, 195.
Spencer's, Herbert, praise of Romanes, 207, 210, 299; pathos of his later outlook, 300.
Sin a concrete personal fact, 220.
Sublimest manifestations of the law of evolution in Jesus Christ, 223.
Science verifying Christ's vision, 223; leading all back to faith, 274.
Slow rise of the moral standard, 242.
Society in the time of Moses, 243; his ceremonial kindergarten, 243.
Substitution of the monotheistic idea, 247.
Smallness of earth and man, 265.
Statements of materialism, 293.
Secularism, 268.
Stevenson's sarcastic comment, 271.
Skill in the divine art of illustration an evidence of greatness, 282.
Sacrifices used as illustrations, 290.
Special significance of "way" and "road" in that era, 293.
Schiller's thought, 296.
Slow progress of development of man, 308; his creative powers, 308.
Same, the, differences in the church to-day, 318.
"Survival, the, of the fittest" in the lower orders, 348.
Solemnity, the, of the coming judgment, 362.
Stephen, 364.
Sources, the, of things all searched for by historians, scientists, and biologists, 372.
Sistine, the, chapel, 375.
Science, the, of right living, 386.
Solemn obligations to support the Christian workers among the poor, 390.
Shame of those who have been neither for nor against the church, 396.

T

Tennyson, 8; memoir, 16, 25, 47; his faith, 125, 168; and the caterpillar, 170; his statement of man's latent genius, 172; his questionings, 265, 277, 301; his experiences in search of Christ, 306, 307, 334, 376.
Tributes to the pulpit by Tillotson,

Barrow, Lord Chatham, Emerson, and Horace Mann, 9.
Technical schools, 13.
Truth organized into personality, 18; its force in personality, 19; truth and speech, 20.
Teaching often automatic through heredity, 34.
Tell, William, 43.
Thebes, 49, 326.
Titian, 56; his "Transfiguration," 230.
Ten, the, talent men, 70.
Toynbee, Arnold, 72.
Translations of Christ's story into foreign tongues, 73.
Thompson, 76.
Testimony regarding immortal life, 84.
Teachings, of Plato and Socrates of different order from those of Christ, 103; the, of agnosticism, 124.
Traveller, the, at Athens in the studio of Phidias, 120.
Torquemada, 123.
Ten, the, Commandments, 128.
Toleration and charity, 134.
Temple, the, at Jerusalem, 140; and its courts, 243; its sacrifices and incense, 244; its feasts, 244.
Tyndall, 154; his belief in God, 214; his testimony to an intelligent creation, 246, 306, 373.
Treasures, the, of life's crystal caves, 173.
Theories all broken arcs of the circle of God's love, 177.
Terror usually inspired by new theories, *vide* Galileo, Copernicus, Kepler, and Columbus, 208.
Theory, the, of "devilution," 210; of sudden action of divine power, 211; called "Christian evolution," 213; of judgment day restated in terms of evolution, 345.
Time too brief for full development here, 224.
Triumphant praise to God from earth and heaven, 226.
Tides of national enthusiasm, 245.
Tragedy of the doubters, 264.
Thompson's, Sir William, rank and statement, 274.
Truth, the, waiting for discovery, 276.
Three, the, supreme scenes in American eloquence, 284.
Transition to next world made joyful through Christ, 309.
Taxes heavy in France in the 18th century, 323.
Transition from fear to love in the human race, 329.
Theology of a rude age, 330.
Tremendous statement still included in its Confession of Faith by one of great denomination, 360.
Temple of Diana, 372.
Treasures to enrich our cathedrals, 377.
Telemachus and his influence in ending gladiatorial shows, 378.
Tendency to excess in everything, 393.
Trying period in the church's history, 395.

U

Ulysses, 50; the ideal of Homer, 240.
Unheard musical notes tested electrically, 81.
Universities as offsprings of Christianity, 100.
Unsuspected treasures in man, 172.
Universal acceptance of evolution, 211; universal longings for solution of the "next world" problem, 343.
Unity of man established by science, 218.
Universality of trouble, 267.
Unseen, the, revealed through incarnation, 278.
Unity of the moral realm, 319.

Ultimate revelation of every secret thing, 367.
Use, the, of the symbol of the cross, 375.

V

Victories of Christianity involve new difficulties, 26.
Vane, 43.
Vesuvius, 49.
Victoria's, Queen, jubilee, 51.
Von Rile, 65, 153.
Valjean, Jean, 110, 364.
Venus de Milo, 117, 251.
Voltaire, 118.
Voice, the, of conscience within, 152; of physiology, 356.
Variety, the, and wealth of God's mind and heart, 154.
Vision, the, splendid, 171; hours God's torches, 173.
Vastness, of the world and limit of man's grasp, 186; of our earth, 313; of the realms of knowledge, 315.
View of the universe as a mechanism of laws and forces, 190.
Vague devotion not satisfying to the soul, 193.
Violin player's, the, genius developed by love of music, 328.

W

Webster, 8; Daniel and Ezekiel, 9; Daniel Webster's words in Girard College case, 11, 35, 98, 258, 302.
Whitney, 8.
Wycliffe, 10, 23, 381.
Whitfield, 17, 381.
Wesley, 17.
Wallace, William, 19; Alfred Russell, 210.
Watt, 23, 79, 80, 153, 262; system of mechanics, 285.
Wordsworth, 23, 70, 147; his genius lay in one direction, 185; Wordsworth at Grasmere, 270.
White's, ex-President, lament, 31.
Whittier, 31; meaning of his name, 91.
Ware, Mary, 44.
What would happen if Christian rulers were on the five great thrones of modern times, 59.
Watson, 74.
Words best loved by young and old, 75.
Washington, 95, 376.
Wonders of man's mind, 161; of necromancy as nothing to the marvels ascribed to laws, 192.
We know but in part, 184.
World's, the, history in æons, 204.
Watchmen at night in Paris, 226.
Wren's, Christopher, cathedral, 230.
Warfare in the Parthenon, 233.
Westminster Abbey, 239.
Work, the, of reason, 261.
Way, the, also a symbol of friendship, 295; its use in Abraham's day, 295; beauty of its development, 295.
Warnings and barriers placed by love, 357.
Westminster, the, divines, 362.
Woolsey's, President, tribute to our Christian ancestors, 382.

X

Xenophon's description of the mercenaries, 194; Xenophon's story, 322.
Xavier, Francis, 364.

Z

Zeus, 182.

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